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WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

HIS OPINIONS, GENIUS AND CHARACTER

A DISCOURSE

GIVEN AT NEWPORT, R. I., ON THE CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENARY OF HIS BIRTH, APRIL 7, 1880

BY

HENRY W. BELLOWS

NEW YORK
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
182 FIFTH AVENUE
1880

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"THE greatest minds admit no biography. They are determined from within. Their works spring from unfathomed depths in their own souls, from silent, secret thoughts, inquisitions, aspirations, which come they know not whence, go they know not whither."—*From a letter of Channing's, dated Boston, May 4th,* 1838, vol. i., p. 350 *of Channing's Memoirs.*

Inscriptions on Channing's monument at Mount Auburn, Cambridge, Mass.:

On one side:

Here rest the remains of
WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING,
Born, 7 April, 1780,
at Newport, R. I.;
Ordained, 1 June, 1803,
as a minister of Jesus Christ to the Society, worshipping God in Federal St., Boston:
Died 2 October, 1842,
while on a journey, at Bennington, Vermont.

On the other side:

In memory of
WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING,
Honored throughout Christendom, for his eloquence and courage in maintaining and advancing
the Great Cause of
Truth, Religion and Human Freedom,
this monument
is gratefully and reverently erected
by the Christian Society,
of which during nearly forty years
he was Pastor.

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DISCOURSE.

"He was a burning and a shining light: and ye were willing for a season to rejoice in his light."—JOHN, v. 35.

IT was when John the Baptist's light was fading in the glory of the newly-risen Sun of Righteousness, that Jesus bore this generous testimony to his predecessor's lustre. He characterized, in words that have become immortal, the flame of that stern prophet who had heralded the way for his own appearing; but at the same time intimated that its fires had paled, like a torch whose oil had burned low. The sun had risen, the torch was no longer useful.

We have come together to bless and praise a modern prophet, who, like many other saints who have been the burning and shining lights of their generation, was the herald of a new and brighter day. But it is not his memory chiefly that we recall. It is a living light that we are to contemplate, brighter than it ever was; it is not a torch that has gone out, but a star that shines on, guiding our present way, that we meet to rejoice in the light of. Of Channing we do not say he *was*, but he *is* a burning and a shining light, and the season has not gone by, it has not even reached its meridian, when the Church and the world are willing to rejoice in his light.

On this occasion, the centennial of his birth, and in the place of his birth, it falls to me to be the spokesman of the love and honor in which his life and teachings, his character and his services to the Church and the world are held by his townsmen, and especially by those who have inherited, and have sought to extend and perpetuate what was special in his theological opinions. It is true his birth-place was not the principal seat of his life and labors, and it is still more true that

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no sect or denomination has any exclusive right in his fame. He belonged to the order of Christians called Unitarians, but he belonged still more to the Church Universal, and nothing would have grieved him more than any attempt to shut him in to any inclosure that shuts out the pure and good of any name, Catholic or Protestant, Trinitarian or Unitarian. His theological opinions, in my judgment, upon a very recent careful reconsideration of them, prove much more systematic, definite and positive than it is common to allow; but they are also much more comprehensive, inclusive, and inconsistent with the sectarian spirit or form than they are sometimes assumed to be. They are profoundly conservative and profoundly radical, holding on to all that is eternal, going down to all that is eternal, and going on to all that is eternal. In the strength of his moral intuitions and convictions, and without anticipating many results of later criticism, or using the methods which a larger learning has employed, he simply ignored and set aside all that hampered his full intellectual and moral freedom, and slowly evolved a system of religious thought, which has recommended itself more and more to spiritual minds in all branches of the Church, and in all Christian countries—a system so profound, simple and lofty, so humane and natural, and yet so Christ-like and divine, that it lacks dogmatic and ecclesiastical features almost as much as the Sermon on the Mount, or the personal teachings of the Saviour; enters almost as little into scholastic and technical questions, and avoids, by reducing to their proper insignificance, most of the sectarian disputes of the Church.

Channing was a theologian, but not of the old pattern. He studied God and reported his ways and his will after a manner that had not been recognized in former schools of theology. This indeed was his chief service, that he broke with the old theological methods, and refused to settle the controversies of the Church by an appeal to scriptures and creeds, authoritative *over* the mind and heart of man, and not merely authoritative *within* them, and by concurrence with their testimony. He was fully convinced that the prevailing system of dog-

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matic and ecclesiastical Christianity—essentially the same in the Romish and the Protestant Historical Church—was contrary to the teaching of the spirit of Christ—contrary to the light of natural reason and conscience (which indeed has been offered as the proof of its divinity and of man's total corruption), and that the power of the Gospel could be restored only by returning to Jesus' method of teaching it, a method that respected, honored, and relied upon man's essential relations to God, instituted in his rational and moral constitution.

Channing recognized no theology based upon a revelation which by interpretation separated Christianity from the general history of humanity, and placed it, and must ever keep it, in antagonism to Philosophy and Life. He did not consider theology as the study of God, within the covers of the Bible, as if that were a book foreign to human intelligence, and altogether above and aside from it. He resisted stoutly, from the irrepressible freedom of his own soul, all *compulsory* allegiance to the Church, to the creeds, to the past, to Jesus, nay to God himself, and strove to emancipate all other souls from this prostration before mere power and authority. It was not necessary to bind him with cords to the altar, if the Being worshiped there was entitled, as he thought he was, by his holiness, justice, and goodness, to the sacrifice of his heart. Freely, joyfully, humbly, and with his whole soul he bowed before truth, worth, goodness, purity, sacredness, and in the testimonies of his own spiritual nature he saw them, to an infinite extent, in the Great Source of his own moral experiences. But not one joint would he bend before the threats of mere power, or the assumptions of an authority not guaranteed by his rational and moral nature.

We are not left to speculate about his fundamental ideas. They are not only given with transparent simplicity and unfaltering courage, and with a reiteration that to many is wearisome in his collected writings; but he has prefaced his own works, almost at the conclusion of his life, with a deliberate statement, in which he distinctly, and with the most

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solemn emphasis calls attention to the two ideas which he wishes to be regarded as the dominant notes and the master-keys of his whole system of religious and political thinking and feeling. One is unqualified reverence for human nature; the other, boundless faith in freedom. They are easily interchangeable, and become in his writings one and the same. Human nature is worthy of unspeakable, immeasurable reverence, because God informs it; because it reveals God; because reason is the intellectual life of God and man, and conscience the moral life of God, which he dignified man by inviting him to share. Man knows God only because he is made in his rational and moral image. God is as much dependent upon our moral and rational powers for worship, communion and filial love, as we are dependent on his holiness and loveliness and paternal character for an object which is truly adorable. And our intellectual and moral powers owe their worth, their development and their glory to freedom. This is God's own everlasting glory and life—freedom. Were he not free in his holiness, his goodness, his thoughts, he could not command the love and reverence of free beings; and were they not free to offer him a voluntary, a rational, moral homage, their worship would be mechanical and worthless. Civilization is nothing but the triumph of freedom, and that is the victory of Reason and Conscience. Unreason—the fruit of self-will, ignorance, passion, prejudice—shows itself in barbarisms of a more or less atrocious kind; and society, even now, in its least deplorable forms, is irrational and barbaric. It is not yet based upon, and is not characteristically conducted in reverence for Reason; but rests still on force, on cupidity, on fear. Governments are not strong where they should be strong, in their reliance on what is true and right, but in their appeal to party passion, the love of power and national animosities. Mankind do not glory in their nature as rational and moral, but in its external circumstances. They build up artificial distinctions of condition and caste; they glory in luxury and ostentation; they belittle themselves with cos-

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tume and equipage and titles and state. And if Reason, in the occasional form of triumphant logic or vigorous literature, obtains respect, it is often in disregard of the only element that makes Reason wholly worthy of reverence—its subordination to Conscience. Can that state of society be regarded as in any but an inchoate condition, in which the quality that alone makes God godlike or venerable is made secondary and subordinate, and that by an immense and all-characterizing step, to what is convenient, pleasant, favorable to immediate interests, or flattering to mean and interested desires? Where is the city or community in which the right and the good are enshrined in the inmost heart; governing respect and affection, deciding social station, making and executing the laws? If God be moral perfection, must he not expect and demand that the Race made in his image should be aiming steadily to make justice and goodness prevail and reflect his holiness? But this justice and goodness cannot be *forced.* They perish and discharge themselves of their essence when in bondage or under force. Hence in Channing's eyes any state of commotion, revolution or contention was preferable to intellectual formalism and compulsory decorum. No atheistic or infidel opinions were so much to be dreaded as a compulsory formalism of creed. That was the smothering of the rational and moral nature. Free, it might wander, but it would learn by its wanderings, and at any rate keep itself alive by its motion, and might some day return. But slavery of the will was moral death.

The exalted view of human nature, which Channing had, was not only not opposed, but it grew out of his sublime sense of the greatness and glory of God. Man learned God's Being and his moral and rational attributes from the constitution of his own soul, not from external nature. This was the chief glory of man's own spirit, that it revealed an Infinite Spirit! Self-reverence was only the reflection of the awe which God's holiness or moral grandeur kindled in a being who found himself capable of recognizing the Divine

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existence and character, by the mysterious power of reason and conscience, which at once made him a partaker in the Divine nature, and were the only instruments of his faith and worship. That *mind is one and the same essence in God, angels and men*, is a fundamental postulate with him. That the finite mind is of the nature and essence of the Infinite Mind, he everywhere assumes as the very first condition of all knowledge of God or intercourse with him. The later or more modern difficulties which have arisen from the recognition of the limitation of the finite as vitiating all assumed knowledge of the Infinite, he not only does not recognize, but his faith, his character, his service to humanity, are due to the utter freedom of his soul from this most fatal and ultimate form of skepticism. That the finite was cut off from the Infinite by its conditions was to him a proposition as meaningless as that the bay was cut off from the ocean, or could have no communication with the ocean, because it was a bay and not the ocean itself. The human soul was open to God, who flowed into it in man's rational and moral nature; and more and more, as the moral and rational nature grew, expanded and became capable of receiving it. There was no pantheism in this sentiment of God's presence in man, for that involves a notion against which Channing's whole nature revolted—the notion that man loses himself by admitting God into his soul. According to him man is freer the more nearly he approaches, the more truly he is possessed by the Infinite Freedom. It is only in freedom, in the exercise of an unenslaved will, that man can form any true conception of God, who is freedom itself. But it is the glory of God that his freedom is the freedom of his own *will;* and *will* exists, and can exist, only in a Person. God is a Person, and as a person cannot be confused or confounded with other persons. Man is a person—tending, however, by his weakness of will to degenerate into a thing. This indeed is the radical evil of sin. It tends to fall, nay it is itself a fall from that sense of moral freedom without which moral obedience

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cannot be rendered. The more man becomes like his Maker the more truly he is a Person; and God's personality lies in essence, in the fact that his truth and goodness are always matters of choice, while his choice is always truth and goodness. Nothing could have been more dreadful to Channing than the idea of a God who was only the name for inexorable laws, infinite but blind forces, without self-consciousness, without freedom, without feeling, and that men were free only by feigning freedom, or ignoring the bonds that hold them fast in a fatal necessity. Channing's sense of God's goodness and holiness were so utterly dependent on his sense of his freedom that it became impossible for him to think God pleased with any bondage in his children, or any dominion of fear in their worship and service. As God was free, so his children, to know and love and worship him, must be free also: free to think, free to act, free to worship. This made him the life-long foe of all systems of government in state, or church, whose essence was conformity; the suppression of free thought, free worship, free will. He dreaded the effort to overawe the individual soul by the weight and pressure of numbers; to confine the present within the limits of the past; to quote stale precedents against fresh inspirations; to discourage new hopes by instancing old failures; to limit and stereotype the creeds. He had a boundless faith in God's great and good intentions toward the human race; the infinite love of an Infinite Person—owing his own rational and moral glory to his character and his freedom—toward his human offspring, who were to be made great and glorious after his own pattern, by becoming continually more free and more reverent of others' freedom; more just and loving more to be just; more obedient and more willing in their obedience; more his children and more themselves at the same time. This is the key to the ideality, the moral enthusiasm, the hopefulness of Channing's faith. No one had a keener, deeper sense of individual or social imperfection, folly and sin than he. His censures, his groans, his yearnings over

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the inadequate attainments, the low standards, the dull feelings of his fellow creatures; his inexorable determination to accept no excuses or apologies in place of repentance and newness of life; his severe demands on himself; his tonic remonstrances with the shortcomings of his best friends; his jealousy of any praise of himself or his doings; his arraignment of immoral but commanding characters worshiped by the world about him; of the shallow respectability that mistook itself for morality; of the traditional acquiescence that called itself faith; of the love of freedom that co-existed with the allowance of domestic slavery in his own country; of the business cupidity that covered itself with the name of enterprise and public spirit; of the faith in free thought that allowed the prejudices or even the just prepossessions of numbers, to persecute individual peculiarity or even eccentricity of opinion; all this habitual censoriousness or exactingness was nothing but the reverse side of the immense confidence he had in human possibilities, based upon the relations man bore, in his very nature, to a God whose powers, whose love, whose benignity toward man were bounded only by his Divine purpose of keeping man's *manhood* in him, and never allowing him, either as a race or an individual, to be content or satisfied in any state of life or happiness short of the truly human. Men sometimes talk of Channing's ignorance of the necessary conditions of human life, of his secluded separateness from the world; of his imperfect acquaintance with the pressure of material necessities, the spring of animal passions and appetites; the necessary preoccupation of the masses of men and women with immediate things. He seems almost like an anchorite, a hermit, a pillar-saint in the fewness of his wants, the wonder he expresses at the low pleasures men find so attractive, and in the monotonous concentration of his thoughts upon the moral and the spiritual. But the truth is, it was not that Channing did not see all this; but that, seeing it, he saw what is still more real and vastly more powerful and inviting: he saw *God*, and saw man's likeness to him and

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his capacity for realizing it, and saw that men mostly did *not* see it, and that it was his office and privilege to draw their attention to it with all urgency. Nobody ever lived since Jesus who recognized the evil in men and the world with a deeper, tenderer sorrow, and still retained so perfect a possession and enjoyment of his own faith and hope, for man and society, in God and his gracious purposes. There is no despondency in his complaints, no disrespect in his upbraidings, nay, no impatience in his enthusiasm. He had more than the optimist's content. His confidence is not in powers he does not know—in a God he blindly trusts—in purposes he cannot sympathize with! He has grasped the nature of the Divine method, apprehends its implements, uses them, and knows their temper and edge. It is because mind is at work, and is a Divine instrument; because truth and justice exist in perfection in God, and are revealed in man's conscience; because love is almighty, and has its delegates in human hearts; that he expects results from civilization, and a stage of progress that will make our present state appear barbarous; and that he appeals so urgently, so boldly, so pleadingly to men to keep the weapons of the Divine armory open to their use, and make successful war on the lusts, the ignorance, the moral sloth, the dull content that belate the spring of Heaven on earth, and perpetuate the winter of human discontent. If other human spirits had seen the vision of God's powers and promises in the human soul, and its latent capacities, as Channing saw them, he would never have seemed visionary and extravagant. It was the glory of this burning and shining light, that the fogs of our fleshly and self-indulgent civilization—built on the urgency of what is animal and superficial—did not quench its own exalted beams. Channing was an idealist in essence. The ideal was for him the only real, and he treated it as such. So did his Master before him; so have all the prophets, and so must all those do who have the heavenly vision of God in their eyes. It is not they who are fanatics and dreamers, but we who are asleep, or with only one eye yet open. They see and

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know what man is, and can prove himself to be, if he will—because he is the child of God by a real spiritual generation, and has his Father's attributes at his command; can claim and exercise his moral freedom and his rational nature. They see and know that it is nothing new and strange that is wanted to regenerate the world; only more of a kind they already have and know; more of the truly human yet divine sentiment of justice and love. Given a million hearts and minds, a million wills like Channing's—nay, like any humble, loving, holy follower of Jesus—and instantly an unspeakable regeneration—a descent of the kingdom of God, appears! Things become easy that were before impossible. War, that we cannot kill by force, dies of shame. Selfishness, that we regard as indigenous and indestructible, turns into justice, mercy, and the enjoyment of others' happiness, as the truest extension of our own, and disappears from the world, just as it disappears in every truly regenerate household. All that has ever been realized in any one man is possible in families; all that has ever triumphed in families may triumph in communities. Every true community predicts the universal emancipation of the race; and the race, glorified out of its own nature—which is the gift of God—foretells more and larger and nobler measures of perfectness in the boundless worlds and times yet to be inherited.

With these exalted views of God's freedom, justice, and goodness, as the source and perpetual inspiration and inexhaustible fountain of human powers and hopes—no wonder that Channing had the profoundest and most cheerful faith in the earthly and the celestial destiny of humanity. There was no caprice in the purposes, no limitation in the love, no uncertainty in the direction of the Divine Mind. And equally there was no incapacity to receive God's truth, no constitutional antagonism to it, no essential alienation, no hopeless break with God in human nature—which was indissolubly connected with, and an echo or image of the Divine nature.

The clear and full declaration, or rather illumination, of the essential relations of God and man in Christianity, as

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founded in the oneness of mind and the sovereignty of moral truth, made the Gospel of Christ the joy and confidence of Channing's heart, and secured it the allegiance and devotion of his life. Because Jesus in his own life and character, and by his precepts and parables, made God's truth to be justice and holiness directed by Fatherly love; and man's life to be obedience to truth and duty—which he was not only capable of rendering, but capable of enjoying, and finding to be his chief and permanent bliss; because Jesus made God's Fatherhood and man's sonship correlative, transcendent truths, and illustrated them in his own person and character, Channing fastened his faith and affections upon Christianity as the divinest method of advancing the kingdom of God on earth, and the salvation of man for time and eternity. As he understood or interpreted it, it was in exact accordance with what the highest human thought and feeling would wish it to be, and expect it to be. It met and satisfied his intellect and his conscience. It presented God in the most holy, just, and merciful character. It honored humanity by exhibiting it in the perfect sinlessness and disinterested love and self-sacrifice of Jesus. Its respect for human freedom was complete; its method, not force, but persuasion, example, and light. It made certain the immortality for which humanity had only hoped, and by this assurance gave to man that dignity which only a nature destined to a much fuller unfolding than was yet possible on earth, could possess. It blended morality and piety for the first time in an indissoluble unity. It rebuked worldliness, and humbled the pride of wealth and station, and the worse pride of intellect and self-will. It abased the high and exalted the lowly. It made men brothers by a tie stronger than blood, whether of race or of family. It discountenanced war and violence. It founded its hopes on the triumphs of mind and heart, of moral truth and love, and not on the schools of science and philosophy, not on the sword nor the power of artificial organization. It was the noblest and most exalted honor ever paid to humanity, that God in Christ addressed not its fears, not its passions, not

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its dogmatic hopes, not its national prejudices, but its highest and holiest powers, its reason and its conscience—what is universal, uniting, and elevating—what is godlike and divine—and not what is attractive to self-interest, gratifying to self-importance, flattering to selfish hopes. Christian to the core, Channing had absolutely nothing of the Churchman in him—less possibly than would have been wise—for he held the Church responsible for a great dogmatic and ecclesiastical system, which had buried the simplicity of Christ's Gospel beneath a mass of opinions and customs revolting to his mind and heart. His Christianity was essentially that which fell only from Christ's lips, and was illustrated in his life, before the Apostle to the Gentiles had given it the dogmatic shape of his ingenious intellect, or the powers of the world had seized it to forge from it a new instrument of political order and ambition.

But simple and profoundly rational as Channing's ideas of Christianity were, they were central and commanding, and they were historical and supernatural. For him Jesus was no mythic growth of marvel-loving times; he was no uncommissioned, self-appointed prophet, owing his authority to his greater wisdom and insight. Channing fully believed him to be *sent*, in the ordinary sense of the Church, from heaven—from God's immediate presence. He believed him to have been preexistent. He thought him to owe his sinlessness not simply to his nature, but to his special and personal relations to God—relations which we do not yet fully enjoy. He did not regard him chiefly as an example for us, in his own temptations and trials, because we could not understand his resources nor enter into his experience. But it would not be just to call him an Arian without explanation, for he did not think Christ's nature different from ours, but only the same in a higher stage of development; nor had he any perception or recognition of what has been called the *double* nature of Christ—the Divine and the human. He knew but one form of spiritual nature—God's own. It was mind, and mind was rational and moral. It might have, it did have different

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stages of development. It was eternally perfect in God. It was eternally capable of development in his children. God's glory was eternally to give, and man's eternally to receive it. Jesus Christ had, according to his view, a created existence; but it was older than man's. He brought his moral and spiritual perfections with him. He did not grow into them as we grow, nor were they limited by what hinders us. I am bound, in simplicity, to say, that I do not share these views of Christ's pre-existence, nor is the moral and spiritual exaltation of Jesus in my view dependent upon the place or the date of his first creation; nor do I think that Channing, judging by the views his disciples have since attained, would have continued in them if he had lived to our day. His own spiritual philosophy ought, it seems to me, to have made him of all men, readiest to believe that a being made in the Divine image might, occasionally at least, live in the Divine likeness free from sin; nor can I see what should prevent us from believing that spiritual or moral genius—like intellectual—may be exceptional, without being abnormal. We do not think Homer, Aristotle, Plato, Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, pre-existed, because their genius is unparalleled; why Jesus? Genius, poetic, artistic, executive, is always unaccountable and always exceptional, but it is never other or more than human. I hope and trust that other sinless beings have lived besides Jesus; beings at any rate there have been in whom no sin appeared, and I should hold it a great deduction from my reverence for Christ and humanity if I were compelled to leave Jesus out of the ranks of our common manhood.

But let us not forget that Channing's views about the pre-existence and the miraculous, in which he was a firm believer, and the difference between the origin of Christianity and other religions, only emphasize the pure rationality and ethical and spiritual quality of his characteristic views. Believing in the miracles, he neither magnified them nor rested in them. Believing in the pre-existence, it was not this that gave Christianity its dignity and importance in his eyes,

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and he did not require these opinions from others as a test of their faith. They were not of the essence of his own faith. It was not the mysterious nor the abnormal nor the irrational; not the ontological and metaphysical, nor the supernatural, that he valued. It was what was rational, intelligible, ruleable, imitable. He accepted certain views which we might reject, as being to him most in accord with the record. He held the record in a more literal respect than modern scholars of his general views. But I feel bound to say that none of his views brought him any nearer to the orthodoxy of the visible church, than it did Parker or Martineau; and that those who use him to disfavor free inquiry or to buoy up sinking dogmas, or to stop theological progress, cannot be careful students of his life and writings, and do not illustrate his freedom. He had no such views of the difference between the truly human and the truly Divine as would have made even interesting to him the ordinary empty questions as to how far the same mind can partake the Divine and the human. That question was settled in his fundamental theory of the identity of mind. There was no difference, except in degree of development, between Jesus and other men; as the only difference in nature between God and man is, that God is *eternally father* and man *eternally his child*, by rational and moral generation, or identity of nature and derivation of essence. Channing never permitted theoretical differences to diminish or weaken the significance of moral and spiritual agreements. There is no evidence that he valued anybody more for sharing his views, or depreciated anybody for opposing or denying them if in a good spirit. If he had a choice, it was for the society of those who had some new or divergent view to present. He had a wondrous confidence in the power of truth to protect itself; in the safety of free discussion; and in the possible importance of the new light which even very young and unrecognized spirits might at any time shed upon questions regarded by most as closed and settled. Like the mothers in Israel, who regarded every son as the possible Messiah,

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Channing hailed every independent and earnest mind as the possible opener of some new and wide door into the kingdom of God. He was equally tolerant of others' opinions, and cautious and docile in his own. He thought that new truth was yet to break out of God's Word, and that with new truth would come new means of advancing the delayed triumphs of the Gospel, which were identical with the progress of true civilization.

It is easy to see why, with these views, Channing should be claimed both by conservatives and by radicals in the liberal ranks: and why even enlightened and spiritual believers of the so-called orthodox faiths should be able to cull from his writings passages which savor of the old system. He was no destructive, no despiser of the past; and he retained and breathed all that was sacred and divine in the piety that had been associated with the old opinions. Now and then it is true, as in his famous Baltimore sermon, and in his equally great New York sermon, he made the strongest, most direct and most damaging assaults upon the Trinitarian and Calvinistic systems of opinion — assaults which, for courage, explicitness, and even for offensiveness to the feelings and prejudices of the Christian world, have never been exceeded. But controversy of a textual or ecclesiastical kind was his strange work. He dreaded its effects upon himself and others, and only engaged in it when driven by the stress of his position or by his noble necessity to vindicate the freedom of opinion and the claims to respect of his own beleaguered company of fellow believers. Controversy bears no greater proportion to the affirmative part of his writings, than Jesus' own contradiction of Jewish and Pharisaic errors does to his positive teaching of religious truth. And therefore as Jesus has continued to be honored, loved, and quoted by rationalists and supernaturalists, by Catholics and Protestants, by churchmen and anti-churchmen, by Calvinists and Arminians and Pelagians, because the bulk of his teaching is universal, uncontroversial, and of that spirit and temper which time does not stale, nor place

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color, nor other differences affect; so Channing has been placed by a wide consent in the calendar of the Universal Church—the orthodox Christian world condoning his denial of several of its most generally received opinions, in recollection of the glorious testimony he bore in his writings and his life to the beauty of holiness, the might of divine truth, and the transcendent importance of the Christian life. None have been able to escape the power of his spirituality, the earnestness of his faith, the purity and elevation of his character. It has deodorized his dogmatic offenses, and made his controversial writings forgotten or forgiven by all except those who have nothing to forgive or forget, still thinking them the necessary and invaluable expression of theological conviction, on which his own vital faith and his lofty personal character rested, and in which the Christian world will finally unite and agree.

I have already given more time than I intended to the consideration of Channing as a theologian and the essence of his opinions. Let us now turn to the contemplation of his genius and character; or the measure of the man himself.

In some respects his views, as already set forth, are themselves the best description of the genius and character of the man. Considering the date of his settlement in the Christian ministry, and the prevailing opinions of his contemporaries,—the depth and breadth of his opinions, the freedom of his intellect, and the unconventional, undogmatic and unecclesiastical character of his thoughts, are the indications of a mind of the first order—possessing an authority in the clearness, soberness and calmness of its own vision and its own convictions, that liberates it from local, accidental and merely custom-made bonds. Rarely has any religious thinker appeared who was less obviously the child of his time and circumstances, whether in his opinions, his spirit or his career. He called no man master. The religious views he held were not in accord with those of his kindred; he was not the disciple of the great men nearest to him in his youth, like Dr. Hopkins and Dr. Stiles, whom he greatly

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honored. He was not the echo and representative of the prevailing moderation, and compromised or emasculated orthodoxy, the Arianism or obscurantism of the growing liberalism of his region and time. He was utterly out of sympathy with Priestley and Belsham, though appreciative of the merits of Price, and probably more indebted to Butler than to any single mind. He honored Buckminster, but did not partake the scholastic or highly literary spirit, which in his time was giving to Boston the name of the modern Athens, and was arraying the liberal pulpit in the silken robes of academic culture—the generation of mellifluous pulpit oratory—mild and correct, which Kirkland illustrated and Everett carried to its culminating perfection.

He was not the close friend and companion of the able and cultivated men who made Boston the seat and center of conservatism in everything except theology; in classicism, in oratory, in rhetoric, in taste, in manners; and in theology, the seat of a cautious, ethical or secularized divinity—lukewarm and inoffensive—difficult to define, and impossible to propagate. Himself exquisitely refined, sensitive to beauty and sublimity in nature and in literature; fond of good letters, read in poetry, with a taste for the classics and for the fine arts, the first scholar in his class, and at eighteen the chosen writer of the address with which the students hailed President Adams in his stiff resistance to French policy; with early promise of high success in the legal profession, for which his friends and classmates predestined him, or else for a great political career; he never was the echo or the mouthpiece of the special tendencies or predilections of his day and generation, or of the city where he spent his life. And it was because his impulse came from a higher source than any local or temporary stream. So far as he was not the child of God, he must be pronounced the son of his own genius and not of his time and parentage and neighborhood, his sect or his party. And his genius was one of intense self-possession —making his own thoughts more engrossing and commanding than any thoughts he found in books, or any influences

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that were about him. He found within himself ideas, feelings, faculties, that fastened his attention upon themselves, not as being *his* in the egotistic sense, but as being wonderful suggestions and keys, the sublime representatives of what he shared with Humanity and with God. What he was and saw and felt in his own nature gave him his inspiration, his mission, and his special career. There was nothing indirectly derived, second-hand or traditional, and merely bred of local contagion, in his views or in his methods. He was an original force, commanded by his vision and conviction, and from a height which no fortresses of venerable custom or of elegant prejudice overlooked, much less overawed. More individual than if his individuality had not lacked all egotism and all eccentricity, all caprice and self-allowance; he had little power of co-operation, little faith in organization, and little dependence on others' sympathy and applause, and as little susceptibility to censure. The most sanctified of his clerical contemporaries, he was the least professional in his temper and spirit; the most Christian in his heart and life—the least ecclesiastical. He loved Boston best of all the world—if Newport may not to-day claim the warmest place in his heart —yet he was not a Bostonian in the most characteristic sense of that term. He did not share its distrust for genius untrained in academic lore; its bated breath for new men not baptized into Harvardian waters; its impatience with strength, if it were shaggy and rugged; its marvelous solidity of social conformity, and the breeding in and in of its tastes and convictions. Respectability, good family, self-consistency, decorum, moderation, the lares around that honored hearth, were not his household gods. Far be it from me to disparage the noble self-sufficiency and compact perfectness of the place of my own birth and breeding. But however much it may have been, or may still be deplored, it is due to the right measurement of Channing to say, that he was not the typical Bostonian of his day or of any day, and that what he did in and for Boston was usually against the grain of its characteristic and governing tastes and wishes. He gave his genius

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to Boston and mankind. He did not shape it to suit Boston or his generation, but to satisfy his nature and conscience, and to honor God and his service among men. The same may be said of his great though younger contemporaries, Emerson, Parker, Garrison. It was a fortunate thing for Channing that he was driven to Virginia, the old heart of the country, to earn his independence, and there to settle his opinions and his profession. There, in comparative solitude, and beyond the reach of local influences, and even natal bonds, he found *himself* (not that he had ever wandered), because there, with his manhood just attained, concurred the first great struggle of his mind and heart with its own questions, in a meditative separation from all that could have biased him or warped him from being other or less than himself. True, in that protracted season of profound reverie and meditation, in which his soul was feathering and taking wing and direction, he lost his bodily health permanently. He was adding to his conscientious labor, as a tutor and teacher, the tasks of a profound self-questioner and inquirer of the Spirit of God. He found his soul, and saw the great lines that marked its significance, and indicated his sources of power and usefulness, and fixed his calling and self-dedication to God, and Christ, and humanity; he lost his health, and that finally. It is important to connect the two facts. They are curiously illustrative of the disrespect in which he held all endeavors to associate matter and mind in any close mutual dependency; and he was himself the minimum of body and the maximum of mind. But it is well to remember that Channing had been athletic, joyous, springy and gay, manly and bold to a fault in physical courage in his boyhood and college days; that there was never any other asceticism, or melancholy, or otherworldliness about him than necessarily belong to invalids who have to study their health continually; and that, if his poor physique compelled him to live a good deal in solitude, to avoid too much exertion in any form, and to fix his mind upon his special pursuit, it never took any robustness from his courage, dignity from his manhood, sympathy from his

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love of children, the open air, nature, and womanhood. There is no ill-health in his lusty hopes of humanity, in his unvaletudinarian admiration for those who could defy and resist wrong and oppression, blind custom, or tyrannical use and wont. His love of the beaches of your island in the time of storms, where he said he felt his soul expand and take on the power of the elemental strife, should teach us how little the softness of his tissue or the worn fibres of his muscles communicated their weakness to the cords of his intellectual or his moral nature. In fact his soul would have animated a giant, and set forth a Viking, in its magnificent courage and sweep of life.

I am struck with nothing more than the comprehensive grasp of his thoughts. They bind God and man together, the past and the future; and, high and holy as they are wide and deep, they are never filmy and airy; always solid, ready to bear the tread of the strongest reason; full of sense, if full of light; enthusiastic, but never eccentric, never wild. His feet are steady on the ground, if his eye and arm are reaching for the skies.

He had been addicted to reverie, as all ideal natures are, in his earlier manhood; but the mist quickly consolidated into a cloud, out of which shot bolts of prodigious force and directness. His greatest, most distinctive gift—his instrument and his method alike—was the power of an almost unequaled concentration of attention upon his own thoughts and inward experiences, afterwards enlarged into the faculty of fixing his mind, with an absorbing exclusion of other themes, upon any subject he chose to meditate and examine. He brooded, with a patience that nature does not equal in her winged kind, over the seminal suggestions he found in the sacred nest of his own soul. Other men have had his thoughts; nay, happily, they are so native to humanity, that they must always lack originality. It was what they grew to, under his prolonged, persistent meditation, that made them new, and other, and more fruitful than they have proved in kindred minds lacking his unwearied and fixed

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power and habit of contemplation. This, too, is the source of the monotony, of which some complain in his writings. There is not room enough in the mind for the concurrent and full expansion of many ideas, as important and sublime as those that occupied his great soul. A few master thoughts —the greatest that can employ the human soul—had early fastened his attention; they never ceased to yield new fruits to meditation.* He never got to the end of them, or was fully content with the expression he gave them. He returns to them again and again. He applies them. They are always as useful as they are engaging; always as much the ground of his action, as of his feeling. They are thoughts of God, of man, of freedom, of holiness, of public justice, of the elevation of the humble, of the enrichment of the poor! They are not thoughts to amuse, to please, to dazzle; thoughts for a cultivated class, or a fastidious appetite; thoughts whose aim is to show off the thinker's skill, or taste, or originality; they are not clothed in rhetoric, nor made to suit the love of variety. They can hardly be said to be *chosen* thoughts, but rather thoughts so self-urged and spontaneous that they seem the special hardy natives of the soil, too vigorous and too exhausting of the sap to allow any lesser thoughts, or any variety of thoughts, to spring up in the neighborhood. The solemn pause and measured formality with which in his writings he announces his passing from one to another thought, exhibits and illustrates the awe with which he was himself overcome in the presence of his convictions. They hardly seemed his own, and he introduced them as if he were presenting the lofty ambassadors of some sacred power, for the obeisance of the company met

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* Mr. Browning, in his Paracelsus, describes this experience:

> "So that when quailing at the mighty range
> Of secret truths which yearn for birth, I haste
> To contemplate undazzled some one truth,
> Its bearings and effects alone—at once
> What was a speck expands into a star,
> Asking a life to pass exploring thus."

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to receive them. It is the greatness and glory of only the rarest souls, to be thus filled with a few themes, that claim and crowd all the room our nature has—thoughts so exalted, so peerless, and so self-sustained that they neither allow nor require any train-bearers or attendants. Channing did not lack native versatility, aptness for many things, taste and capacity for literature, philosophy, science, art, poetry, practical affairs, politics, statesmanship, natural history, society; that he was capable of wit, satire, humor, is evident enough to those who make a study of his biography—almost an autobiography—by the hand of his favorite nephew. It was no lack of nice observation, of practical interest in daily life, of sympathy with common things, of physical sensibility or even manly passion, that made him such a uniform or one-keyed organ of a few great thoughts. It is as plain as light that he was no mystic, no mere temperamental saint, no vestal in disguise—not even a man to whom evil was unknown and the world naturally repulsive, and therefore carefully veiled from sight. He had none of the scholar's learned ignorance, the saint's pious inhumanity, the devotee's upturned eyeballs. There was in the odor of his sanctity no savor of any ecclesiastical herbs, no artificial, sickly perfume of funeral tuberoses, rosemary and myrrh. His seriousness was habitual, and caused by the essential solemnity of his thoughts. He did not often smile and seldom laughed; but it was not from want of cheerfulness or incapacity for humor, but only from the prepossession of his mind by grave and intensely interesting themes. He thought himself one of the happiest of men, and his children testify to the vivacity and cheerfulness of his domestic life. But he was made happy, and happier every year he lived, by his greater realization of our wonderful nature, and its relations to its generous and glorious source, his high and cheerful views of human progress on earth, and its sublime destiny beyond the skies.

It was a grand peculiarity of this great man, so to have reconciled his ideas with his immediate life and duty, that his life was his religion, and his religion his life. He did not

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wear his faith and piety as a professional robe—it was his home attire and his working dress. He did not keep his thoughts for meditation, except as far as meditation is itself life and action, but for use and application. He could not be caught in undress. He was the same exalted person, at home and abroad, in ordinary conversation and in the pulpit. Indeed, Dr. Dewey—whose testimony comes nearer to that of a *peer*, though his is a different variety of the order of greatness, than that of any close witness of Channing—has told me, that his talk was greater, and more exhaustive and exhausting, than his writings or his preaching; upon the same themes, just as lofty and just as grave, but more prolonged and more glowing. In short, the nearer you got to this burning and shining light, the more you found it to be not painted flame, but real fire; not light only, but heat. It went far to consume Channing himself who lay a live coal upon the altar, and it was apt to scorch and shrivel even the stoutest souls that stood near it while it steadily burnt, not out, but on. It was the utter genuineness of his faith, the power it had over himself, that made it so effectual over others, and gives it such might to-day.

Of his preaching, I was myself the glad and fortunate beneficiary, and am among the not too many living witnesses to its transcendent power! There is no spot in Boston so sacred to me as the profaned site of the old Federal Street Church; for thither, a youth of twenty-one, I was wont to repair (and it was a walk of several miles) every other Sunday morning, for two critical years of my life and theological studies, to hear Channing preach! There were excellent preachers to be heard much nearer home; but there was that in Channing's mind and soul, in his voice, manner, and look, that separated him from them, as the prophet is separated from the priest. Indeed he did *not preach* in the ordinary sense of the word. Gowned as he was, and obedient to all the decorums of the pulpit, it was not the preacher, but the apostle, you saw and heard! Even in the pulpit he lived the things he saw and said! The greatness of human nature

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shone in his beautiful brow, sculptured with thought, and lighted from within; his eye, so full and blue, was lustrous with a vision of God, and seemed almost an open door into the shining presence. His voice, sweet, round, unstrained, full, though low, lingered as if with awed delay upon the words that articulated his dearest thoughts, and trembled with an ever-restrained, but most contagious emotion. He was intensely present in his thoughts, as if just born from his soul, and dressed from his lips, although he usually (always in my experience) spoke from a manuscript. But while his individuality was inexpressibly commanding, it gave no suggestion of the love of personal influence. He used the word I with the freedom of the Master, but it conveyed the sense, "not I, but the Father in me; not I, but the truth I speak; and not you, but the nature you represent; not you, but humanity and God in you and in us!" He rose slowly, read a hymn, and began his discourse (for seldom in my day was he able to spare much of his strength for the preliminary services, conducted by his colleague) on a plane so level to the feet of the simplest of his hearers, that few noticed the difficulty of the slow but steady ascent he always made, carrying his wrapt hearers with him by the power of his thought, the calm insistance of his conviction, and the solemn earnestness of his spirit, until they found themselves standing at a height from which visions of Divine things, in their true proportions and real perspective, became easy and spontaneous. There was no muscular strain or contortion in his limbs or face or voice; no excitement of a fleshly origin; no false fervor or false emphasis; no loss of perfect dignity and self-possession. And there was little in the *words* themselves to fix attention, except their purity and grace. It was the subject that came forward and remained in the memory. He left you not thinking of him, nor of his rhetoric. He had no startling figures, no brilliant fancies, no sharp points; little for admiration or praise; everything for reflection, for inspiration, and for illumination. There was one other peculiarity in his preaching. He

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preached only on great themes, and this made his sermons always timely, for great subjects are ever in order. So profoundly helpful, so inspiring was his preaching, that I, for one, lived on it, from fortnight to fortnight, and went to it every time, with the expectation and the experience of receiving the bread of heaven on which I was to live and grow, until the manna fell again; and men of all ages had much the same feeling. When, for the first time, I saw Channing out of the pulpit, I was as much surprised at his diminutive form as if, expecting a giant, I had met a dwarf! He had seemed to me a large and tall man in his pulpit; but I soon found that, slight and low as his frame was, nearness and familiarity took nothing from its dignity, and suggested nothing fragile or weak. Indeed his attenuated and lowly figure really increased the sense of his moral majesty and intellectual eminence. His presence was more awful, simple and gentle as he was, than that of any human being I ever saw. It forbade familiarity, silenced garrulity, checked ease, and had something of the effect of a supernatural visitor; awing levity, and making even common speech, or speech at all, difficult! He was so unconscious of this effect, so little willing to produce it, so anxious to make others free and communicative, that it became pathetic to witness the paralysis of tongue and motion that usually fell on those whom he in vain tried to set at liberty from his overpowering personality. Doubtless there were familiar and domestic friends, and perhaps men who had grown up with him, that escaped this awe, and overcame this distance, and children did not seem to feel it; but just in proportion to the sense and sensibility of young men and women was it irresistible.

I have said that Channing was not the kind of preacher Boston usually made and welcomed. Fortunately he did not settle, of choice, in a congregation most characteristic of Boston—not in Brattle Street, where he was called, but in Federal Street—then comparatively inconspicuous—and so he made, by degrees, out of a less fixed and wool-dyed class of citizens, a congregation of his own, to which he com-

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municated much of his own spirit and something of his own views. But it was in his character of philanthropist that he had most to do with shaping a new Boston, and most to contend with, and there his personal courage and commanding individuality were most displayed. I must not go at length into the history of his relations to the politics, the pauperism, the anti-slavery agitation, the questions of free speech and free opinion, which are really the places where his character and even his views are best illustrated. But I should wholly fail in the completeness even of an outline of Channing, if I did not trace the line of his course upon these public questions.

Everybody knows how much of Channing's mind and heart, courage and inspiration went into the application of his views—God's glorious purpose in man's creation, the dignity of human nature and the sacredness of freedom, of will, thought, speech and conduct—to the working institutions of government, of business, of charity, of domestic life. He was above all things a *man*, and then only a minister, and no zeal or fidelity to his profession, incompatible with or overriding his duties as a man, could have satisfied him. Indeed, a Christian minister in his eyes was only a man, realizing under Christ's teaching the full dignity of humanity, and working for its rights and its development in the sphere of our present existence. Any effort to shut him up in the pulpit or within the clerical profession, or to cut off his right, his duty, his opportunity of making his moral and spiritual convictions forces in society at large, would necessarily have been unavailing. He knew no distinction between his manhood and his ministry, and accepted no rules as binding on him which were not binding on all. His field was the world, his congregation the human race; his office an ordination to advance, protect and serve all the higher interests of his kind. There was nothing strictly new in this position. All the noblest and greatest men have been distinguished by a certain refusal to observe conventional bounds, or to make their special profession or calling less

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than that of servant of all truth and all good. Some of the greatest poets have been also theologians; great lawyers, publicists; and great physicians, philanthropists; great artists, thinkers and reformers. New England never lacked men in the ministry who felt it their right and duty to guide and watch over political sentiment, and Boston had had her Chauncy and Mayhew, not to speak of her Eliot and Mathers. But in ordinary times the tendency of all professions is to become special, and to have an ethics each of its own. Unprofessional, unclerical, are words of significant meaning. No doubt, too, there is a wholesome instinct which teaches men that every profession is a jealous mistress, and demands the exclusive use of the time and talents of its followers, and that a division of labor and a certain mental and moral uniform peculiar to each, best favor the interest of all. Departure from this practical rule is only justified when those who break it are clearly seen to be men of exceptional greatness and competency to larger influence and larger work than belong to any one calling in life. Channing was such a man—a philosopher, a philanthropist, a statesman, a poet—nothing less than the general condition and prospects of the whole race could engage his attention, or limit his sense of responsibleness. He was accordingly an observer and student of other countries and their moral, social and political prospects. He was deeply interested in all experiments for increasing popular intelligence, improving the condition of the poor, or widening political rights. He understood the relations and influence of men and events across national boundaries. The French, the English, the German influence upon humanity and the fortunes of Christianity, closely concerned him, at a time when few could see over the fences, which, however they narrow the view, do not prevent the circulation of a common human atmosphere. And in the same way he was profoundly interested, at a time when it was rare, in the mutual relations of the different classes of society. Singularly tempted to devote himself to his own excellent and fortunate class—refined, decorous,

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solid and satisfied, and all the more tempted by the fact that his profession justified and expected a certain confinement within parochial bounds—he could not limit his views or his sympathies or his obligation within any class lines. He reverted to the original office of the ministry when men were not settled over congregations, but sent forth apostles of truth and mercy to all men. And although he was precluded, by his want of health, from active missionary or active public labors, and lived a peculiarly settled and uniform life, his mind, his heart traveled widely, and his pen was a missionary and a public servant that recognized the claims of the whole world. Few men in this country or any other have been as universal in their survey, their aims, their breadth of view, and the comprehensiveness of their purposes, as Channing. With the tastes and habits of a recluse, he was mentally a cosmopolite and a publicist. The least of a partisan and a politician, he had all the feelings and all the capacity of a statesman. Limited by his physical fragility to a narrow walk of personal observation and intercourse, he went in spirit and by the aid of his intellectual and moral sympathies into the homes and shops and fields, and felt the closest and warmest interest in the trials, sorrows, wrongs and exposures of the common people, and especially those most overlooked. Tuckerman, his most intimate friend, the apostle to the poor of Boston, found in no one so patient and so helpful a supporter and admirer as Channing, who envied his skill, his success, and his delight in this gracious service. His advice and his encouragement to the laboring classes, which reached many countries, drew forth expressions of gratitude that gave Channing more satisfaction than he could receive from the admiration of literary critics, or the crowds of cultivated people that hung on his lips. The ministry to the poor in Boston owed most of its permanent interest to his direction and encouragement. He was profoundly concerned for the elevation, the happiness, the substantial good of the humbler ranks of people. It was not a professional, technical inter-

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est of the ordinary ministerial kind, lest their souls should be lost, but a sad sense of what they were losing in not knowing, serving and loving God.

There were none of the materials for a fanatic in Channing; and yet fanatics have seldom gone as far in their madness or narrowness of view, as Channing went in his sobriety and comprehensiveness. He hoped and expected more of all men than perfectionists, socialists, and idealogists have looked for and demanded, but he had the most practical sense of the difficulties in the way. He had the patience of God and geologic time with the slowness of the advance. Nobody could have told him much about the obstructions and trying conditions, under the sense of which most men give up the problem. He was hopeful in full view of all obstacles, and active and earnest in spite of his knowledge how long and how much action and effort would be required for an indefinite time to come.

His course in regard to the anti-slavery movement is perhaps the best illustration of his character as a humanitarian and a citizen. By position, by taste, and by associates, he was one of the men likely to feel most what was called the violence, the narrowness, and the vulgarity of that movement, as it first presented itself in Massachusetts. Its starters and supporters outraged the taste, the ethics, the customs of the best people. It looked wild, fierce, revolutionary, impious, much as the earliest pretensions of Christianity must have seemed to devout and influential Jews in the holy city. As a rule, Christian ministers gave a wide berth to its advocates. Channing regarded it doubtless with distaste, and turned a cold shoulder upon its first apostles, from genuine doubts of its being in right hands, or advocated in a legal and Christian way. In this, he only exhibited the uniform caution of his conscientious mind, which never allowed itself to be swept off the base of its own solid judgment. It was always his judgment—which was his conscience—that had to be set on fire, not his feelings, and it did not catch pre-

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maturely, and when it did, it burnt with a flame that could not be quenched.

When Channing began—and it was far earlier than any of the sober and weighty minds about him—to see and feel what was involved in the anti-slavery cause; what this fierce indignation was; the cry of outraged justice and down-trampled humanity; what a holy sense of wrong done to the human soul lay at the bottom of the wrath that made religious, social, and political conventionalities, so far as they condoned or supported slavery, objects of anger and derision; he transferred his sympathies from the conservative and popular side of Boston taste and feeling to the radical, the unpopular, the odious side of the anti-slavery reformers. I do not think he *counted* the cost of this, or of any course he ever took, but he knew as well as any man the way in which it would be received by his friends and lovers. His difficulties were never those of the politician, the sectarian, or the time-server. His slowness was always his desire to be right with God and his conscience; his quickness, the zeal he had in the service of truth and duty, the moment he knew them. What services he rendered to the anti-slavery cause; what he did to clarify, exalt, and make possible, the views that afterwards became acceptable and potent, the world knows, and abolitionists concede. But he never would or could join any organization that compromised his least conviction, or controlled his own sense of a Divine policy. He spoke for himself; he stood for himself. He had neither the concurrence of the conservatives nor the radicals. He offended the abolitionists; he disgusted the whigs; he pleased only God and his own conscience, and served the great cause of freedom with transcendent power, because his devotion to it was neither fanatical, partial, nor local, and what he wrote on anti-slavery is true for all time. His anti-slavery was a logical and moral consequent of his reverence for human nature.

Channing's course in regard to the trial of Abner Kneeland for atheism was an equal illustration of his faith in the

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self-protecting power of the truth, and the safety of freedom of opinion and expression. It required immense moral courage to head the petition which he also wrote for his release from prison and punishment. But, in the community, in all the world, where public opinion is most worth attending to, because rarely impulsive or extravagant, Channing had, many times in his life, to confront it with protests or resistance, which left him open to all sorts of suspicion in the very places where his reputation was most valuable, his piety, his faith, and his scrupulosity. He kept the company of publicans and sinners; like his Master, he could not judge those universally condemned. His moral courage—because it had no conceit, no superficial passion, no partisan fire in it —was truly sublime. His only cowardice was the rare and honorable fear of being left alone with an accusing conscience.

And here, to draw these dim outlines of Channing's views and character to a period—let me crown all, by saying that self-reverence was, after all, his most characteristic and his central grace and quality! No praise, no sympathy, no concurrence was essential to his peace; but the approval of his own soul he must have at all hazards, and at every sacrifice. He guarded himself at every door from what might betray his purity of motive, his rectitude of will, his moral freedom. To be and not to seem; to be himself what he demanded and urged others to become; to be just, charitable, hopeful, submissive; to be like Jesus, and like what he believed God to be, in spirit and in truth; this was the never-failing purpose and plan of his life! Nothing could he do that compromised this holy necessity of being true to God and himself. He could not go one step over the limits his fastidious purity prescribed, nor one step back from the path where his conscience beckoned him on, to disaffront his best friends, or to disabuse his most powerful censors. And with all his publicity, and his wide sphere of fame and influence, he lived with God almost as in the seclusion of a hermit's cell, as free from worldly ambition as if he were the lowliest of

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his kind; as womanly in his purity, as if not the most manly of men; as childlike as if he had not the experience, the wisdom, the strength of the ripest maturity, and the duties and opportunities of a statesman, a great citizen, a leader of his time, and the foremost in the ranks of liberal spirits.

I have not attempted a biography of Channing, nor followed his life in detail, nor quoted his words. No later work of that sort can supersede the precious autobiography which his nephew has skillfully extracted from his journals, letters and sermons. It is too serious, too spiritual, too much in essence, and too little in detail, too bulky and yet too monotonous, to be easy or popular reading, though a dozen American and perhaps as many English editions of it have been circulated. But it is immortal in its substance, and can never cease to be new and fresh in its influence, as human souls rise to the level where its sublime simplicity and searching spirituality become visible. It is a work to be put upon the shelf or table of the private closet, in the small class of permanent devotional helps, into no page of which can any docile heart dip without finding a baptism of the Holy Spirit. Would it were read and studied more. I can name no work which ministers of religion, and especially our own, could consult and feed upon with more profit to their souls and the souls of those they teach. It is encouraging to know that Channing's works and his memoirs have, if not the immense circulation they merit, a wide, a constant, an increasing currency among all sects, and especially among the ministers of all sects; that they are translated into the chief tongues of the world, and are revered and honored by all who are capable of appreciating their calm, deep, unpartisan, permanent, and changeless truth and piety.

I should not have presumed, however, to make this discourse so long and full, had I not a painful feeling that Channing, after all the exaltation connected with his name, and the settled canonization of his character, is really, to a marked degree, neglected and unread and unappreciated among those who owe him most, and who should be best

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acquainted with his writings, his views and his characteristics. I often hear men, who owe no small part of their own liberty and spiritual life to his inspiration, say they do not, nay, cannot *read* him; and then I feel somewhat the same regret and surprise with which I hear others say they cannot enjoy the Bible. I confess that Channing saturated his more docile hearers and disciples, in his lifetime, with his views and his temper, and that some of them have that surcharged filiality, which sometimes makes children find the best fathers less stimulating society than much less able and worthy men, not so familiar and congenital. But I am confident that this influence has at length become a forgetfulness and an ignorance of the man and his opinions, and has passed over from those who once knew him well and have neglected the care of his memory, to a generation that did not know him, and do not seem to care to know him, since those who did, seem so lukewarm, or so careless, to preserve his present fame and influence. If I do not, in the strength of my reverence and gratitude, overstate this neglect, it is a deplorable one. For nothing can be less true than any notion that Channing was overrated by his immediate contemporaries, his fellow ministers, his townsmen, or his disciples. The reverse of this is nearer the truth. Nor is he duly estimated, great as his fame is to-day. His is still the morning-star, and is climbing the sky. He has not been outshone; he has not been superseded. No great spiritual light, of a strictly human kind, ever had greater, denser fogs of prejudice to encounter, or could oppose to them a milder flame. Still, his star is one held baleful by millions of good Christians. His light waits a purer air, a clearer and more rational sky, a freer humanity, to show its full glory. But it is steady, and its oil does not fail, nor its beams flicker. Long after names more popular and commanding have faded out of human memory, his name will be reviving with new splendor. There is in him and his works little to decay, little to correct or change, and there is nothing to excuse or to explain away. His

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language has no false rhetoric, no pretense, no tiresome tricks or shallow music. He was an artist, but one who never left the mark of his tools on his work. Perhaps he fed the midnight lamp with oil, but it never spilt upon his page or scented his ink. He touched nothing trivial, local, or passing; his themes are always great, his treatment always majestic. He has not mixed the temporary and the permanent, feet of clay with thighs of brass and head of gold. He is always high, always in earnest, always careful, clean, and precise, self-consistent and full of reverence for truth, for God, for man, and for himself.

Those who think such a soul, and such a thinker and spiritual force can pass by, can be repeated and improved upon, superseded and displaced, outgrown and outshined, are dull observers of the permanent place which such rare spirits hold in the uncrowded meridian, where their stars shine together forever. Religious genius is God's rarest inspiration and least common gift in any transcendent form. If we haunt and search the remotest antiquity to find and to sit at the feet of poets, artists, sages, and hang our freshest wreaths upon the spectral brows of shades whose personal history is unknown, when will the day come that St. Augustine, Borromeo, a-Kempis, Fénélon, and Guion, Bossuet, Taylor, and Butler, and Channing are to be esteemed less than ever fresh fonts of Divine inspiration? Channing belongs to the Church Universal and for all time. But he had an American birthplace, near the sea that unites all, and in a place that is more and more frequented and cosmopolitan. It is fit that on this spot his eternal memory should have its monument. Catholic, and all the more Catholic, because Unitarian, he must always wear the Unity of God, not in its vulgar sense, but in its spiritual significance, as the central jewel in his coronet of shining doctrines. He suffered for his testimony to this concealed, neglected, or perverted "Simplicity of Christ," and his disciples and fellow Christians would be ungrateful to forget that they owe him special devotion, and the devotion of publishing and proclaiming

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him, all the more because his fidelity to them cost him dear, and took him out of the general ranks of Christendom to be their conscript soldier. He was a cosmopolite, but he was none the less a thorough American, and the genius of America possessed him; the hopefulness, the progressiveness, the freshness, the courage and unconventionality of the new hemisphere. He belonged in a new world, a democratic State, a country with an ample horizon. He was born by the sea, he died in the mountains. He was bred in the country, he lived in the city, he passed away in a place that knew him not, in the heart of the most American of American States, and on a journey. These things are typical. He belonged in no one place, and his spirit and influence are national, and still on a journey. The sea and the mountains claim him. Places he knew not have a sacred interest in his history. I believe the nation will some day, remembering his physical birth in Rhode Island, his spiritual birth in Virginia, his life work in Massachusetts, his death in Vermont, his relations to the most significant reformation and revolution in religious life, because a thorough reversal of base in the whole order of theology, will place his monument in the Capitol, as the only place central enough to express his national significance. But it will not be until his name and place as the greatest of American prophets is fully recognized. And that will come when the candid study of his works and his life shall show with universal consent, that although a generation or two in advance of his time, he proclaimed and illustrated the kind of religion, the form of Christianity, which is alone adapted to a universal spread, and destined to become a universal leaven, and the true Bread of Life to the American people; and that what is permanently their faith is sure at last to be the faith of the whole world. So high, so wide, so deep is the claim of WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

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Yours very truly
Sawwanatta

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Historical Soc
OF WISCONSI

[illegible] HISTORY

OF

[illegible] WANATIA.

[illegible]

[illegible] COUNTY, [illegible]

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Historical Soc
OF WISCONSIN
1632

IN MEMORY

OF

JACOB VANATTA,

LATE OF THE

MORRIS COUNTY BAR.

——:o:——

Died Wednesday, April 30th, 1879.

ÆT:

FIFTY-FOUR YEARS, TEN MONTHS, TWENTY-SIX DAYS.

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Morristown, N. J.:
Banner Steam Printing Establishment.

1879

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HISTORICAL.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

———:o:———

ABRIDGED.

From the Morristown True Democratic Banner, May 1st, 1879.

———:o:———

HON. JACOB VANATTA.

We have never performed a sadder duty than the announcement of the death of Hon. Jacob Vanatta, which occurred at his residence in this city, on Wednesday morning last, at about 2 o'clock. For three or four days preceding his death it was known that his condition was critical; yet so brief was his known sickness that his death when announced was regarded as very sudden. The malady which occasioned Mr. Vanatta's death was Bright's disease of the kidneys. It was apparently of long standing, though its alarming tendencies were of recent date. Mr. Vanatta has ever justly had the reputation of being the hardest working man in this community or State. His devotion to business was early, late, unremitting and almost unceasing. It is not known that he ever (for the last thirty years, at least,) devoted a day to recreation or amusement. To him time undevoted to labor or study seemed absolutely lost and wasted. It is to this strict attention to business, and the early and late hours and irregular times of eating thereby entailed, that the disease of Mr. Vanatta is to be attributed. The disease was insidious in its approaches, and had, in fact, assumed a fatal form before Mr. Van-

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atta could be induced to act upon the advice of his friends and physicians, and withdraw himself from work and in travel, rest and recreation endeavor to restore his failing health.

About two years ago the demands of his business necessitated the removal of his office from this place to the city of New York. He still retained his residence here, and was accustomed to go and return from his New York office every morning and evening. About two weeks ago he made his last visit to the city of New York. On Saturday, the 19th ult., accompanied by his wife, he started upon the trip his friends and physicians had so long counseled and advised. It was undertaken too late. Upon reaching Philadelphia Mr. Vanatta was so overcome that it was concluded to proceed no further at that time. He remained in Philadelphia until the 23rd of April, when he returned to Morristown, reaching here in a very exhausted condition. His disease from that time forward rapidly assumed alarming phases, until it culminated in his death as above stated.

Mr. Vanatta at the time of his death was in his fifty-fifth year. He was born on the banks of the Musconetcong, near Washington, Warren County, this State, on the fourth day of June, 1824. He early devoted all the time he could possibly spare to study and the improvement of his mind. He had always desired to embrace the profession of the law, and in 1845 he entered the law office of Theodore Little, Esq., as a student. He was licensed as an Attorney in October, 1849, and a Counsellor in February, 1853. From the very first he had an extended and lucrative practice. He quickly assumed a leading position and in a short time became the foremost lawyer of this county. There has scarcely been an important case tried in this county since his admission to the bar that he has not been connected with. In all his cases he was painstaking and expended upon them an amount of thought and labor truly wonderful. His practice grew until at the time of his death it was probably the

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largest in the State. His reputation advanced with his practice, and for years past he has stood at the head of the New Jersey Bar as an able, faithful, conscientious and untiring advocate and counsel. Of late years Mr. Vanatta's time and services have been largely monopolized by the great corporations of the country; he had become the regular counsel of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company, the Central Railroad Company, and more or less of many other corporations, and his engagements have carried him frequently before the highest courts of New York and Pennsylvania and of the United States Supreme Court.

Mr. Vanatta was always a firm, consistent and unwavering Democrat. From his first settlement among us he had been active in Democratic politics. He had long been the recognized head of the Democratic party in this county, and all over the State has for years been regarded as one of its ablest men. In 1856 he was a Delegate to the National Convention that nominated Buchanan. In the memorable struggle of 1860 he adhered to the fortunes of Stephen A. Douglas, and was Chairman of the Douglas State Committee; as such chairman refused to join the fusion ticket, and thus succeeded in dividing the electoral vote of the State between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas. During the war he followed his chieftain, and was throughout a war Democrat. At the Convention which nominated Governor McClellan he was appointed Chairman of the State Committee, a position he held at the time of his death.

Mr. Vanatta has held few public positions; he was a member of the House of Assembly in the years 1862-3, and in the latter year was a candidate for United States Senator against the late William Wright. He was defeated by a vote or two in the Democratic caucus, (but as it has ever since been charged by his friends), unfairly. He was frequently urged to accept Gubernatorial or Congressional nominations, but always declined. He

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has at different times refused tendered positions on the Supreme Court Bench of this State. He was appointed by Governor Bedle Attorney General, but after holding the office for about fifteen months was compelled to resign it, because of the immense pressure of his private practice.

In October, 1852, Mr. Vanatta married a daughter of Dr. Aaron Dickerson, of Philadelphia; she was also a niece of Gen. Mahlon Dickerson, General Jackson's Secretary of the Navy, and a cousin to Hon. Aug. C. Canfield, of this county.

In private life Mr. Vanatta was kind and obliging; he was a safe and judicious adviser, a faithful and steadfast friend, a good citizen and an honest man.

His life was doubtless sacrificed to his unwearied zeal and industry in his profession. At the same time his whole life furnishes a remarkable instance of what ability, attended with industry and study, can accomplish in overcoming adverse circumstances.

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MORTUARY.

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THE FUNERAL.

———:o:———

The funeral services were held at Morristown, on Saturday, May 3rd, 1879, at his late residence, at 11½ o'clock A. M., and at the First Presbyterian Church at 12 o'clock M. The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers:

Hon. Francis S. Lathrop, Samuel Sloan, Esq., Hon. John Brisbin, Theo. Little, Esq., Hon. David A. Depue, Hon. Amzi Dodd, Hon. Theo. Runyon, and Hon. Benjamin Williamson.

The services at the house were conducted by the Rev. R. S. Green, now pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. At the church the services were opened with prayer by Rev. A. Erdman of the South street Presbyterian Church, followed by selections from the Scriptures by Rev. Theodore F. White, D. D. Discourses were delivered by the Rev. R. S. Green and Rev. David Irving, D. D., a former pastor of the deceased.

The remains were deposited in the Evergreen Cemetery, at Morristown.

The following from the *True Democratic Banner* gives further details of the funeral:

FUNERAL OF THE LATE JACOB VANATTA.

Probably no city in this State outside of Trenton has ever witnessed the presence of so many eminent men on one occasion as assembled here on Saturday last to honor the memory of Mr. Vanatta. The attendance at the funeral was very large, numbers of his friends from all over the county attesting their regard for him by gathering here; business was suspended and stores closed, flags displayed at half-mast, and in fact as far as the people of his

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town could in a becoming manner display tokens of respect and love for one so great and yet so unassuming, it was done.

A special train on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad ran to and from this place, bringing among others the following named gentlemen: Gov. McClellan, ex-Governor Joel Parker, Chancellor Runyon and father, Hon. Benjamin Williamson, Thomas Dickson, President of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Co.; Samuel Sloan, Gen. Brisbin, Benj. H. Lee, Henry C. Kelsey, Sec. of State; Gen. Robert Stockton, State Treasurer Wright, Hon. F. T. Frelinghuysen, Congressman Clark, of Somerset; Hon. N. Perry, Courtland Parker, T. N. McCarter, Attorney General John P. Stockton, Judge Ludlow McCarter, William A. Righter, Wayne Parker, A. L. Dennis, Hon. John Hopper, Samuel Morrow, Elias Morrow, Col. G. N. Abeel, Col. E. L. Price, Andrew Kirkpatrick, Hon. Amzi Dodd, Vice Chancellor Van-Fleet, John P. Jackson, Hon. H. S. Little, J. G. Shipman, James T. Hough, Hon. William Walter Phelps, Ira M. Harrison, A. G. Sayre, James Bishop, Senator Ludlow, Judge Cogswell, Senator Schenck, A. Q. Keasbey, William Schenck, James W. McCullough, George V. Ammerman, Senator Lydecker, Silas Merchant, James Moore, of the Central Railroad; J. M. DeCamp, Andrew Reasoner, Superintendent of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company; Henry G. Darcy, Judge D. A. Depue, Judge Scudder, George Peters, Oscar Keen, E. W. Kingman, Judge F. A. Johnson, G. D. W. Vroom, Wm. S. Scudder, James F. Connelly, B. J. Ford, Hon. George R. Gray, Wm. Patterson, Hon. Frederick Frelinghuysen, John Gould, Hon. William E. Dodge, Walcott F. Jackson, Senator Pidcock, William M. Force, Senator Francis, M. P. Hayne, Eugene Doughty, Judge Reed, Thomas Kays and others.

The list included the State officers, Judges of the Supreme Court, and men eminent in every walk of life.

After viewing the remains at the house the visitors gathered

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on the avenue approaching the church, receiving the funeral cortege with uncovered heads; the pall-bearers dismounting from their carriages and passing between the lines bearing the remains of their friend and companion.

The services were plain and unpretentious. like the life of Mr. Vanatta. There were no flowers and no music at the church service, which was very impressive.

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL SERVICE OF

JACOB VANATTA, ESQ.,

In the First Presbyterian Church, Morristown, N. J., by

REV. RUFUS S. GREEN.

———:o:———

Death loves a shining mark. And, in the words of David, concerning Abner, we may say on this occasion, "There is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel." We honor ourselves in honoring him. In doing justice to his memory we are doing good to ourselves and conferring a benefit upon the public. The world is not so rich in great men that it can afford to lose the lessons of their lives. In rehearsing these lessons, in presenting the sources of their power and success, though our

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first object may be to pay a truthful tribute to the dead, we are in reality teaching the living. The best preaching is that which connects itself with a person—with *the* person Jesus Christ. So truths which, abstractly presented, might seem mere platitudes, connected with a person whom we have known and admired, throb and glow with a strange force, firing the soul and guiding the mind. With the facts in Mr. Vanatta's life, as well as with the strong points of his character, the public has already been made familiar. There is, therefore, no need of rehearsing them at this time. We are concerned rather with the lessons which come from his life and character. A few, and only a few, we shall have time to present. And one of them is the value of concentration of aim. Mr. Vanatta loved his profession; he devoted himself to it; he pursued it with a devotion that never flagged; with a constancy that admitted no diversion. This was one of the sources of his power; one of the secrets of his success.

There are but few universal geniuses. Few, like Bacon, can take all knowledge for their province. Pope has well said:

"One science only will one genius fit;
So wide is art, so narrow human wit."

He who can say with Paul, "this *one* thing I do," will achieve success; while he who attempts to succeed in various callings will almost invariably fail in all. It was said of Lord Brougham that "science was his *forte*, omniscience his foible, and that if his lordship had only known a little of law, he would have known a little of every thing." In this day, when the press is scattering its publications by the ten thousands over the land, when research is pushed in every department of knowledge, a man's wisdom may largely consist in the things of which he dares to be ignorant, as his real power may be measured by the things he leaves unattempted. It is the men who have a single purpose, and who unswervingly pursue that purpose, refusing to

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be enticed from it, who achieve success, and carve their names in the temple of fame.

Another lesson, and one much needed by a large class, especially of our younger men, is the value of *work*. It was no more his native ability than his untiring industry that made Mr. Vanatta what he was. He worked early and late; continuously, incessantly. He did not content himself with superficialities. Every case put into his hand was conscientiously mastered in all its bearings and details. He familiarized himself with not only the practice and technicalities of the law, but with its great underlying principles. By his persevering intelligence he climbed the mount whence his gaze could scan the whole field. From this outlook all was harmonious. Every hill and vale, every brook and mead was in its proper place and proportion. This vantage ground, this comprehensive grasp of the subject, made his advice exceedingly valuable upon all intricate questions of law. And, as a consequence, his services were in constant demand in cases involving great issues. Native ability alone would not have gained him the position he occupied. Goethe disclaimed all genius but that for work. Certainly our departed brother had a genius for work, and to it he owed the ever increasing success that attended his course. Many a young man has the ability, but how few the love of work, to enable them to take first rank in their chosen calling. To you the lesson to-day is, work! There is no other road to success or usefulness. What may you not do if you will? Be not content when there is so much to be done, so much that demands willing hands and noble minds and hearts; be not content to fritter away or half use the talents which have been given you for the service of God and of your fellow men.

But there is another large class who stand in need of no exhortation to work. The danger to them is too much rather than too little work. To them comes this hour a lesson, a sad lesson

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of warning, a warning against overwork. Mr. Vanatta dies at the age of fifty-four—an old man worn out by overwork. Work, hard, persistent, unflagging work is right; but overwork is suicidal. God has established the principle of rest in our very constitution, and no man can violate it without injury to himself. You may not at first or for years be made aware of the wrong you are doing yourself. But nature is an accurate bookkeeper. She does not forget to set down item by item, and to bring forward the account year by year. She is not anxious about the settlement. She knows it will come, and soon enough; and so the account grows, until finally and unexpectedly it is presented and the poor prodigal finds himself physically bankrupt, unable to make even a respectable compromise with his heartless creditor. A distinguished physician has said: "The body has its claims, it is a good servant; treat it well, and it will do your work. Attend to its wants and requirements, and listen patiently to its hints, occasionally forestall its necessities by a little indulgence, and your consideration will be repaid with interest. But task it, and pine it, and suffocate it, and make it a slave instead of a servant, it may not complain much, but, like the weary camel in the desert, it will lie down and die." The brain is part of the body; and here, more than anywhere else, the sad results of overwork are seen.

Dean Swift, with a mournful presentiment, once said, as he stood gazing at an oak, the upper part of which had been withered by a stroke of lightning. "I shall be like that tree; I shall die first a top." How many men there are in these days, who under the intense nervous strain of professional and business demands and competitions, which give the brain no rest, are dying at the top. The path along which they are swiftly running leads either to the asylum or to the grave. Beware! See your danger. Be warned by the sad example of him whom today you so sincerely mourn of an exhausted brain and prema-

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turely enfeebled body. Take needed rest, cessation from labor, frequent holidays. Remember that God has emphasized this thought by himself resting from the work of creation, and appointing one day in seven for this very purpose. "Six days thou shalt labor and do all thy work; but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work." Not only should the store, the office, the shop be closed to work but what is of equal importance to the spirit and letter of the command, the brain and heart. These should be occupied with something else—with things restful and helpful—with the things of God and of the soul. I know the excuses which men plead. But they are vain. God has said you must rest. He has written it upon tables of stone. He has stamped it upon your very being. Disobey the law, and the punishment may be delayed, but it will come.

And more important than rest of body, is rest of soul. It is the worry of life that is most wearing. If we are sure of eternal riches, those of earth cause us less anxiety. If we are to be made kings and priests unto God forever, we are the better able to bear up under disappointed hopes of worldly preferments.

If we realize that an Omnipotent Father cares for us, all dark forebodings with respect to the future are removed. If our names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life, it is of less consequence that they should be in the mouths of men. Not that Christian faith should take away ambition, or zeal, or interest in things of the world. But it fixes the heart on what is above and better than the world, and steadies it amidst the storms of life. The deepest needs of the soul call for the rest that comes from faith in Christ, as the needs of the body demand the rest secured by obedience to the commands of God written in His book and upon our bodies.

I have already detained you too long with these remarks, and have little time left to speak of the noble qualities of mind and

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heart, which endeared our departed brother to such a wide circle of friends. His entire lack of ostentation, his unassuming modesty, his quiet dignity, his obliging kindness, his straightforward and upright life—all these are known to you, and much that must remain unsaid, though not unappreciated.

It is to be deeply regretted that with so much that can and must be said, if we would be just to the memory of the dead, in his praise, we are unable also to say that he was a professing Christian. He was a child of the Covenant, and early in life was on the point of uniting with the church, but for some reason delayed to do so; and then the cares of life came thick and fast upon him, and he never found the time. He was no scoffer, no skeptic. He had a deep respect for the Word of God, and for the Church of Christ. No one listened with more attention and seeming interest to the preaching of the truth. He accepted at least with the head, and we can but hope with the heart, the essential truths of the Christian religion. For a number of years in his early life he was a teacher in the Sunday school. Since his marriage, in company with his now stricken wife, he has read almost daily some portion of the sacred volume. During his last sickness he said, as was his wont, but little; but that little is full of encouragement and comfort. We can only hope for the best, and leave him with God, to whom so many prayers have for years been offered in his behalf, and to whom we commend these mourning friends.

But while we hope for the best, while our anxious hearts lead us to believe the best, how much better would it be, how much more satisfactory could his friends, could you, have had a plainer testimony—the testimony of a life openly dedicated to the service of God. Let us beware of being so engrossed in the cares and ambitions of life that we have no time to attend to the affairs of the soul. Let us, in imagination, put ourselves forward a few years, or it may be but a few weeks or days, when we

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shall lie dying. How will we regard these things which now so engross us? Which will then be the more important, business or the soul? How will we look back upon a course which excludes the proper culture of the soul?

Friends and brethren, let us view life from the standpoint of eternity. Let us live in the light of eternity.

ADDRESS

OF THE

REV. DAVID IRVING, D. D.

As an old friend and former pastor of the deceased, it would be gratifying to my own feeling, did time permit, to dwell upon some of the prominent traits of his character. This has been done to a considerable extent by the pastor of this church. It may not be out of place however, to touch upon one or two. He had some noble qualities, yet on account of the simplicity of his tastes, his retiring disposition and his natural modesty, they did not make that impression upon the many that they would have done had he been differently constituted, still they formed part of his being and were especially noticeable in the home circle. Here he was in a certain sense, *great*. He loved his home; ever felt its quiet and refreshing influence and generously responded to the gentleness and kindness that reigned in it. He was ten-

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der, considerate, loving and sympathizing, and it is within that circle his loss will be the keenest felt and the longest recognized. In the different relations he sustained as a son, a brother and a husband, he was most gentle, affectionate and true, careful of the comforts of those dependent on him and laboring for their happiness.

Passing from his home to the busy activities of life, we enter a sphere where he was a prominent actor, where the same modesty was seen, but where new powers were displayed, that gave him place and strength and influence in the commonwealth and beyond it. It is not necessary to dwell upon his thorough devotion to his profession; his intense ardor in seeking to master its great principles and apply them in his large and varied practice; his singleness of aim; his power of will; his indomitable energy and his unflagging zeal—these have all been sketched with the lessons they inculcate and the warnings they hang out; my object is to touch simply upon what was not so prominent but which distinguished the man; one was his kindness of heart. He felt for others, pitying their misfortunes and ready at the call of duty to minister relief. This was done at times in the regular line of his profession, with little or no compensation for his exhaustive labors; at other times it was to extend help so as to mitigate the evils of poverty or to remove the causes of trouble and distress. He was a friend of the needy. The struggles of his early life were never forgotten; nor those who cheered him on in his endeavors to reach success. Many live who can speak of his kind ministries, and not a few who were greatly helped in their career by his kindness and generous deeds. His charity, if quiet, was diffusive.

He was careful of the feelings of others. Decided in his convictions and firm in giving utterance to them, it was done in a way that commanded respect, and not to injure or to wound. Some men with the strength he possessed, and the power he

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wielded, have been careless of their words and the mischief wrought by them; but in his relations to others in speech and in act he sought no superiority over them, or wantonly played with their feelings. He gave to his associates, neighbors and friends that which was their due. This, as far as I know, characterized him all through life. It was specially true in all the relations he sustained to his minister and the congregation. He was a most attentive listener to the preaching of the Word, and in other ways showed his appreciation of the truth and his desire to promote the best interests of the church.

Other qualities of heart and mind might be mentioned, but my wish has been to supplement a few points to what has just been said, and above all, to emphasize what has been uttered, especially of the need of being decided for Christ. How much greater would have been the moral power of the departed had he done in early life what he was then contemplating—of coming out, by a public profession, on the side of truth and righteousness. Let his associates and friends bear in mind that usefulness and spiritual power must spring from the Cross, and that a witnessing for Christ is associated with our union with him. Immortality of being and life eternal, spoken of in the Word, are distinct. We shall live forever, but how, must depend upon our relations to the Saviour. The latter is his purchase and ours by a living faith. Then come into a oneness with Him in the way and order prescribed by Him, that you may all be meet for the inheritance of the Saints in light. This is true living. This is the life each should covet. It is yours in offer. May it be yours by a blessed experience.

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MEMORIAL MEETINGS
AND
ADDRESSES.

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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

ESSEX COUNTY BAR.

———:o:———

A meeting of the Bar of the county of Essex was held at the Court House, Newark, on Friday, May 2, 1879, to take action concerning the death of Mr. Jacob Vanatta; Hon. David A. DePue presiding. A committee, of which Col. G. N. Abeel was chairman, was appointed to draft a series of resolutions expressive of the feelings and sentiments of the Essex County Bar. The meeting then adjourned.

Saturday, May 3, 1879, the meeting re-assembled and Colonel Abeel reported the following resolutions, which, on motion of Hon. Cortlandt Parker, were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Bar of Essex County have heard with the deepest sorrow of the death of the Hon. Jacob Vanatta; that while he was not an active resident member of our local bar, his genius pervaded every forum in the State of New Jersey, and made him a brother to every lawyer who loved his profession.

Resolved, That it is no conventional phrase to say that he had a pure legal mind, which delighted the scientific lawyer, and which, joined with the power to tell his thoughts in words, gave him a capacity of expression and an influence over those who heard him, rarely possessed.

Resolved, That he had an intimate acquaintance with not only the elegant structure of the common law, but so subtle a knowledge of the statutes and current legislation of the State

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and nation, that those whom he advised were seldom misled by errors of judgment.

Resolved, That the natural refinement of his mind and the delicacy of his organization gave to his intercourse with his brethren of the Bar, and indeed with all men, a fineness and sweetness of demeanor which, while coupled with a singularly graceful modesty, was without the physical embarrassment which sometimes encumbers men of smaller minds, and which needed no theatrical impulse or effort to make an impression on the great common heart.

Resolved, That we commend his life and his example to the profession as worthy of all imitation; by industry, perseverance and integrity they will secure that which he merited, its honors and its rewards.

Resolved, That in him the State of New Jersey loses a man who for native dignity, for pure and beautiful life, for perfect knowledge of his profession has rarely been surpassed, and that as lawyers and Jerseymen, while we drop the tears of friendship on his grave, mingled with our grief is the proud feeling that he belonged to our profession and was our friend.

Resolved, That as an organization we will attend his funeral.

Resolved, That we respectfully ask to have these resolutions engrossed on the minutes of the court; that a copy be sent to his family, and the same published in the newspapers of this city.

G. N. ABEEL,
Chairman Committee.

Subsequently the Court ordered that the resolutions be entered on the minutes of the Court.

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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

MORRIS COUNTY BAR.

——:o:——

At a preliminary meeting of the Bar, held at the office of Alfred Mills, Esq., on Wednesday, May 30, 1879, to consider what action should be taken respecting the death of Mr. Vanatta, a committee, of which Theodore Little, Esq., was chairman, was appointed to prepare such resolutions or such minute as they might deem appropriate.

The regular term of the Morris County Courts commenced Tuesday, May 6, 1879. The Grand Jury having been sworn and retired, Theodore Little, Esq., arose and announced the death of Mr. Vanatta and moved that, as a mark of respect to his memory, the Courts do forthwith adjourn. The adjournment was made.

Immediately upon the adjournment a meeting of the Bar was held; Hon. VanCleve Dalrimple acting as chairman, and Hon. Francis Child as secretary. Mr. Little presented the report of the committee appointed at the preliminary meeting held in Mr. Mills' office, as follows:

The Bar of the county fo Morris, desirous of preserving some suitable expression of their personal esteem and their respect for the professional character of their deceased associate, Jacob Vanatta, Esq., adopted the following minute, and request the Court to have the same entered upon its records:

While in the ordinary walks of life as friend, neighbor and

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citizen Mr. Vanatta was worthy of the regard in which he was held by the community in which he spent most of his life, it was in the discharge of the arduous and responsible duties of his profession that his character shone most conspicuously. It may be said with entire truth, that he was never found wanting in any of the various stations he was called to fill, and that in no one of them did he ever disappoint the just and reasonable expectations of his clients or his friends.

By a self-discipline worthy of all praise and emulation, the asperities which too often characterize the profession were in him mellowed into a quiet dignity and a courteous earnestness, showing how entirely consistent may be the ardor of the advocate with the essential qualities of the gentleman.

Though he never enjoyed the benefit of early educational training, nor any of the adventitous circumstances usually relied on for success, yet by a manly self-reliance, a zeal that knew no abatement, and industry which knew no rest, he achieved unwonted professional eminence and won the confidence and admiration no less of the Bench than of his associates at the Bar. We are justly proud of the record which he has made and of the honor which he reflected on the Bar of the county and of the State. His memory will long be cherished by us with unfeigned regard.

In presenting the report and resolutions and moving their adoption, Mr. Little made the following remarks:

ADDRESS OF THEODORE LITTLE, ESQ.

In making this motion I cannot forbear making some remarks in reference to this sad event, though so much has already been said in the pulpit and the press that they may seem almost superfluous.

Mr. Vanatta entered my office as a student in the year 1845, and after a most faithful and diligent clerkship of four years was licensed and entered at once on the practice of law in this county. And while I most heartily approve and can give my

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sanction to almost everything which has appeared in the public papers in reference to him, there is one particular in which I think they have unintentionally done him injustice. He was not, he never pretended to be, a genius. He was not, if I have correctly understood his character, one of that exceedingly rare class of whom it has been said they would have been profound lawyers if they had never seen a law book. He was not, sir, a meteor that flashed across the sky at the very moment of his licensure with such resplendence as to cast a comparative shadow over all his associates at the Bar of this county—upon the names of Ford, and Scofield, and Whelpley, and Miller, whose memories the Bar of this county will ever revere, and whom none respected or honored more than our deceased associate. No, Mr. Chairman and brethren of the Bar, our deceased friend did not rise into eminence in his profession and into the leadership of the Bar of the county by a sudden bound, as has been stated. It was not by the force of genius that he attained to his honorable and enviable position in the profession, but that position was the merited reward of "a zeal that knew no abatement, and industry that knew no rest." More than almost any man I have ever known, from his clerkship till his death, Mr. Vanatta seemed to have engraved on his very heart the motto, "*Perseverentia vincit omnia*," and in that sign he conquered and achieved his success. And it is just here, if I mistake not, that his example speaks to us so impressively to-day.

He had not, as this minute correctly states, the advantage of early educational training, and he was never surrounded by those circumstances on which so many rely and deem essential to success. He early learned that the law is a jealous mistress, and that she bestows her choicest favors only on those who woo her with most assiduous and unwearied devotion. Animated by this sentiment the habit of work became to him a second nature, and adhered to and controlled him almost to the last day of

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his life; and in this, I am sure, we have the key to his grand success. He loved his profession, and to it he consecrated his life; and by its exhausting labors he has come to an untimely death. His sun has gone down while it was yet day; his life has been cut short in the midst of his days.

When the old man full of years and honors is gathered to his fathers "like a shock of corn in his season," it seems to be in accordance with the fitness of things. When even the very young are taken away, just as they seem ready to step on the threshold of active life, we are startled, perhaps; but remembering how many noble vessels have gone out of port in the morning with sails full set to the breeze, only to be wrecked before night, we console ourselves with the thought that possibly they have been saved from the evil to come. But when one is called away like our deceased associate, in the full vigor of his manhood, with ripened faculties and fitted for the greatest usefulness, we are constrained to speak of his death as an untimely one. And if we measure life by the beatings of the pulse, if to live is only to breathe, then indeed his death was an untimely one. But if life is measured by activity, by the works accomplished, then truly has our friend lived not only longer than any of us can expect to live, but longer than any one who has been a member of this Bar since I have known it, though several have numbered many more years than he.

To the younger members of the Bar the example of Mr. Vanatta is a most inspiring one. It assures them that no obstacles are insurmountable, and points them to patient industry, earnest study and persistent labor as the only road to professional success. Let us all strive to cultivate something of that kindness and courtesy of manner and geniality of spirit which characterized him in his intercourse with his associates.

Let us heed the note of warning which comes to us from his death. One after another we shall follow him. When? How?

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Where? If our work is done, and our preparation made, our death cannot be untimely. Let us at least strive so to live that when we are gone others may have pleasant memories of us, as we have to-day of our departed friend and brother.

The motion to adopt the resolutions was seconded by Hon. A. W. Cutler in the following remarks:

ADDRESS OF HON. AUG. W. CUTLER.

MR. CHAIRMAN: It is eminently proper that I should second the adoption of the memorial address of the committee which is asked to be entered upon the minutes of the Court.

My acquaintance with the deceased commenced when we were law students together—Mr. Vanatta then a student in the office of the distinguished gentleman who has presented the memorial address of the committee, and who has so happily supplemented that with such appropriate remarks, while I was a like student in the office of the late lamented James J. Scofield.

That acquaintance, formed during our clerkships, was a warm and genial one, and I am proud to say that it ripened into a warm and generous friendship, and so continued from that time until the time of the decease of Mr. Vanatta.

It is not for me, sir, in the presence of this crowded assembly, and in this court room, which has been the forum in which Mr. Vanatta has always played such a conspicuous and prominent part, and before this audience, composed of the citizens of the county, who have so often and for hours listened in rapture to his eloquence—an audience many of whom were his clients—for me to speak of him as a lawyer or an advocate, and therefore I prefer, sir, this morning to speak of him as a friend.

Mr. Vanatta was a true friend, yet he was reticent and retiring in his manners; but he was warm in his friendship, genial

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in his character, social in his habits, and attracted all by the earnestness of his manner and his gentleness of expression. He was an earnest man, a true friend. And while sitting here listening to the tributes that have been paid him by the committee, I allowed memory to roll back the curtain of the few years in which I have been a member of this Bar and recall the names of those who were members at that time, or who have been admitted since, but who have "gone before."

I cannot forget that among those practicing at the time that Mr. Vanatta was admitted was Senator Jacob W. Miller, who probably at that period had no superior as an advocate in this State. Shortly after him we followed to the grave—cut down in early life—that eminent lawyer and profound jurist, Chief Justice Whelpley; then there was that prudent counsellor and estimable Judge, Ira C. Whitehead; then, too, we all recollect that painstaking, hard-working and laborious lawyer, James J. Scofield; then we all remember with pleasure the genial and courteous Chandler, who was always surrounded by a coterie of friends, attracted by his genial and social qualities; then, too, was the Nestor of the Bar, who with his commanding presence, rich and musical voice, always led captive jury and audience, and all know that I refer to Henry A. Ford; then there was the polished and courtly Judge William N. Wood, and the young and estimable Nathan A. C. Seward; then, too, was John Lyon, laid in his grave very soon after his admission to the Bar; then there was Luther S. Elmer; following him was one, although young in years yet had made his impress not only upon the county, but upon the State, and I refer to Captain George Gage; then following him was John W. Betts, who gave such promise of a brilliant future; and in a very few months we mourned for the young and gifted Charles E. Pierson; and here within a very few weeks we have followed another to his grave, and I refer to Charles E. Scofield; and to-day we drop the tear of sympathy

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and place our garland upon the new made grave of our departed friend.

In these few years Death, with a relentless hand, has seized upon fifteen of our members, and well may we ask the question, Who next?

The sudden death of our friend is a lesson to us; it should make an impression upon all. And the most important lesson that it brings to us is this, that whatever work is to be performed by us either as practitioners at the bar or as counsel in our offices, we can only say that we have performed our duty when we have emulated the example and followed in the footsteps of him whose death we mourn to-day.

Alfred Mills, Esq., followed Mr. Cutler, speaking as follows:

ADDRESS OF ALFRED MILLS, ESQ.

Mr. Vanatta's death has produced in me that sense of *personal* loss of which Mr. Cutler has just spoken. I know it is felt by many in this room. It has been uppermost in all the duties incident to the death and burial of our friend. It shrinks from expression here; yet I am unwilling to let the committee's report be acted upon by this meeting without saying something.

His death was a public loss. The culture of long years of laborious professional life cannot be covered up in a new-made grave and not be missed. Look at the gathering on Saturday last of the most distinguished men in all the State. There had been no effort to call forth such a gathering as that; it had not been solicited. Mr. Vanatta held no official position. He had no rank except that which the qualities of his mind and heart, and his professional success had given him.

The tribute was spontaneous; it was personal; it was to him as a man, and to no office; and the better those who came

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here knew him, the more earnest they were in their kind expressions about him.

There was much to attract in Mr. Vanatta. I know his manner was cold, too cold; he was reticent; he was undemonstrative: it was very difficult to get inside the shell. I think he was intimate with very few. Yet his acuteness and vigor of intellect, his simplicity and integrity of character, and his professional learning made him an attractive companion.

To me it always seemed that his main success was as an advocate. He wisely declined, more than once, a Judgeship of the Supreme Court, which he was urged to accept by the appointing power. He loved the profession of a barrister, and he excelled in that. We all have listened with great pleasure to his arguments in cases of mixed law and fact, which he had thoroughly mastered. I have known very few men who had the power to enthuse their hearers, to make them thrill in response to their masterly touch, but Vanatta was one of those men. I recollect some of his speeches made during the late civil war, which were magnificent. Some of us can never forget the earnestness and eloquence which have marked addresses made by him in this court room.

His mind was subtle; his power of analysis great; his memory was very retentive. He had the power of vivid narration. He had a wonderful command of language. When he was fully roused you felt that he chose just the right words to express just what he meant to say; and sometimes he would condense an argument into a single expression, which would haunt the whole case after that. For the secret of his power we must look to the character and history of the man. We find there that industry, that conscientious devotion to duty and that persistent self-culture, which have been alluded to by my friend who first spoke. I think, with him, that Mr. Vanatta's was a character which was slowly built up. His was no genius that came forth

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full-fledged on his entrance upon professional life. Self-denial and patient toil marked all his career, and were only arrested by the fatal disease which so suddenly terminated his work and his life.

Mr. Mills was followed by Prosecutor F. A. DeMott, who spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF FRED. A. DEMOTT, ESQ.

It has been well said, by another, that silence is the true eloquence of grief and the most appropriate sign of submission to Him whose inscrutable decrees bereave us of those who are near and dear to us.

Should I consult my own personal feelings at this moment I should be content to mingle my sorrow with that of my brethren at this Bar, and should not permit myself to obtrude a single remark.

But the only open tribute of respect which can now be rendered by us to the memory of our departed friend is to express, in the mode which custom has sanctioned, our profound sensibility of his untimely death, and to set forth for the example and emulation of others the beauty of a life characterized throughout by gentleness and courtesy, a high sense of honor, absolute integrity and faithfulness to duty, a love of country and of his fellow men.

During ten years of his life I was intimately connected with him—four years as a student at law and the remainder of the time as a partner in his professional business. During all that time he was always the same patient, forbearing, friendly companion. His disposition was so amiable that in all my acquaintance with him I seldom heard him use a fretful or impatient word. It was well for him that he was patient and calm. Had he been other-

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wise, worry and fretfulness, joined with the unintermitting labor to which he devoted himself, would have cut still shorter his thread of life.

Although he was the most busy of men he was never hurried or compelled to treat a subject in a superficial manner for want of time. Even when his whole mind was engrossed with important causes, he was always ready to lay them aside for the time to talk with his friends and acquaintances, and to give advice in a most kindly manner, and without fee, to any one, no matter how humble, who applied to him for counsel and assistance in their difficulties. Whatever time he may have considered was lost from his work by such interruptions, he made good by depriving himself of a proportionate amount of time which should have been devoted to rest and repose.

In consequence he was always ready when his causes were called for hearing. I cannot recall an instance when he ever asked delay or any indulgence from the court or opposing counsel on the ground that he had not had the time to prepare himself. He was not only prepared, but *thoroughly* prepared. He occasionally quoted the remark, "Nothing is done while anything remains to be done;" and he constantly acted upon that principle in the conduct of his business. It was often asked in reference to his unceasing application to his profession, what object he had in view in so doing?

It was not to amass riches, either for the mere avaricious pleasure of accumulating them or that he might at some day gratify himself by leading a life of ostentatious splendor and luxury. Such ideas were far from his mind. He had no extravagant habits of life, and he managed his fortune with such prudence and care that it grew and increased in his hands; but the love of money was never his controlling motive.

It was not ambition for mere place and office, for high judicial and other stations had been tendered him and he declined

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them. He was raised to the head of the Bar of his native State by appointment as Attorney General, and he laid down the position. He denied himself the rest and recreation which nature says all men should take. He carried industry to a point where it ceased to be a virtue, not for the love of money nor the love of place, but from his sense of what he esteemed to be his duty. Duty rather than glory, self-approval rather than renown prompted him in his course.

Jacob Vanatta felt that he had that within him which, given an opportunity to evince itself, would make him of use and service to the time in which he lived. His friends sought to obtain that opportunity for him by an endeavor to make him a Senator of the United States. In that high and conspicuous station, with a whole nation for his hearers, Mr. Vanatta would have risen to the full height of the situation; and with his great natural genius and talents, brightened and burnished by his life of constant application and study, he would indeed have been an honor to the State, a devoted and useful counsellor to his country.

Law, philosophy and history go hand in hand in the practice of our profession, and Mr. Vanatta made them his chief study; but he never spared himself, did he think occasion required, to make deep research into the principles of other sciences. He did not believe that any man could ever know too much, and he believed that duty required that he should endeavor to know all that a human being was capable of acquiring in order that he might put his knowledge at the service of humanity.

But the realms of knowledge are limitless. The more we know the more we find we have yet to learn, and Mr. Vanatta broke down exhausted in the attempt to grasp too much. This habit of constant study was acquired early in life, and advancing years confirmed it and made it ineradicable.

In the performance of every duty to which he was called

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nothing could move him; he relied almost entirely upon his own light and judgment. You might dissent from his opinions and call in question his judgment, but his will was of iron, and he pursued the path where he thought duty called him.

His character was in every sense *American*. He loved his country and he spoke of his attachment to it in the beautiful language of Ruth to Naomi. He believed in every fibre of his person that the mass of the people have virtue enough and intelligence enough to govern themselves. He maintained that all things being considered the voice of the whole mass of the people throughout the whole country would generally be found just and correct upon matters concerning their own government. He was himself a shining example of the height to which every one under our free institutions may attain if they strive for it with constancy and determination like him.

He loved justice and hated oppression. He was strongly opposed to the system of human slavery which at one time prevailed in this country. I once remarked to him, while he was conversing upon the subject, that many great and good men, including Jefferson and other fathers of the Revolution, were slave owners. He at once took down a copy of Jefferson's Notes and read to me the passage: "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just."

He hated the oppression of the powerful when they ground the faces of the weak; he hated the Shylocks who clamor for the pound of flesh in the name of the law; he hated oppression in every form, but more than all when it came under the forms of law.

He passed through life, and an active one, like a Chevalier Bayard, without fear and without reproach. To him as fully as to any man may be applied the high eulogium of *incorrupta fides*—he kept his faith with all men—and in his last hours the well earned approval of his own conscience must have been with him:

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to sustain him even when the things of this life were fading fast away.

In almost the last conversation I had with him he made most friendly inquiries as to such of the young members of this Bar as had recently commenced practice. He asked about every one of them by name, and seemed interested and anxious that the character of our Bar should be kept high in honor and ability.

But he who was illustrious at this Bar has passed away, and nothing remains but the example he has left behind him. And, sir, if in this assemblage there is a man among us whose heart beats with a vain and empty ambition to conquer mere fame and renown, let him stand by that new made grave in which we laid that lifeless body on Saturday last, and learn how much of human greatness fades in an hour; but if there be another man whose fainting heart shrinks from attempting the highest aims and noblest purposes let him also visit the grave of our departed friend to be reminded how much there is in an honest and just life that can never die.

Mr. DeMott was followed by Mr. James H. Neighbour, who said:

ADDRESS OF JAMES H. NEIGHBOUR, ESQ.

Before passing these resolutions to a vote, I feel constrained to add my endorsement of everything that has been said in behalf of Mr. Vanatta on this occasion. I feel that I cannot let it pass without adding my tribute of respect, sympathy and of professional attachment to him who has gone: and in listening to the remarks of our friend who has just preceded me, I felt constrained to say myself that "Death loves a shining mark," and I feel it. I think that all who knew him can but utter truthfully the sentiment of the heart in calling to mind that sentence, that

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"Death loves a shining mark." Why, when our friend was upon his last bed of sickness we were all upon the inquiry morning, noon and night, upon every occasion, upon every opportunity, "How is Mr. Vanatta?" We felt that we dreaded to hear that he had left us, yet we knew that it was almost a positive certainty; yet the suddenness of it, short as it actually was, almost shocked us, I may say. Yet we can look back over his life and say that probably he departed just in the right time. We are satisfied, all of us, to add our tribute of respect to his character, public and private, socially and professionally, just as he left it a few hours ago when he departed; and now we can say as to that, it is all right; that if his life has possessed anything of honor, of high attainment, of learning and of eminence in the study and the practice of law, it certainly reflects upon every one of us here as members of the Bar of Morris county.

And I am glad to say, as one, that I can look to him as, although but a few hours ahead of me in life, yet in position, in standing, it looks as though it was almost impossible, if I should live twice the number of years I have already, to reach where he stands now, away off in the distance. I wish we could all say that we can walk with him shoulder by shoulder, labor with him hour by the hour, and stand with him just where he stood in the opinion of the Bar of Morris county, and I would say in the opinion of the Bar of the State of New Jersey, in the opinion of the Bar of the neighboring States—his reputation was not confined to the territory of New Jersey—and also in the opinion of the Bench of New Jersey.

I feel that this is no slight occasion, and all that has been uttered here to-day I thoroughly believe is the sentiment of every one of our hearts. I say to you, Mr. Chairman, that it is that of mine solemnly, candidly and feelingly given. And let me say to those who are younger in years, stepping out into this noble profession, let me say to them, as has been said so well be-

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fore me, that you have an example, you have a living example and you have a dying example, to endeavor to follow in his footsteps.

The meeting of the Bar was then adjourned. At the reassembling of the Courts on the afternoon of May 6th, Mr. Little reported to the Court the action of the meeting of the Bar, and requested that the resolutions thereat adopted be entered on the minutes of the Court.

His Honor, Judge Dalrimple, said the request would be granted, and that he desired to take that opportunity of testifying the high regard entertained by the Court for Mr. Vanatta, personally and professionally.

Subsequently the resolutions adopted were entered in full on the minutes of the Court.

FINIS.

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J. M. Pinkerton.

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DISCOURSE

COMMEMORATIVE OF

JOHN M. PINKERTON,

FOR TWENTY-ONE YEARS A DEACON IN MT. VERNON CHURCH,
BOSTON,
AND PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF
PINKERTON ACADEMY, DERRY, N. H.

DELIVERED IN MOUNT VERNON CHURCH, SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 20, 1881,

BY REV. S. E. HERRICK, D. D.
PASTOR OF THE CHURCH.

BOSTON:
PRINTED FOR THE TRUSTEES OF PINKERTON ACADEMY.
1881.

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MEMORIAL DISCOURSE.

PSALM I. *Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful:*

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly, shall perish.

To this ancient declaration of the felicities[1] of the godly man, the life which we pass under review this morning adds an emphatic amen! Perhaps, in passing through some gallery of pictures, a portrait drawn by an old master has impressed or even startled you by its close resemblance to one of your own personal friends. Ages have passed since those colors were laid upon the canvas; artist and sitter have both long been dust; but, for you, the picture lives; you knew its counterpart but yesterday. With such a startling freshness did

[1] The opening sentence of this discourse was suggested by a brief comment which I found, *in loco*, among Mr. Pinkerton's voluminous studies of the Bible, and which reads as follows:

"The original word in this Psalm might, I understand, be rendered in the plural; and then it would read, 'Oh, the blessings! Oh, the *felicities* of the man who is such as is hereinafter described!'"

This study bears date, Friday evening, April 27, 1860. How little did he think, as he wrote those words, for what purpose he was writing them!

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this old picture of the godly man meet my eye, as I was turning over the leaves of my Bible last week, for a fitting selection of Scripture to be read at the funeral of Mr. Pinkerton. In what feature is the picture unlike the man? Look at these strong negatives which are brought to the front. He walketh *not* in the counsel of the ungodly; he standeth *not* in the way of sinners; he sitteth *not* in the seat of the scornful. And is it not true of every godly man, that, first of all, you may depend upon it that there are certain things which he will *not* do? Is he not first of all a *protestant?* Is it not his grandest quality that he has a veto power, and knows when and how to use it?—that, in the machinery of his character, there is a powerful ratchet, which drops down at just the right time and in just the right place, and holds, by its steadfast resistance, when all other forces seem to impel the wheels in the opposite direction? Can any goodness be strongly positive—at least, in a world where evil exists—that is not first of all strongly negative? I am aware that this protest and veto of character do not enter largely into the popular conception of goodness. Rather, in the estimation of many, the good man is the compliant man; the man who is facile, and yielding to the influences which play around him. But the good man, according to the Psalmist's conception, recognizes a higher virtue than amiability. Character needs for its foundations blocks of granite rather than lumps of sugar. God's own Law is full of "*Thou-shalt-nots.*" And from the heart of the good man they call out a faithful echo. There are paths in which he will *not* walk. There are places in which he will *not* stand. There are seats which he will *not* occupy. For "his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night." Therefore "he shall be like a tree planted by rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season. His leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." That steadfast resistance to evil in all its forms, and the positive delight in God's thought and will, have been sending the roots of the good man's character down into the secret places of thought and prayer, and sending its outgrowths up, till they have

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become visible and beautiful to the eyes of men. Truly a comely sight! No man sees, or hears, or can explain the workings of that silent, mysterious chemistry by which the waters of the stream are lifted through secret channels to the topmost branches, and transmuted there into foliage and fruit. But it is done day by day, night by night, year by year. And no man can tell, but God knoweth, how it is that the law and word of God are taken into the character and transmuted into the visible graces of a holy life. There the tree stands, through summer's heats and winter's frosts, through raging whirlwinds and through oppressive calms, through flood and through drought; no puny shrub, to be whipped bare by its own unrest; no deciduous plant, to be bereft of its glories by the fierceness of sun or storm; but having an inexhaustible source of supply in the river which flows at its roots. Of unfading leaf, the weary traveler seeks its shelter, and is grateful; the lover of beauty gazes upon it, and thanks the God who made it; of ever seasonable fruit, the world around partakes of its bounty, and is refreshed. As we gaze upon this ancient picture, are we not reminded, involuntarily, of a familiar counterpart? Is not the name ready to spring to our lips, of one "whose principles took fast hold of the deep foundations of right, twining themselves around whatever is most immovable in doctrine, drawing supplies from the living fountains of revealed truth; one whose character, erect and steadfast, resisted the tempestuous assaults of infidelity and irreligion; whose heavenly charity invited the weary and heavy-laden to rest beneath its shade, and whose broad benevolence yielded always a ready and seasonable fruitfulness?" With all our hearts we respond to the divine benediction, and say, "Blessed is the man! The ungodly are not so!"

To get at any adequate understanding and appreciation of those influences of which Mr. Pinkerton's character was the resultant, we must glance back through a period of nearly two centuries. He was himself a great believer in the doctrine of heredity, and especially in the traditional and transmitted blessings of a godly ancestry. In the blank-paged Bible which he daily used, with his pencil in hand, over against the

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passage in the second commandment, "I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments," there stands penciled this comment, extracted from Dr. Barrow: "Note the difference between God's proceeding in way of severity and in way of favor. By a vast proportion the expressions of His mercy do exceed those of justice. He visiteth the iniquity of disobedient fathers unto the third or fourth generation, but he sheweth mercy to a thousand generations of those that love him. He soon forgetteth the wrongs done, but he long retaineth in memory the services performed to him." This faith was certainly abundantly vindicated in his own character and experience. His ancestors, from Scotland originally, were among those brave colonists of Londonderry, in the north of Ireland, whose heroism and fortitude in withstanding the famous siege by the army of King James, under the indescribable aggravations of famine and pestilence, constitute one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of religious liberty. It could not be said that he was proud of his origin, so truly as that he was humbly grateful for it. He loved to recur to it again and again. He knew the history by heart. Upon his first visit to Europe he made Londonderry his Mecca. He "took pleasure in its stones and favored the dust thereof." No shrine of departed genius, no mausoleum of dead heroes, no temple of art, no seat of learning, had such an attraction for him as that little, out-of-the-way Scotch-Irish town, where the piety and patriotism of his fathers had made such costly resistance to bigotry and tyranny.

In 1724 his grandfather, John Pinkerton, joined the little company of colonists who five years before had come across the sea and founded Londonderry in New Hampshire; and from that day to this the name of the family has been inseparably associated with the history of the settlement, and sacredly cherished in the memory and affection of its people; and with excellent reason. For more than two generations the people of that neighborhood have largely owed to his uncle, Major

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John Pinkerton, and to his father, Elder James Pinkerton, the privileges enjoyed by them and their children of religious and liberal culture.[1] First religion, and then learning — first the pure and free worship of the true God, and then such instruction and discipline as are best adapted to form character and make useful men and women, it was the avowed purpose of these men to secure to their towns-people. They desired, to use the word after their own Scottish pronunciation, that these blessings should be *per-màn-ent*, and did their best to make them so.[2] And now, is it strange, when the demands of the age call for the broadening and deepening of the old foundations; now, when the high school and the academy are required to do more for the youth of to-day than did the college of a hundred years ago — is it strange that our friend, the last of his name in that line, should have desired, with filial devotion, to make the wishes of his fathers good, and with his parting hand "renew to the future the hallowed aspirations and kindred hopes of the past?"

Here, then, in that part of old Londonderry now known as Derry,[3] "of Scottish lineage, pure and simple," John Morison Pinkerton, the son of Elder James and Sarah (Wallace) Pinkerton, was born on the 6th of February, 1818. On the anniversary of his birth, 1881, he died in Boston, being exactly sixty-three years of age.

Of the influences which surrounded his boyhood, it is not difficult for us to form a reasonably adequate conception. That great Scotchman who has recently passed away, Thomas

[1] Major John Pinkerton accumulated a very large estate for those days, thirty thousand dollars of which he devoted to the interests of the town, in support of its religious institutions and the endowment of Pinkerton Academy.— *Parker's History of Londonderry*, p. 93.

[2] In conversation with Major Pinkerton, the Rev. Mr. Parker remarked that he hoped at some time they might have a *permanent* school, the one at that time conducted being without funds, and liable to be suspended whenever the teacher should find it unprofitable. The next time they met, Major Pinkerton said to Mr. Parker: "I have been thinking a great deal about that word *per-màn-ent* (giving it the Scotch pronunciation), and your suggestion seems to me very important." There can be little doubt that that word, dropped almost by accident, was the origin of Pinkerton Academy.

[3] In 1828 the easterly part of the town was set off and incorporated as Derry, the remaining portion retaining the original name of Londonderry.

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Carlyle,[1] once said of his own father, "I think, of all the men I have known, my father was quite the remarkablest. He was a man into the four corners of whose house there had shined through the years of his pilgrimage, by day and by night, the light of the glory of God. If I could see such men now as my father and his minister — men of such fearless truth and simple faith — with such firmness in holding on to the things they believed; in saying and doing only what they thought was right; in seeing and hating the things they felt to be wrong — I should have more hope for this British nation, and, indeed, for the world at large."

Among the people of that race, devout in its piety and stalwart in its religious convictions, the Carlyle family was not strangely exceptional. The household piety of a Scotch Presbyterian family has been the theme of poets and fired the eloquence of statesmen, and, what is better, has been the nurse of character precious to the church of God, from the days of Claverhouse until now. What that household religion was in the Pinkerton family is best disclosed by the fact that the generation to which our friend belonged, consisting of no less than ten children, were all members of the church of Christ. We may be sure that in that house the "Cotter's Saturday Night" was no ideal picture:

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
  They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps Dundee's wild, warbling measures rise,
  Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name.
. . . . . .

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
  How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
  With Amalek's ungracious progeny.
. . . . . .

Perhaps the Christian Volume is the theme,
  How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He who bore in Heaven the second name,
  Had not on earth whereon to lay his head.
. . . . . .

Then, kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King
  The saint, the father, and the husband prays. . . .

[1] Carlyle's death preceded that of Mr. Pinkerton by but a single day.

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The tender scene depicted by Burns was often realized in the homes of Londonderry. Indeed, at the very time when the poet was writing and printing the beautiful description, his exiled countrymen were weaving the stuff of which his rhymes were made into the more imperishable beauty of immortal character. He *sang* it; they were *doing* it.[1]

I have been often touched, in these later years, by the tenderness of Mr. Pinkerton — not expressed in words — with which he would engage in the devotions at the family altar. The face of the silent man would light and glow as if his whole being were suffused with some hallowed recollection. It was an hour of great joy to him. At times I have thought that I could read an unuttered wish in the speech and manner of the lonely man, a hunger for something which God's wise providence had denied to him, as he has said to me, "I will come in and breakfast with you, and join you in family worship to-morrow morning" — a proposition which always conferred a kindness immeasurably greater than that for which it asked.

There are those living who well remember his boyhood, who have described him to me as he was in those early years, delicate, quiet, thoughtful, fond of his book, and of a great memory — in a word, a child which was "father of the man."

In 1841 he graduated at Yale College,[2] and, after teaching

[1] Not until after this discourse had been delivered did I see the following paragraph in *Parker's History of Londonderry*, which gives a vivid illustration of the fidelity with which the duties of household religion were inculcated — we might say, enforced:

"The venerable pastor, being one evening informed that an individual was becoming neglectful of family worship, immediately repaired to his dwelling; the family had retired; he called up the man, and inquired if the report was true, and whether he had omitted family devotion that evening. On his admitting the fact, his faithful pastor, having duly admonished him of his fault, refused to leave his house until he had kneeled with his partner and offered up prayer to God."— *Parker's History of Londonderry*, pp. 71–72.

[2] "Mr. Pinkerton was graduated at Yale College in 1841. As a member of the college he was known as a faithful and orderly student, quiet and retiring in his habits, but gaining the thorough respect of his classmates and teachers. He held an honorable place in his class for scholarship. Only a few weeks before his death, as executor of the will of Dr. Daniel T. Coit, it was his pleasant duty to journey to New Haven, and pay into the treasury of the college the sum of $50,000 from Dr. Coit's estate; and had his life and health been spared a few

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for two years in Lunenburg county, Va.,[1] he pursued the study of the law for two years in the Harvard Law School, and for one year more in the office of Wm. Gray, Esq. In 1846 he was admitted to the bar, and in the same year he united with this church on profession of his faith.[2] It was in keeping with all his subsequent character and conduct, that he should thus synchronize the beginnings of his business and those of his professedly religious life. He married the twain at the outset, and nothing ever after was permitted to put them asunder. He made religion of his business and business of his religion. You can tell of many men where religion ends and business begins; with him there was no such adaptable joint between the two. Less than almost any man that I ever knew, did he seem to need a Sunday law. He was a profound believer in the perpetual contiguity of the seen and the unseen worlds. He believed that the shore of time was unceasingly pressed by the tides of eternity; and while his feet were upon the strand, his face was touched by the breath of the infinite sea. He could at any time stop amid the noises of earth, and turn his ear to catch the far-off music. A frequent theme with him was the presence of God in human affairs. He believed not only in that immutable justice which is always underlying the movements of men, and communities, and nations, and working through them as "a power that makes for righteousness," but he believed also that men are directly moved now, as they always have been, by immediate spiritual influences — that God speaks to men as of old to Abraham and David and Isaiah. Hence, to him, the Bible was a living book, of present and vital interest; Old Testament and New pervaded by the same philosophy, and everlastingly applicable to the changing necessities of human life.

When he entered upon his church relations, it was evidently with a consecration that was entire and hearty. His covenant

weeks longer, he would have paid into the same treasury $50,000 more from the same source, to complete the settlement of this important trust."— *Manuscript Note of Dr. I. N. Tarbox.*

[1] At which place he also held the office of postmaster.

[2] At the November communion, when he was the only one who united on profession.

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was without reservation, either of himself or aught that he could give give or do to advance the kingdom of his Master in the world. His books of entry and ledger, on which no human eye other than his own is known to have rested until since his death, disclose the fact that he regarded not his possessions as his own. He was God's steward. They go back to that hallowed and significant date, 1846, a time when his property and resources were hardly more than adequate for his frugal support; but from the very beginning, his bestowal of charities has been stated and continuous. He was naturally inclined, I think, to the love of money for its own sake. Perhaps but for the grace of God he would have been miserly and avaricious. But he triumphed grandly over any such tendencies, and learned to care for money only or mainly as a means of doing good. He seemed at times to think and speak of the spirit of covetousness as a natural enemy, over which he delighted to get the upper hand; which he exulted over and taunted; which, like some venomous serpent that had no business with his nature, he liked to set his heel upon and grind down into the dust. During recent years, his gifts to charitable and benevolent objects have exceeded one third of his net income. Neither did he fail to bring forth his fruit in his season in those occasional years when his income was considerably reduced. He had an aspiration to be Christ-like in his bestowments. It was a sentiment which he cherished, as I knew, especially in the latter part of his life, and which he expressed in a note to a friend but two or three days before his death: "There is nothing that seems so desirable as moral and spiritual worth, which makes a man love to do things which flesh and pride and covetousness hate to do, and never will do. This power comes from on high, and can be had if wanted in dead earnest."[1] And in what "dead

[1] This letter, addressed to Robert Codman, Esq., I append in full, by his kind permission:

No. 3 Mt. Vernon Place, February 3, 1881.

Dear Codman: — I am obliged for the *Masters Report*, which I herewith return you. It is simple, clear, fair, and satisfactory. And it ought not to be difficult to find the law applicable to the case.

You may think it strange that I have kept housed so long, but I am affected

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earnest" he was in this matter of conquering to complete extermination the love of money, is proven by the heartiness with which he adopted the system of weekly offerings toward the expenses of the church; not because it was easier for him, — for it was not — but because he would be reminded statedly of God's paramount claim upon all that he had; because he would consecrate a kind of first fruits of his increase, just as he would give to God the first hour of the day and the first day of the week. And so, on the very day of his death — the Lord's day — the Resurrection day — his birthday — the day on which, though he knew it not, he was to go forth to meet his already approaching Lord — he came up to this sanctuary of his love, and, as his last act of worship within its walls, laid upon the altar his thankful offering.

He was specially interested in the cause of education, following in that respect the traditions of his family. For many years he has served as vice-president of the College and Education Society, giving to it freely of his time and substance.[1]

by the cold weather in an uncomfortable manner, which warns me to be on my guard. My quarters are pleasant; large room full of sunshine, soft coal, open fire — no steam or furnace heat — and can attend to my correspondence, see a few callers on pressing business, like——, who has just left me.

Nor is it a bad thing to turn aside for a time and breathe another atmosphere than that of down town. Down town the spiritual thermometer sinks; up here, I perceive, it rises.

Perhaps sometime it may be necessary for you to be obliged to have a withdrawal from business, for a season, that you may become impressed more with spiritual things, and, under their influence, become quite reconciled to the inevitable, which is God's visible will. There is nothing that seems so desirable as moral and spiritual worth, which makes a man love to do things which flesh, pride, and covetousness hate to do, and never will do. This power comes from on high, and can be had if wanted in dead earnest.

But I am preaching, which I fear does not tally with your books, figures, and callers, and thoughts filling your mind.

But, begging your pardon, I am yours truly,

J. M. PINKERTON.

[1] "Mr. Pinkerton was chosen a director of the American Education Society, at its annual meeting in May, 1858. In selecting him for this place, the society wished to fill the important place made vacant by the resignation of Hon. Joel Giles, who had for many years acted as legal adviser of the Board of Directors. Mr. Pinkerton was then forty years old. From that time until his death, he served faithfully and ably in the capacity for which he was chosen. Without pay, he gave his counsel and aid in all cases requiring legal advice. He has, in

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Nor did he think thus by the consecration of his property to compound for the consecration of himself in personal service. What an adjunct for all these years has that Bible class of his been to the work of this church. How many of its graduates are scattered up and down this land — young men and women whose lives must always be more reverent, more exalted, more beneficent, more appreciative of truth, to say the least, for his instruction. To a young man in one stage of his experience, when he begins to be fascinated with the novelties of thought, to take up with curiosity the crudities of skeptical speculation, to be self-flattered by the conceit that he is wiser than the ancients, contact with such a man as he was, once a week, in earnest, serious converse, is likely to be salvation. A man so strong as to have no fear of the boldest questioning; so generous as to sympathize with all earnest doubt that asks for light; so wise as to detect and expose all sophistry; so liberal-minded as to recognize and give due credit to all excellence in opposing or differing opinion; so palpably sincere in desiring only to get at the truth for his pupils' good; and withal so sure of his own intellectual and spiritual footing — such a man is a mighty argument in himself. An educated man of sixty, who keeps abreast with the thought of the time, who does not hold to the past merely because it is old, who does not take up with the new merely because it is new, but who loves the truth, old or new, because it is truth, and therefore is of God — such a man is an inestimable treasure in the spiritual and intellectual force of the church militant. Teaching a Sunday school class, with him, was no sinecure — no child's play. I have in my possession

this connection, proved himself a counselor ever wise and judicious. Patient in investigation, careful and conservative in his opinions, his judgments were sound, and his practical guidance safe.

"In 1872 he was made vice-president of the society. In this succession he took the place made vacant by the death of another honored member and officer of Mount Vernon Church, Dea. Julius A. Palmer. This office did not exclude the other. He still remained in the board of directors, and, for six years past, has usually been the presiding officer at the quarterly meetings. Besides all the personal and official service which he has thus rendered to the society for the last twenty-three years, he has been, year by year, a generous contributor to its funds."— *Manuscript Letter of Dr. I. N. Tarbox.*

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more than a dozen books, containing in the aggregate doubtless some thousands of pages filled with the results of careful thought and study upon the Bible. They cover the whole range of revealed truth. There is no dry commonplace in them. They are dewy in their freshness, original, bristling, piquant. There are single words compact with meaning in every page; nuggets which, beaten out, would furnish a score of ordinary minds with gold leaf for an hour of platitudes. He did not know how to be superficial. He subsoiled and turned up to the light of day thoughts from beneath the surface of the language over which others would have passed, unconscious of the treasures beneath their feet. He appreciated the exclamation of the Psalmist, "How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God!" and nothing sufficed him but to get at the divine thought and think it over as reverently as he could as God himself had thought it. For this reason he loved to read the New Testament in its original,[1]

[1] The following record is found penciled at the beginning and the end, respectively, of the two volumes of Mr. Pinkerton's copy of Bloomfield's *Greek Testament:*

FIRST VOLUME. MATTHEW — ACTS.

Commenced	first time, October 1, 1844.	Finished	first time, September 28, 1845.
"	second time, July 28, 1847.	"	second time, January 25, 1849.
"	third time, July 6, 1850.	"	third time, November 3, 1851.
"	fourth time, July 15, 1853.	"	fourth time, January 23, 1855.
"	fifth time, June 8, 1856.	"	fifth time, September 16, 1857.
"	sixth time, Feb. 17, 1858.	"	sixth time, November 17, 1860.
"	seventh time, Jan. 16, 1864.	"	seventh time, June 8, 1868.

SECOND VOLUME. ACTS — REVELATIONS.

Commenced	first time, Sept. 29, 1845.	Finished	first time, July 27, 1847.
"	second time, Jan. 26, 1849.	"	second time, July 5, 1850.
"	third time, Nov. 4, 1851.	"	third time, July 15, 1853.
"	fourth time, Jan. 24, 1855.	"	fourth time, June 6, 1856.
"	fifth time, Sept. 17, 1857.	"	fifth time, December 16, 1858.
"	sixth time, Nov. 19, 1860.	"	sixth time, January 15, 1864.
"	seventh time, Nov. 2, 1868.		

Let it be noted that this period of twenty years, from 1844 to 1864, was the period probably of his greatest professional activity, embracing the time when he had his reputation to make. These were the years which made his reputation not only, but his character. "His delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night." Behold here "the rivers of water" from whose springs the unwithering tree drew its life.

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and did so until it was almost as familiar to him as the English. Many a treasure did he find hid in the field, and, when found, he was as eager to communicate as he had been delighted to discover it. I know not how many sermons have been preached in this pulpit within the past ten years for which you have been quite as much indebted to your deacon as to your minister.

It was twenty-one years ago last Thursday that he was elected by this church to serve in its board of deacons, in the place of Dea. Daniel Safford, who had recently died.[1] Of his service in that relation, through the first decade of this score of years, I am not able to speak. I found him here ten years ago, ministering great comfort in his declining days to my venerated predecessor and colleague, Dr. Kirk, reading to him in his blindness, cheering him by his intercourse, and sympathizing with him in his hopes and prayers for the church which was precious to them both. But of the last decade I could say much — much more than I shall dare attempt. He has been a fast friend of the minister, and a good and faithful servant of the church; laboring not only for its temporal interests, but especially for its spiritual edification. He was proud of its history and jealous of its honor. Though never liking to be called by his official title, he nevertheless felt that he had been called to fill an honored place. A good man had filled it before him, and he desired to emulate his spirit. I am sure that he succeeded. He was always ready to bear his part in the devotional meetings of the church, and yet such service was never perfunctory or formal. He never spoke or prayed for the sake of speaking or praying, or to fill a gap. It was never a performance. He had something which he wanted to say; something which interested or profited himself, and which, therefore, he felt impelled to communicate. With that deep, earnest look in his eye, and with his exactly-fitting, never redundant words, as if he were driving a nail in a sure place; "without haste, without rest" until the truth

[1] Hon. Daniel Safford died on Sunday, February 3, 1856. His diaconate was not filled until February 17, 1860, when the term for which he was chosen — six years — had expired.

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was justly uttered, and then he sat down, and left a hush upon us all. Solemn without cant, serious without a suggestion of Pharisaism, solid without tediousness, he aimed at his point, and lodged the truth so that you could carry it home.

In a large city church, no one, even of its officers, can be expected to know all its members. He did not undertake to do so. But he loved to fix his eye upon individuals of the flock — generally they were among the more obscure, or perhaps some who had been unfortunate; often it was some poor young brother who had his way to make in the world, or some aged man or woman — and month after month, year after year, he would follow such with a kindly eye and a helpful but secret hand. Real worth had his earnest sympathy, however clad or wherever domiciled.

A notable feature of Mr. Pinkerton's character was, that, with fine social qualities, he shrank from mingling much in what is called society. An invitation was generally so powerless to draw him forth from his seclusion that I fancy people had largely given up inviting him. And yet he was responsive and quick in his sympathies. His conversational powers were fine. He was a rare talker — with one who knew him well — and on a broad range of subjects. In politics and public economy he was a philosopher, and understood the signs of the times. He was shrewd in forecast and prediction. Without being broadly read, he was well read. He had the power to extract a great deal from few books. Shakespeare sufficed him for the drama; for poetry, Milton and George Herbert and a few of the older poets, and Wordsworth among the moderns. The better of the old divines, such as Bishop Taylor, South, and Barrow, he had read thoroughly. In history, his general knowledge was excellent, both of ancient and modern, though he was specially interested in, and minutely acquainted with, the times of the Stuarts — largely, no doubt, because of the ancestral traditions of his family and his race. He was a great admirer of Mr. Emerson's writings. In fact, he was a transcendentalist in the best and Christian sense of the term. He did not care much for the technics of theology — would only use them now and then — believing that the knowledge

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of God was not to be received into, nor to be conveyed by, the vehicle of words. He thought that they could only suggest, and not contain, the truth. While he held himself in the main to the system of belief which has for centuries been maintained by his race, he would bind no one else to his own forms of statement, nor even to his own conceptions of fact. He thought that the man who could or would only say "Sibboleth" might, in the depths of his heart, be meaning and feeling just as he did who insisted upon "Shibboleth." And so, like good Dr. Duncan, he had a narrow creed for himself, but a very generous one for everybody else. He loved the truth of the atonement, believed in the need of regeneration by the Holy Ghost; but I have known him to be a devout worshiper with Unitarians, High Ritualists, Catholics, and Quakers — believing in the one God over all, and the Divine Spirit working in and through all. More than almost any other man that I ever knew, he combined speculative thought with deeply devout and spiritual feeling. He kept his thought balanced by the equipoise of prayer. His study was a closet, and his motto might have been, "Let God be true and every man a liar."

I have said little of Mr. Pinkerton's relations to the world of business. I know of these mainly through the testimony of his associates. I cannot refrain from reading you a few words from a communication which I received two days ago from one who has been long and intimately associated with him as an occupant of the same office — Nathaniel F. Safford, Esq.:

"The revolving years brought to him their full, deep share of trials and afflictions; yet in the revolution of earthly joys and sorrows, these were but disturbing forces which made him conscious of an attraction yet more sublime.

"As memory reviews the many years of social and professional life during which it was my privilege to share his counsel, friendship, and sympathy, I have been deeply impressed with his stability of purpose, his purity and simplicity of character, his love of social order, his deep conviction of duty, his abiding sense of accountability to God, his ceaseless efforts by

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personal influence and example to inculcate sound principles and uphold the institutions of education and religion.

"Yet, of all men I have ever known, I think there were none more fully committed to the furtherance of the instrumentalities of organized and stated charities, of missions at home and abroad, of the manifold agencies of associated effort to elevate the condition of the masses, relieve the wants of the destitute, and rescue from indigence and vice.

"A diviner radiance is already blending with the sunset hues that are lingering upon the grave.

"He rests in the assurance that the life of the Saviour is the chosen path, and his resurrection the collateral hope of immortality."

It was a beautiful death that crowned this life, a euthanasy, a translation. He walked with God and was not, for God took him. It was like himself to die as he did. He would never say good-bye. Year after year, as the time of the summer rest drew nigh, and he began to long for the hills of his boyhood's home or for the breezes at Little Boar's Head, he would suddenly and silently withdraw, without telling any of us, even his nearest friends, that he was going. He

> —folded his tent like the Arab,
> And as quietly stole away.

We only knew that he had gone as we missed his welcome visit, and saw his conspicuously vacant seat in the house of God.

And now, my friends, in the presence of this finished life, what shall we say of the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful? Must we not say that he is blessed in the benediction of God, blessed in the approval of men, blessed in the acquittal of conscience, blessed in the fellowship and sympathy of the Lord Jesus Christ? Must we not echo the words of the divine prophecy, and say, "He is like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth

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his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper"?

And this blessedness is, by the grace of God, within reach of any man — of any man who, in Mr. Pinkerton's words, is in dead earnest.

He was in some respects what no one of you, my friends, can ever be. It takes a long time to grow such timber; the sapling does not get such grip upon the rocks below, nor throw such a glory of unwithering leaf up in response to the storm and sunshine overhead in a single season nor in a single decade. But you *can* take Christ for Master and Saviour. You *can* give yourself to the service of God in the world. You *can* become honest, pure, true, unselfish, helpful, prayerful. He was not all this without *purposing* it. And you can purpose it, will it, and by God's grace *be* it and *do* it.

Look back to that year 1846, and see the young man as he sets forth on his course; some young man in this congregation is this day doubtless in a position in many respects analogous. Who tells me that a lawyer must needs palter with the truth? Who tells me that a holder of trusts, an investor of other people's moneys, a director of corporations, must needs clip the shillings that pass through his fingers? Who tells me that a young man left alone in a large city, and apart from domestic and social restraints, must needs be impure, or, to use the polite synonym of the day, fast? Who says that an intelligent man in this age of the world cannot be a Christian, especially an Orthodox Christian and a deacon? Who says that prayer is superstition, and that to be godly and to be weak are convertible terms? To all such thoughts we are willing to give the single, silent, yet eloquent answer of this finished life. "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish."

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The Bible a Book of Principles rather than a Book of Rules.

A PAPER

READ BY MR. PINKERTON BEFORE THE SUFFOLK NORTH CONFERENCE OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES,

OCTOBER 20, 1880.

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THE BIBLE—PRINCIPLES, NOT RULES.

DEFINITIONS often enlighten more than discussion. At least they help us to think clearly, and prevent us from talking loosely.

If I were asked what I meant by Rules, and what by Principles, in morals and religion, I should answer:

Rules are certain fixed modes of moral and religious action, prescribed with a view to promote right living.

Principles are certain primary seminal truths, suited to produce right character.

Rules work from without, and are arbitrary.

Principles work from within, and govern the conduct by motive.

Rules are like the hands on the dial of the clock, which may be moved externally, so as to tell the time. Principles are like the wheels, pinions, and gearing behind the dial, which make the hands measure the time.

Principles exist before rules, and not rules before principles; and, therefore, rules are usually evolved out of principles.

Every rule must have a reason for its existence; otherwise, it cannot, or at least, it ought not, to exist. It is a maxim in law, that when the reason for a law ceases, the law itself ceases. But it takes intelligence, mental and moral, to discern the reason underlying a rule. Therefore, though, in point of time, the principle of a rule exists before the rule, yet the practice of the rule generally precedes a knowledge of the principle of the rule. Hence rules are for beginners, who must blindly follow rules, without ever understanding the reasons of them. Learners in arithmetic do sums by following the rule, the principle of which they do not comprehend at all; but there comes some happy day when thought-power is developed enough to understand the principle, and then the boy is forever emancipated from the rule. I remember, in my early

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boyhood, studying grammar and parsing by following the rules, and well recollect how dry, stupid, and mechanical it was, until, one day, there flashed upon me the philosophy and principle of grammar; and then, I remember what freedom of mind I afterward had in the study.

Beginners in religion, in the same way, feel the want of rules, and that they must have them; but as they advance in years and in knowledge, there comes, or ought to come, "a golden moment of silent expansion and enlargement," when they will experience a joyful deliverance from the bondage of rules.

We find that the Bible seems to be constructed on this idea. The Old Testament begins with copious rules, but as the sacred canon proceeds down the centuries, it assumes that the learner is acquiring such mental and moral growth as to discover the principles at the bottom of all rules, and therefore to know how to live, not by rules, but by the principles of rules. The Israelites were in their childhood when the Word of God was given to them. It was, therefore, given to them in precept and command. The Mosaic code was a system of rules descending to the smallest particulars, the deeper meanings of which were not at all understood, except here and there by certain holy men, like the prophets, whose mission it was to educate the people out of rules, into a knowledge of the spiritual significancy of them.

From the wilderness period to the time of Christ, there should have been a growth from childhood to manhood, when childish things should have been put away. But yet, when Christ came, he found them fossilized in the thoughtless and superstitious observances of ancient rules; and his first work was that of the iconoclast — to break to pieces, as it were, their senseless notions concerning these old rules, and so let the sunlight in to illumine their hidden meaning. He healed on the Sabbath day, he bade a man carry his bed on the Sabbath day, he allowed his disciples to go through the corn-fields and pluck the ears of corn on the Sabbath day, to the horror of the Jews; so that they, doubtless, called him the great Sabbath breaker.

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They obeyed, with punctilious strictness, the ceremonial law concerning purification, and washed and washed, in season and out of season; and yet, right in the teeth of this law, and in disregard of it, he sat down to eat, in their presence, with unwashen hands. He did so purposely, to "shock" them out of their senseless proprieties, and to call their attention to the moral lesson of the law, that it was not their hands that needed cleansing so much as their hearts.

The Jews in our Lord's time, and many people in our own time, have no idea that a rule should sometimes be broken in order to observe its true intent and spirit. As an illustration, take a case: A mother says to her little girl, about to go to school, "Now, my dear, be sure and go by the side of the road, and not in the middle;" meaning, by the rule, to have the child go in that part of the road where it was likely to be the driest. But it so happens that the road in one place is wet at the side and dry in the middle, but no matter; the child, blind to everything else, except to follow the letter of the rule, goes through the mud-puddle at the side, when she might have gone dry-shod in the middle. By-and-by, when the child becomes more mature, she will discern the reason of the rule, and break the letter in order to obey its intent and spirit.

It was this view of law that Jesus taught in his Sermon on the Mount: that the principle of righteousness is always to be paramount to the external form or rule of righteousness. You say, says Jesus, that I am destroying the law and the prophets, but I tell you I am not. I am maintaining both, by maintaining the principles of both; and I say unto you that not one jot or tittle of the principles contained in the law or taught by the prophets shall ever fail or pass away. The Sermon on the Mount is thus the the key-note to the whole of the New Testament, showing us that we are not to seek in it for a body of rules to guide us in the conduct of life, but a system of principles, which will form in us character patterned after that of Christ. This is one of the evidences of the divine authorship of the New Testament. For were it a book of rules to tell us exactly what to do and what not to do, it would not suit all times, nor all places, nor all races. Rules, from

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the nature of them, must be fixed, rigid, and inelastic; and, therefore, the rules which might have answered for a people two thousand years ago would not answer for the people of to-day. Nor would the rules on one continent answer for the people of another. We could not go back ourselves, and live according to the religious rules which governed our fathers a hundred years ago; nor, on the other hand, could they come back and live, with any comfort, by the religious rules which govern us to-day. The externality of religion must forever change with the change of human conditions and with the changes growing out of the onward progress of time. But principles are eternal, without variableness or shadow of turning, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. They are also universal; as true on the remotest star in the heavens as on this earth. Principles are seminal truths, which, from the nature of them, open up and expand with expanding mind, and can, therefore, never grow old or obsolete. Hence the gospel, being a system of principles, must always be "the everlasting gospel." No possible growth of mind can ever outgrow these principles. The New Testament ideas will travel on and upward and grow brighter and brighter, as man travels on and upward in intellectual and moral culture.

But once more: The principles of the Bible are a transcript of God's character, and, therefore, they cannot be subject to the limitation of rules.

What rule, for instance, could be given with reference to forgiveness which would not fall short of the divine requirement? The disciples once questioned our Lord on this very point, asking for a rule as to the number of times a man should forgive; and his reply in substance was, I can give no rule—forgiveness is *endless*. What rule could be given in regard to love—how much and to what extent a man should love—when God's measure of it is *measureless?* Like God, in giving, who gave his Son, love gives the best that it has; like Christ, who gave his blood, it gives all that it has. It gives, not because it must, under the enactment of law, but because it will, from its own inborn nature. Love has wings and rises above all ethical rules. It executes all requirements of the

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Ten Commandments, without thinking of them, or hardly knowing of their existence. Of what use was the decalogue to Christ as a rule for governing his life, or of what use are the Ten Commandments in heaven, where love is the perfect and unconscious fulfilling of all law?

So in regard to righteousness; who can say to what extent a man must be righteous — so much and no more, or it must be of this kind and of no other? Not so did Jesus teach, but set forth righteousness as a principle to be hungered and thirsted after until it should enter into a man's soul and circulate there, like the blood in his veins; and then he would be righteous, not from compulsion under law, but from the free choice of a willing spirit.

But again: The principles of the Bible have one leading characteristic which distinguish them from all ethical rules. It is that they have in them a spirituality *inbreathed*, which makes them living forces. This characteristic is a subtle one, but yet it is as real and recognizable as the perfume of the rose; and as a perfume defies all analysis in the laboratory, so this characteristic is beyond the reach of all scientific process, though the existence of the latter is as much a matter of consciousness to the spiritual sense as that of the former is to the natural sense.

Why do I know that the Scriptures are inspired? It is because there is something in them that inspires me. The word that inspires must be inspired. What the Word breathes out must have first been breathed in from some source, and it is breath too high and too pure to be human. Suppose some scientific facts stated in the Bible do not accord with present knowledge. Well, notwithstanding that, the Book, both morally and spiritually, inspires me. There is something in it which not only agrees with the highest in me, but excites the highest. If it cannot scientifically explain the laws of nature, it yet makes me to be at peace with those laws; "in league," to use Job's expression, "with the very stones of the field." As one of our deep thinkers says, if the tree, the mountain, and the sea agree with me, I know I am right, though Plato tells me to the contrary; so, in like manner,

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I know that, if the Bible agrees with my holiest manhood, it must be genuine and true, though all science undertakes to convince me to the contrary. This kind of evidence is that of moral consciousness, which is irresistible — the emphatic "I know" of St. Paul. True, this evidence has no weight at all in the sensual and selfish mind, scholarly and cultured though that mind may be, because such mind is not in a moral condition to apprehend such evidence; but it rises gradually, as the mind becomes unselfish and pure, simple and lowly, loving and affectionate, till, at last, it reaches the evidence of the firmest conviction. It is hid from the wise and prudent, in their pride, and revealed unto babes.

What, now, is the practical outcome of our subject? Is it not that we are not to look so much for special rules in the Scriptures, to guide us in our religious life, as we are for principles by which Christian character may be formed? Does it not teach that, in order to come under the spiritual power of these principles so as to be moved and directed by them, we must make them the constant subject of devout thought and serious meditation, until, at length, they shall become incarnated in our lives?

Wordsworth, that most thoughtful of poets, who held such intimate and affectionate communion with nature that he saw in it what others could not see, somewhere says, in substance, though not in these exact words, Beside yon murmuring stream I stood and eyed its waters till it and I were one, and I understood it and it understood me.

Cannot we thus stand by the Word of God till we shall feel a oneness between it and us, and we shall understand it and it shall understand us? Suppose the preacher should thus stand by the text upon which he is to preach, would not the inspiration which is in the text inspire him, and through him his hearers? Suppose that we, preacher and layman, should thus stand by that perfect photograph of Jesus seen in the Beatitudes, would it not, as we gazed and gazed upon the picture, enable us to catch some of his spirit, and so be one with him as he is one with the Father?

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Obituary Notice of Peter McCall. By Henry Phillips, Jr.

(*Read before the American Philosophical Society, January* 7, 1881.)

The life of a lawyer whose heart was not hardened by the arduous duties of his career, but which, through threescore years and ten, never failed to respond to the calls of humanity; who passed along earth's pathway from the cradle to the grave, untainted by sordid ambitions or ignoble aims; in whose footsteps it would be an honor to tread, whose approbation would be a hall-mark to those fortunate enough to win it—the life of such a man is not written in sand. Such a man is an honor to his profession and to his city. Such a man was Peter McCall.

Peter McCall was born in the city of Philadelphia, on the 31st day of August, A. D. 1809, and departed this life at his summer residence, Overbrook, near Philadelphia, on the 30th day of October, A. D. 1880. He was descended from one of the oldest families in Pennsylvania, an account of whose genealogy is given in the Shippen Papers, edited by Mr. Thomas Balch. His father, also named Peter McCall, intermarried with Sarah Gibson, of whom were born John Gibson (born 1804, married at Tampico, Doña Josefa Beccerra), Charles Archibald (born 1806), Anna Maria (born 1807), and Peter, the subject of the present sketch.

Mr. McCall's education was commenced in Philadelphia, and completed at Princeton, where he graduated with distinction in the class of 1826. He then began the study of the law in the office of Hon. Joseph R. Ingersoll, surrounded by fellow students, who all in later years rose to high legal eminence, and some of whom have occupied the judicial station. Pursuing his studies with zealous assiduity, he was admitted to the Philadelphia Bar on the first day of November, A. D. 1830, and from that day, until a few months since, when increasing infirmities compelled him to relinquish the practice of his profession, his career of usefulness was untiring and unceasing. Had he lived but one day longer, he would have completed a full half century of active work, an event which the Law Association of this city, of which he had been for years a prominent member, and in which he had held the office of Chancellor from 1873 to the day of his death, was preparing to celebrate in an appropriate manner. Upon the walls of its library hangs an excellent portrait of Mr. McCall, painted by Uhle, which a few years since was presented to the Association by the Chancellor's former office

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students. His predecessors in that honorable position had always been like himself, men of the highest rank, whose names the lawyers of the entire land were accustomed to utter with veneration, respect and esteem; Rawle, Duponceau, Sergeant, Binney, Ingersoll and Meredith. Names to be handed, with the best traditions of the Bar, down to its latest days.

In 1846, Mr. McCall married Jane Byrd Mercer, at Cedar Park, West River, Maryland, the residence of her father, Col. John Mercer. Of this marriage were born Catherine, John Mercer, Edith (married to Dr. John M. Keating, of this city), Gertrude, Richard Cadwalader, Robert Kemble, Jane Byrd and Mary. Of these children only the youngest daughters survive, to mourn with their mother their great loss. During the years 1837, 1853 and 1870, Mr. McCall traveled in Europe, storing his mind with the rich harvests of Old World knowledge, while enjoying a brief respite from his arduous labors.

Although no politician, in the now-a-days sadly abused signification of the term, Mr. McCall always felt deep interest in the progress of public affairs, and never shrank from accepting such duties as it pleased his fellow-citizens to call upon him to undertake. He sat in the Councils of the City for several terms, and in 1844 was elected Mayor of the City, as the candidate of the Whig party, defeating by a large vote Samuel Badger, the Democratic, and E. W. Keyser, the Native American candidate. This was to Mr. McCall, a great compliment, paid in a time of strong political excitement by the citizens, who understood and appreciated sterling honor and integrity.

On the 18th day of April, 1851, he was chosen a member of our Society, but owing to the continual pressure of other duties, never took an active part in our labors.

He was for many years one of the Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, in whose law schools, he, until comparatively recently filled the chair of practice, pleading, and evidence.

Mr. McCall was for a time a member of the Vestry of Christ Church (Protestant Episcopal), and also Warden, but after long and faithful services rendered by him to the cause of religion and of the Church, in the early days of the war, his connection with it came to an end.

While the public record of Mr. McCall's life is mainly that of a professional man, yet he was a cultured scholar of refined tastes and great attainments. But he very rarely permitted himself to be seduced by the fascinations of the lighter sciences from the pursuit of the life-long duties to which he had dedicated his career. He knew that the law was a jealous and exacting mistress, in whose service there could be no loitering by the wayside or stepping from the beaten track to cull the flowers of literary success; that it required the devotion of a lifetime, sharing no divided attention, brooking no divided empire. The chief occasions upon which Mr. McCall would permit his literary talents to be observed, were in obituary addresses upon deceased members of our Bar, which he delivered by request, from time to time, in accordance with the kindly usage of the

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With the compliments of

HENRY PHILLIPS, JR., A.M., PH.D.,
304 S. Eleventh Street,
PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

Curator American Philosophical Society;
Corresponding Secretary Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia;
Member of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia;
Membre du Congres International d'Anthropologie et d'Archeologie prehistoriques;
Membre della Accademia fisio-medico-statistica di Milano;
Membre de l'Academie heraldico-genealogique Italienne di Pisa;
Associé etranger de la Societé royale de Numismatique de Belgique;
Fellow of the Royal Historical Society;
Honorary Member of the Cambridge (England) Antiquarian Society;
Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Palermo;
Corresponding Member of the Boston Numismatic Society;
Corresponding Member of the Rhode Island Numismatic Association;
Corresponding Member of the New York Numismatic and Archæological Association;
Corresponding Member of Rhode Island, Maryland, Virginia, Wisconsin, etc. Historical Societies, etc. etc. etc.

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profession, and his special gifts of eloquence and good taste on such occasions, were always exhibited to great advantage.

He delivered, however, some orations, which have been published, and are all distinguished by a vigorous and elegant style,* clear thought and polished judgment.

Prominent in Mr. McCall's character were his kindliness, gentleness and loving heart. As Judge Hare well remarked,† "he was one of those exceptional men whom nature seems to have formed for virtue, and who are endowed by her with graces which others derive only from education, or through the influences of philosophy and religion. His distinguishing characteristics were singleness of purpose, an entire purity of heart and life, a gentleness that neither took nor gave offence; a charity large enough to embrace all mankind; an instinctive aversion to whatever was low or base; an intuitive perception of the line of right. * * * * He was in short one in whom the various attributes of goodness were so nicely blended in a harmonious whole that he seemed less than he really was; and it may be said of him, as it was of Washington, that he would have been greater in the world's eye had he been less virtuous."

In his earliest life he had set before himself a standard of virtuous excellence to which he proposed to attain, and below which he should never descend. He wrote in his diary upon the nineteenth anniversary of his birthday, "The prospect is fair. May it never be clouded by dishonor or the consciousness of having done an ill deed."

Throughout all the trials, great and small of daily life, he remained true to his principles, the ideal advocate, the man of honor, the accomplished gentleman.

He was a bold man, strong in the consciousness of rectitude, and not for all the world could give, the smiles of friends, the pleasures of power, did he ever for an instant hesitate to obey the dictates of his conscience, regardless of the penalties to be paid for his independence. "He was faithful to his convictions of truth when such fidelity cost dear."

It would not be proper that I should consume so much of the time of our Society as would be really requisite to delineate Mr. McCall's life, and I must close with this imperfect sketch of the main features of his career. But I leave it with the less regret, knowing that to the accomplished hand of Isaac Hazlehurst, the life-long friend of Mr. McCall, has been entrusted by the Law Association, the duty of preparing a memorial address, and I am sure that his eloquent pen will do justice to departed worth; that he will not fail to suitably commemorate

"That best portion of a good man's life,
"His little, nameless, unremembered acts
"Of kindness and of love."

---

*November 29th, 1832. Annual discourse before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

January 4th, 1836. Oration before the Zelosophic Society of the University of Pennsylvania.

September 5th, 1838. A discourse before the Law Academy of Philadelphia.

† Bar meeting held on November 4, 1880.

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JOHN X. BROWNE, AGT.
LAW PRINTER,
24 BEEKMAN STREET, N. Y.

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PROCEEDINGS

OF

THE BAR OF NEW YORK

[illegible] of New York

On Occasion of the Death of

HON. LEWIS B. WOODRUFF,

Circuit Judge of the United States

FOR THE

SECOND CIRCUIT.

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The members of the Bar in the City of New York, met in the United States Circuit Court Room, on Wednesday, September 15, 1875, in response to a call, of which the following is a copy:

The members of the Bar are requested to meet in the United States Circuit Court Room, on Wednesday, the 15th inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M., to give expression to their sense of the loss which the profession and the community have suffered in the death of the Hon. LEWIS B. WOODRUFF, Circuit Judge of the United States.

(Signed,)

WILLIAM M. EVARTS,
JOHN E. BURRILL,
HENRY E. DAVIES,
JOSEPH H. CHOATE,
E. RANDOLPH ROBINSON,
E. L. FANCHER,
F. F. MARBURY,
BURR W. GRISWOLD,
GEORGE GIFFORD,
WELCOME R. BEEBE,
E. H. OWEN,
WILLIAM STANLEY,
GEORGE T. CURTIS,
E. C. BENEDICT,
GEORGE BLISS,
JOSEPH S. BOSWORTH,
CHARLES F. SANFORD.

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Hon. E. C. BENEDICT nominated as Chairman of the meeting, Hon. SAMUEL BLATCHFORD.

The following additional officers were elected on motion of GEORGE BLISS:

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

CHAS. L. BENEDICT,	NATHANIEL SHIPMAN,
WILLIAM J. WALLACE,	W. D. SHIPMAN,
MURRAY HOFFMAN,	CHARLES P. DALY,
NOAH DAVIS,	CLAUDIUS L. MONELL,
CHARLES A. RAPALLO,	DANIEL P. INGRAHAM.

SECRETARIES:

JOHN E. BURRILL,	A. J. VANDERPOEL,
CHARLES F. SANFORD,	B. K. PHELPS.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE, Esq., on behalf of the Committee who called the meeting, offered the following Resolutions:

The members of the Bar of New York have heard with deep and general sorrow of the death of Mr. Justice WOODRUFF. Identified with the administration of justice in this community for a period of forty years, his career was a continued progress of ever-increasing

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honor and power. Entering upon life with every advantage of education, and a mind enriched by the fruits of severe study, he attained, in early manhood, a conspicuous and responsible position, and thenceforth to the end pursued the practice of the law as a science, and not as a trade, and did his part always to maintain and uphold it as a dignified and liberal profession. He scouted the low arts that would debase it, and abhorred and denounced every attempt or tendency to prostitute it to unworthy purposes. He had a conscience that never slept, and he followed its light through all the mazes of the law. His laborious and absorbing devotion to the cause of his client was proverbial, and this, with his ample learning and honest and manly character, made him always a leading figure among his brethren, an ornament of the profession, and a most valuable member of society.

But great as were his merits and virtues at the Bar, his rich and varied services to the State and Nation for twenty-five years, as an able and upright judge, are now his chief title to reverence and eulogy. His idea of what constitutes a judge was that old-fashioned standard which exacted of him the richest learning, the deepest study, the liveliest conscience and absolute honesty, and he did his best to live up to it as nearly as human infirmity would permit. In whatever Court he sat, the authority of his decisions was powerful with his associates, and recognized by the Bar. Serving successively in the Court of Common Pleas, the Superior Court, and the Court of Appeals, he did his full

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share to shape and frame the body of the law as it prevails among us to-day; and his rich and growing experience, and the widely-extended reputation of his ability and learning, attracted to him a large measure of public attention; so that when, upon the reorganization of the Circuit Court of the United States, a judge was to be found to exercise its vast powers and responsible duties in this great Circuit, the general sense of the profession and the community approved the judgment of the President in selecting Judge WOODRUFF as the proper man. How well the choice was justified, the record of his judicial labors in that Court for the last six years will testify.

In bidding farewell at the grave to this eminent and useful lawyer and judge, the members of the Bar desire to put on record their high estimate of his mind and character; to cherish the memory of his life and labors; and to commend to one another and to those who follow them, his excellent example.

Resolved.—That a committee of three be appointed by the Chair to present these resolutions to the Circuit Court and the Court of Appeals, at the next session, and to ask, on behalf of the Bar, the entry thereof upon their minutes.

Resolved.—That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

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Hon. JOSEPH S. BOSWORTH then addressed the meeting as follows:

Mr. Chairman:

The members of the Bar and of the Bench have met on this occasion to express their regard for the virtues, their admiration of the learning and official usefulness, and their sorrow for the loss of one of the most worthy and eminent of their number.

It was my good fortune to have been personally acquainted with our deceased brother for many years, as a neighbor and friend, before he was elevated to the Bench; to have been officially associated with him for the term of six years in active judicial service; and to have maintained relations of friendship and intimacy with him since our official association was ended. In his own home he was hospitable and genial. He never seemed happier than when his house was filled with his relatives and friends; and I do not believe that any one of them ever had any occasion, from one act or look of his, to suspect that he thought the visit was unnecessarily protracted, whatever may have been its length. The first office to which he was elected was that of Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of this City and County, a Court which has always had among its judges men of mark and decided ability. His associates in that Court were Mr. Justice INGRAHAM, an industrious, able, learned and efficient judge, and the present schol-

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arly and accomplished Chief Justice of that Court, Mr. CHARLES P. DALY. So worthily did he acquit himself in that position, that his associates expressed extreme regret that he should be disposed, as it drew to a close, to accept a nomination for the office of judge in another court in this City of co-ordinate jurisdiction. But he did accept such nomination, and was elected a Justice of the Superior Court of this City, in the fall of 1855, for the term of six years. His associates in that court, naming them in the order in which they were elected, were Chief Justices OAKLEY and DUER, and Judges BOSWORTH, HOFFMAN, PIERREPONT, WHITE, MONCRIEF, SLOSSON and ROBERTSON. Of these nine associates of his, only three survive—Messrs. HOFFMAN, PIERREPONT and BOSWORTH. Of these three associates, only Judge PIERREPONT, the present distinguished and efficient Attorney-General of the United States, was younger than Judge WOODRUFF. As a member of the Superior Court, no judge was more laborious or painstaking than Judge WOODRUFF. His powers of analysis were great, his logic was compact and convincing, and whether examining the papers on a motion, or the questions of law and of fact in a case tried before him, as a case on appeal, he gave to each the most careful attention and deliberate consideration. He was learned in the law, and although, occasionally, his opinions were disapproved by the Court of last resort (a fate which quite as often befell the opinions of each of his associates) they expressed, as all his opinions expressed, the honest conclusions of a well-instructed judgment.

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He was eminently conscientious. His manner on the Bench has been criticised by some as being, at times, austere and harsh. I cannot resist the inclination to say one word upon this topic, although conscious of the delicate ground on which I tread. His feelings were kind and strong. He was sincere, earnest and energetic in his work, whatever it might be and wherever to be performed. This sincerity, earnestness and energy may, at times, have permeated and given color to his manner and action in disposing of questions arising at the trial, or in *banc*, requiring prompt and summary decision. But this sincerity, earnestness and energy were, in his case, the marked qualities of a true man and of a fearless, able and upright judge. They were not—I feel that I can say I know they were not—imbued with any feeling of unkindness to any suitor, his attorney or counsel. It would have been a most painful thought to him that he had ever given just occasion to be suspected of a conscious want of courtesy to any member of the profession in his intercourse with them. After 1861, he was actively engaged as a member of our profession in heavy and important causes, until, at the close of 1867, he was appointed Judge of the Court of Appeals. His opinions in that Court attest his industry, great ability and extensive legal erudition. Of the manner in which he discharged the duties of the office which he held at the time of his death I cannot personally speak. My humble duties did not bring me into the Circuit Court of the United States for this Circuit while he presided as its

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judge. But the concurring testimony of all whose practice in that Court was extensive, is, that his industry, ability and efficiency were as conspicuous there as in any of the other judicial positions which he had held and adorned.

It may be said of our deceased brother, that his life was useful, active and distinguished. He was eminently useful to his family, to his relatives, to the Bench, to the Bar and to the community at large. But his life and his example were not useful to the community merely as the efficient life and instructive example of a learned and laborious lawyer, and of an able, fearless and upright judge. He believed, and acted on the belief, that humanity has interests and a destiny which do not terminate when the individual man has ceased to breathe. In the relations which he held, in consequence of this faith which was in him, he discharged all the duties growing out of them, worthily and well. He has gone to his rest, after a well spent life, beloved, respected and honored by all who knew him, and by a goodly company who personally knew him not. The community in which he lived, which he served, and in which he died, will remember, with admiration and gratitude, his life of personal and official purity, and will appreciate the worth of his example, in the influence it may be hoped to exert over those who survive and shall succeed him in their personal, social and official labors. All, whether relatives or friends, who now or shall hereafter think of our deceased brother, will contemplate a husband, father, citizen, lawyer, judge and christian gentleman, possess-

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ing a character of finely developed proportions, exercising wisely and well all his good and great qualities in the various relations of his distinguished career. All of us will feel, and will be made happier by the consoling assurance, that, in the world to which our deceased brother has gone, all is well with him now, and for ever will be.

GEORGE GIFFORD, Esq., then addressed the meeting, as follows:

After the much that has been said, and well said, respecting the excellencies of our departed judge, I will simply add, in a few words, my testimony to his having possessed in a high degree those characteristics which rendered him eminently qualified for the special duty of administering patent laws. My specialty being practice in patent cases, and his Court having original jurisdiction in patent suits, gave me special opportunity of becoming well acquainted with the ability which he manifested in dealing with such cases. I was in the first patent cases which he heard after coming to the bench of the Circuit Court, and was one of the counsel who argued the last case he heard, which was commenced in the court-room and concluded at his residence, after he was unable to return to the court-room.

Judge WOODRUFF was richly endowed with properties of mind which were well calculated to insure that distinction in the administration of the patent laws

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which he so rapidly acquired. He had no prejudices either for or against patents. His sympathies neither ran too high nor too low for inventors. His mind was an even balance in which their merits were correctly weighed. He was free from bias in his deliberations respecting the products of inventive genius. He was patient to hear counsel, and willing to be instructed by the results of their researches. He never allowed his first impressions of a case, however strong or vivid, to lead him to rash conclusions, or to prevent needful examination to insure correctness. He was a learned judge in science and in law. He was an able, theoretical mechanic. He had a natural taste for mechanism, and a great power in discriminating between similarities and differences in machinery. His ability in analysing mechanism and identifying what was essential therein, was unusually great. His power of drawing a line and discriminating between the essential parts and non-essential parts of an invention was unsurpassed.

Appreciating the danger of making mistakes in disposing of the different mechanical questions which often arise and the disastrous consequences to parties which sometimes follow, it was his habit not to dispose of such questions hastily, but to carefully deliberate, and, sometimes, subject himself to great labor and fatigue to be sure he was right. The recorded decisions of Judge WOODRUFF, rendered in patent cases, are remarkable for their clearness and soundness, and are very properly much respected as reliable authority in all the Federal Courts. We were fortunate in having him called to the

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bench of the Court in which he presided at the time of his death, but we have been still more unfortunate in having him so soon removed from us.

Hon. RICHARD GOODMAN, of Lenox, Mass., then addressed the meeting as follows :

Mr. Chairman :

Having been notified only a moment or two ago that I was expected to make any remarks on this occasion, of course I must confine myself almost entirely to such reminiscences of my connection with Judge WOODRUFF as occur to me at this time.

My acquaintance, sir, with Judge WOODRUFF commenced early in my professional career. After leaving the Law School at New Haven, I entered the office of GEORGE W. STRONG, Esq., then one of the leading lawyers of this city; but finding that he was mainly consulting counsel and had little practice in his office, I looked round for an office where I could learn the practice as it then existed. I was introduced by a fellow-student to Mr. WOODRUFF, not then a judge. I found him in a building on Broadway, I think, between Cedar and Pine streets, upstairs, occupied in part by the *Express* newspaper, and his office was on the second story, and below, of all things in contact with a lawyer, was a mock-auctioneer's establishment. My surprise was great, sir, that any lawyer could occupy an office

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with the continual sound of that hammer in his ears, and the din of the street coming up through the large rotunda of the building. But Mr. WOODRUFF then displayed that great concentration of mind and devotedness to his studies that always controlled him, and he was not easily diverted by extraneous objects.* We continued there, sir, during nearly all the period of my studentship with him, and from thence removed to 88 Cedar street. An examination at the Bar was then, sir, very different, as I understand, from the examinations at the present time, for my learned brother, BOSWORTH, with Mr. WARD HUNT, now one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the late President FILLMORE, then examined the students, who had already passed through a seven year's course of study. So severe was that examination that, I think, only one in three of the class was at first admitted. On getting through the fire of that examination successfully, I returned to the city of New York, and entered into business for myself. About a year after that Mr. GEORGE WOOD—who had recently come from New Jersey, in which State and in the

* During the utterance of these remarks I remembered an anecdote current among the Judge's relatives, but which I did not relate as I could not vouch for its authenticity. But after the Bar meeting I was assured of its truth by a member of his family, and now whilst correcting the stenographer's report, add it as an illustration of Judge WOODRUFF'S absorption in the performance of his duties. Given, like all American judges, to the custom more honored in the breach than the observance, of writing long opinions, he became so engaged in that, to him, pleasurable occupation, one night, at his residence in Twenty-ninth street, as to become unaware how many of the small hours had passed, and hearing a noise in the hall, rushed out of his library, expecting to confront a midnight robber, and astonished the housemaid, who had come down to her usual morning work, and was opening the front doors for the day.

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United States Courts he had an exalted reputation—was here retained in some very important suits, among others eminently the suit of Ogden *vs.* Astor, in which Mr. DANIEL LORD, with whom our associate, Mr. EVARTS, was then, or lately had been, a student, was counsel on the other side. When retained in those suits Mr. WOOD, looking for a man who could conduct them successfully and intelligently as attorney and junior counsel, selected Mr. WOODRUFF; and Mr. WOODRUFF, finding that those suits would occupy a great portion of the time which he would otherwise bestow upon his general practice, requested me to unite with him, and we formed a partnership about May, 1842. That connection continued with Mr. WOODRUFF until his elevation to the Bench in 1850, and with Mr. WOOD until his decease. During that time Mr. WOODRUFF'S business was extensive; and although he was not then as well known to the Bar or to the community as afterwards, yet, by those with whom he associated, he was especially prized; and it was the connection of Mr. LORD and himself with the case of Ogden against Astor which gave the former so high an estimate of Mr. WOODRUFF'S abilities, and caused the promotion of Mr. WOODRUFF to the Bench, for I think that Mr. LORD was the active agent in having his name brought before the nominating convention.

Mr. WOODRUFF, during his professional career, especially during my connection with him, was that dangerous man, the man of one book. His library was select, but, until he became a judge, was not

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extensive—the main elements in it being "Gould's Lectures," in six volumes, copied by himself; and, whenever he had occasion to refer to authorities, those lectures were his principal assistance. But, sir, although he was not a reading man, not a student, not a literary man in the ordinary phrase as expressed by us, either in law or in literature, yet there were few men so well posted in all the advanced theories on whatever subject might be circulating through the community. He was a troublesome man to discuss with, even when you were very well advanced in what you were talking about; and whether it was a question of table-tipping or a question of science in any shape, or a question arising in the courts, or in literature, he always seemed to have thought much on the subject, to have great acquaintance with it, and to be well able to discuss it in all its elements.

In addition to that, Mr. WOODRUFF, from my earliest connection with him—and, as I have understood, long prior to that—appeared a man who always had his principles fixed, and never swerved from them. It is a very easy thing for a man to say he has fixed principles, but it is a very difficult thing, in the midst of business or temptations—and they come thick and fast upon the lawyer in active practice—it is a very difficult thing to carry out those principles on all occasions. When the late EDWARD KELLOGG, of Brooklyn (so well known for his original theories on banking and finance), at the time when there was an excessive speculation in real estate, first employed Mr. WOODRUFF, who was then

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just commencing practice and anxious for employment, he came to him and said, "I have a large real estate business; I want your assistance, but I don't think I can afford to pay you five dollars for every deed you draw." Mr. WOODRUFF's reply to him was—"Sir, I shall be very happy to have your business, but I cannot underbid my professional brethren. I understand the charge at the Bar is five dollars for every deed drawn, and whatever business of that kind you bring me, sir, that will be my charge." Mr. KELLOGG afterwards became his devoted friend as well as client, and Mr. WOODRUFF received from him and his friends a large amount of business. On another occasion a high official from Washington came on, post haste, on Saturday, to employ Mr. WOODRUFF. I think he had some acquaintance with him during their collegiate course. He arrived on Saturday night. He said his business was urgent, and requested an interview with Mr. WOODRUFF on the succeeding Sunday. Mr. WOODRUFF courteously but firmly responded, "Sir, aside from my conscientious scruples on the subject, I devote that day to my family. I will attend to your business on Monday, but not to-morrow." The applicant, although at first rather rebuffed, received the rejection courteously, came on Monday, the business was done, and both parties, I believe, were entirely satisfied. And that was the kind of man that Judge WOODRUFF was from beginning to end—a man of firm, fixed principles, which he carried out without regard to cost or inconvenience to himself. And, sir, Mr. WOODRUFF, although, I am happy to say, a man who, of late years,

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has lived comfortably, somewhat in affluence—though certainly not arising from the salary received from his office during the last six years—yet, during his long course of professional life, he never seemed to regard the amount of his fees as anything compared to the business to be done, to the principles which he was to carry out, and to the success of his client. It made no difference to him whether his client was a poor man or a rich man; the only point was the success of the suit in which he was engaged. He spent as much time and engaged in as laborious devotion to his business in the little matters for which he received a limited amount, as he did upon those in which he received a larger sum. And I know it was often a laughing remark of our associate, Mr. WOOD, that Mr. WOODRUFF seemed to spend a great deal of time in his office elucidating subjects with clients who were boring him, which he (Mr. WOOD) thought beneath Mr. WOODRUFF'S attention.

It is said—and I have heard that remark before to-day—that Judge WOODRUFF, upon the Bench, was somewhat austere. I have been absent from the Bar so long that it has not come under my personal observation. With me there was never any austerity. During my long intercourse with him, he always treated me as a younger brother, and I found as kind a care in his house, as much fraternal affection from him, as much assistance whenever required, as I could have had from any devoted relative. But, sir, if there was any austerity, it arose, in a great measure, if not entirely, from the earnestness of his nature. Within my recollection, there

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was a time when there was more cause than now, even, for apprehension on the part of lawyers, and austerity upon the part of judges, on account of young men coming to the bar unprepared, leaping over the barrier without adequate examination, and threatening to fill our courts with ignorance. There have been two evils under which we have been suffering—the election of judges and the admission of lawyers without proper examination; and I think we have found out that the latter is the greater, as without a learned bar we cannot have honest and capable judges; and I have no doubt, sir, that a man like judge WOODRUFF, well versed in the law, armed with the full panoply of science, when on the bench he met gentlemen coming before him, as they had been accustomed to come in some courts, for the purpose of having orders corrected, or papers prepared by the judge, would allow his impatience to exceed its bounds, and treat those suitors in a different light from what he would if they had presented their case as good lawyers should.

But to my knowledge, although Judge WOODRUFF may, in the discharge of his duties, have had an earnestness which perhaps looked to outsiders like austerity, yet beneath that there was always a great kindness of disposition; and those who, as Judge BOSWORTH has said, have shared the hospitality of his house and become cognizant of the under-current of his nature, have never failed to recognize the noble qualities of the man. At the time referred to by Judge BOSWORTH, Mr. WOODRUFF lived in Nineteenth street, before he moved to his

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late residence in Twenty-ninth street, where, united to a lady accomplished in all particulars, and with mental characteristics corresponding to his own, with an interesting family, with a large circle of friends, by marriage and by relationship, his house was always filled, he was the centre of an enlarged hospitality, and no man ever delighted to unbend, and to make all about him happy, more than our late associate. I look back to the time when I was in the habit of being in his house, sometimes for days at a time—I look back to those as the happiest days of my life passed out of my own family. And I am always willing to respond to and endorse any remarks such as have been made by our brother BOSWORTH, as to the geniality and hospitality of Judge WOODRUFF.

I have, perhaps, exceeded the bounds to which I ought to have been confined on this occasion. I only intended to say a few words here with reference to the gentleman who has been so long associated with us, so long known to the whole community, who goes down to his rest as an upright judge. His career as a lawyer has been that of an able man, his career as an individual has been that of an honest man. I never, sir, in all my reading, found but two men, and those living at a great distance from each other, as to time, who were willing to say, as they departed from this life, "I am content. I have enjoyed to the full all that life affords, and I am ready for another sphere; I have had enough." Judge WOODRUFF would hardly have said that; he would rather have said that he would like to remain longer upon

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the bench, to linger a little longer among his life associates. He would undoubtedly have liked to continue to dispense justice some years longer, so far as his health allowed him to do so, but at the same time, as we heard yesterday, he was a man of that character that when the time came that he saw his physical usefulness was gone, he was willing to give up and say—would not *say*, perhaps, but would feel—"I have done my part in this world as an honest man, as a good lawyer, as an upright Judge, and I am not afraid to meet the greater Judge above."

Hon. WILLIAM M. EVARTS then addressed the meeting as follows:

Mr. Chairman:

Our profession has not unfrequently been called together at the close of the vacation, before renewing our service in the courts and to the community, to commemorate the loss of some distinguished lawyer or eminent judge. I am sure all of us can recall some suitable instances of this experience. Sometimes we have been criticised for assuming that there was matter of public interest in these occasions, and that our profession was distinguishable, in this regard, from other useful and honorable employments. Certainly no such observation can justly be made when the loss that we deplore is, even in a greater degree, the loss of the com-

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munity, or when the lawyer whose career we celebrate was an eminent magistrate and judge. We cannot but feel that, though Judge WOODRUFF's life, public and eminent as it was in the general esteem, was wholly occupied in professional service, at the Bar and on the Bench, yet among his contemporaries who have pursued the more active or brilliant paths of political employment, few can be said, either in fact or in the recognition of the community, to have been more distinctly or more usefully public servants than he.

His life was, indeed, useful, distinguished, prosperous, public, and in all that makes up the sum of human experience, whether personal, domestic, civic or official, the full measure of prosperity in all marked his career. He gained no inconsiderable distinction at the Bar, and had he adhered to its employments, we cannot doubt, he would have added to his powers and his repute as an advocate and a counsellor. Yet there is no doubt that his preferences, no doubt that the special aptitudes of his intellect and moral character, fitted him, more especially, for that highest and most honorable employment among men known in civilized society, that of a judge. And how fortunate he was in the adequate preparation to assume, quite early in life, and to adhere, with but slight interruptions, to the end, to this course of judicial service! Well educated, brought here at an age suitable to bear the more strenuous labors of the Bar, he had the good fortune to be associated, thus early in his professional career, with a lawyer than whom, I think I may safely say, our experience or our recollec-

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tions do not recall any one possessing greater natural powers or more completely disciplined in all the faculties of a great forensic reasoner—I mean Mr. GEORGE WOOD. And brought early into such a relation, he was by that connection brought into forensic opposition to eminent lawyers older than himself, men on the same level with Mr. WOOD. When he had attracted the approval of the great leaders in the profession, by the display of his qualities of eminent fitness for the public service on the Bench, he was, readily and by the consent of all, raised to that position. He first took a seat upon the Bench, then and now the most ancient and venerable in our judicial history, a Bench having the jurisdiction of the common law, and called by one of the favorite names of the common law, the "Court of Common Pleas." His next judicial service was as a Judge of the most celebrated commercial court, perhaps, that we have ever had in this country, the Superior Court of the City of New York. He there filled out by a somewhat new experience of judicial service, his preparation for the highest station in the political service of the State, a place in the Court of Appeals. For it seemed as if he was so well fitted to serve us as a judge that the chances or derangements of courts or of politics were not long to deprive the community of his services. In the Court of Appeals, Judge WOODRUFF completed the round of judicial honors of the State, and by this varied experience was fully fitted for new judicial station. And when, by the defeat of his election to the Court of Appeals, he was thrown out of

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political place, and there came up a new court of great importance and dignity—the Federal Circuit Judgeship —to be filled, by the general consent of the profession, he first occupied that eminent seat which he has just left. When he came to this new office, there was some feeling that his professional course had not made him specially familiar with the subjects of Federal jurisprudence, with admiralty or patent law, and not much, if at all, with revenue law. But, sir, a man as well instructed in the common law as Judge WOODRUFF was by his experience at the Bar, and on the Bench, has the best and the only necessary preparation for any and all the special departments of jurisprudence. Those who have had the most experience in the round of these special employments and special jurisdictions best understand that the common law is wider and deeper, more various and more exacting in its demands and its discipline, than any specialty can ever be. And he who has proved himself to possess the great powers of legal reason, and the great diversity for judicial faculty that the common law exacts, may well encounter untried special jurisdictions without fear. But Judge WOODRUFF had some personal fitness for each of these specialties that every judge does not possess. He had a very thorough and profound knowledge of mathematics, which served him in the admiralty jurisdiction and in the patent jurisdiction. He had a very thorough knowledge of the philosophies of the natural sciences, and, if he had no parti-

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cular or special qualities that should fit him for the other departments of jurisprudence, the force of his intellect was adequate for them all.

And, yet, all of us that have known Judge WOODRUFF at the Bar and on the Bench have felt, and all of us have exhibited this feeling to-day, that his moral qualities as a Judge fitly expanded and dignified a great judicial character. That he sought distinction in the profession, and desired the promotions of the Bench is an honor to him, as it would be to any one; but no man ever found him seeking elevation by any unworthy arts, or pursuing competition with his rivals by any secret or dubious means. When there was an office for which himself and his friends might justly think him suitable, he was ready to avow his disposition to accept the office, but not to run after it. To that limit of desire he always adhered. He regarded the career of human life, not as a game, but as the discharge of a duty, and the constant observance of duty through life as the highest and best success permitted to man. He relished thoroughly the full meaning of that noble proposition of the sacred Scriptures, "Now, if a man also strive for masteries, yet is he not crowned unless his strife be lawful."

The Chair announced that he had received from a gentleman who was for several years an associate with JUDGE WOODRUFF, upon the Bench, who was unable to

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be present at the meeting, a communication which, under the circumstances of the case, and in view of JUDGE SHIPMAN'S former relations to JUDGE WOODRUFF, had been deemed not improper to be read as a portion of the proceedings of the meeting, and to be published as a part thereof.

The resolutions having been unanimously adopted on motion of ROBERT D. BENEDICT, Esq., it was voted that the following letter of Hon. WILLIAM D. SHIPMAN be incorporated in the proceedings of the meeting:

Hon. SAMUEL BLATCHFORD.

Dear Sir: Other and imperative engagements will prevent my being present at the meeting of the Bar of this city, to be held to-morrow, to do honor to the memory of the late Hon. LEWIS B. WOODRUFF, who, for nearly six years, has occupied the high position of United States Circuit Judge for the Second Circuit; but I am unwilling to allow the occasion to pass without a brief expression of my sense of the great loss which the Bar, the Bench, and the public have sustained by his death.

My personal acquaintance with Judge WOODRUFF commenced at the date of his appointment to the office which he last held, though I had long known him by reputa-

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tion, through his career at the Bar, on the Bench of the Common Pleas, the Superior Court, and the Court of Appeals. I knew he was an able lawyer, and an upright judge of large experience and unblemished character. But early in 1870 I was brought into close personal and official relations with him, which continued more than three years, and gave me constant opportunity of observing his character as a man and judge. I soon came to admire his zealous and conscientious devotion to his duties, the strength of his understanding, and the never-absent labor and energy with which he discharged the constantly pressing and heavy responsibilities of his great office. No toil or self-denial, however severe or exacting, for a moment deterred him from a thorough examination of every case which was submitted to his decision. He fully appreciated his position and well understood the functions of a judge to be, to administer justice according to settled rules. This was the guide to his judicial conduct, and in this he magnified his office. He had, indeed, a high sense of equity, and was always delighted when a sound conclusion was reached that would operate beneficially in the particular case before him. But he would never weaken established rules, nor unset tle the foundation of principles in order to relieve the exceptional hardship of an isolated cause. He knew too well that both law and equity, to be of any value to an enlightened community, must be administered with steady uniformity, and to this end he spared neither time nor toil in the investigations which preceded his judgments, nor in the preparation of his opinions which

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announced them. To this duty he brought a vigorous intellect, an enlightened reason, and a firm will. To say that he sometimes erred, is merely to pronounce him human.

Judge WOODRUFF was a man of massive and hardy nature. He was not one to reverence overmuch the lighter graces and ornamental accomplishments of a fine gentleman. But no man ever gave a higher regard or a heartier recognition to the solid virtues which constitute the essential riches of character. Within his strong and rugged frame beat a warm, gentle and manly heart, whose sympathies were limited by no partisan or sectarian lines. He was open, frank and generous. All who knew him will regret his departure, and mourn the loss of a just man, and an able and incorruptible magistrate.

Yours, very respectfully,

WM. D. SHIPMAN.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14th, 1875.

The Chair appointed as the Committee to present the resolutions to the Court of Appeals and the Circuit Court, Messrs. HENRY E. DAVIES, GEORGE BLISS and JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

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In Memoriam.

REV. JAMES H. EAMES, D. D.,

RECTOR OF

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH,

CONCORD, N. H.

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PUBLIC TESTIMONIALS.

[From the Bermuda *Royal Gazette*, Hamilton, Dec. 11, 1877.]

DEATH OF REV. DR. EAMES. We have the truly melancholy duty of announcing the sudden death, last evening, of the Rev. Dr. J. H. Eames, which sad event occurred just as the steamer Canima, by which vessel he was a passenger, reached her dock in this town. We are indebted to Col. Eldred, also a passenger by the Canima, for the subjoined particulars of the occurrence. Dr. Eames intended to spend the winter in Bermuda, and had volunteered to assist in the vacant living in Sandys and Southampton parishes, or elsewhere where his services were likely to be acceptable, but his kind attentions have been thwarted by an overruling Providence. Dr. Eames was well known in these islands, having spent some months here, a winter or two since, for the benefit of his health. The community in general will deeply sympathize with Mrs. Eames in the severe affliction with which she has been visited.

"*To the Editor of the Royal Gazette:*

"DEAR SIR: By your request I furnish the facts concerning the sudden and unexpected death of an esteemed gentleman and scholar,—the Rev. Dr. James H. Eames, of Concord, New Hampshire, U. S. A. It has been his misfortune, at all times, when at sea, to suffer from sea-sickness. Although the passage was unusually pleasant, yet the Doctor suffered very much from pain in his head, and had eaten

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but little since he left New York. While the ship was coming along the North shore, the Doctor dressed and came into 'Companion Hall.' I told him that his appearance indicated that he had passed through a severe sickness. I supposed he would recover from his exhaustion in a few days, and feel as well as usual. I went on deck, and was sitting near Mrs. Eames, when he sent for her, just before we arrived at 'Timlin's Narrows.' Almost immediately she came and said to me, 'The Doctor is ill.' I went without delay, and he expired in my arms at the dock.

"Yours with respect,

"N. B. S. ELDRED."

Two weeks later the *Royal Gazette* had the following:

"It was our painful duty to record, in a former number of the *Royal Gazette*, the sudden and unexpected death of the Rev. Dr. Eames. But a few days before, Dr. Eames had left New York in company with his wife, for the purpose of spending some months in these islands, and hoping, whilst escaping the extreme cold of the State in which his home is situated, to assist as much as possible his brother clergymen in Bermuda in supplying those sacred ministrations which, with the present vacancies in their ranks, they find it almost impossible adequately to provide. But God in His wisdom has seen fit to order otherwise. Dr. Eames lived to see the land which was endeared to him by many friendships he had formed during a previous visit to Bermuda; and as the steamer reached the wharf, he calmly fell into his last sleep, in the presence of his wife, and in the arms of a friend, both of whom were wholly unprepared for so sad an event.

"The disappointment experienced in his unlooked-for withdrawal, both on the part of the clergy and of the members of the church in these islands generally, is great and universal. He is gratefully remembered by very many in Bermuda for his urbane and gentle demeanor, his calm and dignified address, his tenderness toward children, his cour-

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tesy to all. And, recalling his able and attractive preaching, we had looked forward both to pleasure and profit from his winter sojourn among us. For him we doubt not the change is a happy one, from toil to rest. He has put off the armor, so needed for those engaged in the Christian warfare, for the crown of victory promised to those who are faithful unto death. We trust that this bright and blessed hope may comfort the many friends in his distant home, whose sorrow will be the greater for that his spirit passed away in a foreign land, and far from the reach of those tender ministries which it would have afforded them so much happiness to supply."

And from private letters we learn that in Trinity church, Hamilton, on the Sunday after Dr. Eames's death, the services and sermons were appropriate to the sad occasion. After the evening service, the organist played most impressively the "Dead March in Saul," everybody remaining in the church till it was finished, and then quietly filing out.

The Concord *Monitor*, Dec. 15, says,—

"A telegram was received by E. N. Shepard, at 11:15 this forenoon, from Halifax, conveying the sad intelligence that Rev. Dr. Eames, Rector of St. Paul's parish, this city, had died in Bermuda, and that Mrs. Eames was on her way to New York in the steamer Canima with his body, and would arrive in that city to-morrow. No details were given, and nothing can be known until the arrival of Mrs. Eames. The Doctor and Mrs. Eames left this city on Wednesday, the 5th, and sailed from New York, Friday morning, the 7th, for Bermuda, where they expected to spend several months. When he left this city, he appeared to be in his usual good health, and his death must have occurred very soon after his arrival in Bermuda. The announcement of his death caused a profound sensation among all our citizens, who held him in the highest esteem, and Mrs. Eames

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will have the heartfelt sympathy of our entire community in her bereavement. Samuel C. Eastman, Esq., and George P. Cleaves left for New York this afternoon to meet Mrs. Eames on her arrival in that city."

The Providence *Journal*, under date of Dec. 17, says,—

"We are pained to learn that a telegram from Halifax, N. S., announced the death, at Bermuda, of Rev. James H. Eames, D. D., Rector of St. Paul's church, Concord, N. H. Dr. Eames and his wife sailed from New York for Bermuda Dec. 7th, intending to pass the winter in the salubrious climate of that island. Although the date of death is not given in the brief dispatch, he must have died soon after his arrival out, for his body is expected to arrive back by the steamer due in New York yesterday. Dr. Eames was a son of the late James Eames, of this city, and a brother of the Hon. Benj. T. Eames, Representative in Congress from this district. He graduated at Brown University in the class of 1839, and entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in which he has rendered devoted and faithful service in several fields of labor. The news of his sudden death will be received with regret by a great many people in various parts of this country and in foreign lands."

On Sunday, Dec. 16, the following pastoral letter from the Bishop of the Diocese was read at the morning service by Rev. Mr. LeRoy, of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Nashua, who officiated in St. Paul's that day:

"*My Dear Brethren of St. Paul's Church:*

"I will not now speak of the great sorrow that has come to us all, but I desire to say a word touching a single matter. The season of the birth of the Holy Child is at hand. The fact of God's only and beloved Son, coming down from Heaven, taking our nature, and entering into every part of our human life, 'a man of sorrows and ac-

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quainted with grief,' and finally opening unto us the gate of Heaven—this great fact remains, with its infinite comfort. Of course, therefore, we cannot forget the due commemoration of these precious truths, and the divine services in church at this sacred season will be, as always, with the Lord's table spread for all his people. But I think that you will feel, with me, that we shall do well to omit some part of our Christmas festivities this year,—those parts which are more festive and less strictly religious. I will not, therefore, give the notice which I would otherwise have given to-day, of the social gathering of children and people, which we are accustomed to have at this season. I am sure that the children will desire to make this tribute of love to the memory of the pastor who has followed them with love ever since they were born. And commending you all, beloved, on whom falls the shadow of this heavy grief, to the love of God, who is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified, I remain your Bishop and faithful friend,

"WILLIAM WOODRUFF NILES."

From the lengthened notices of the public press, such extracts are taken as will give a correct account of his life, the circumstances attendant upon his sudden death, and of the estimation in which he was held. The biographical notice in the Providence *Journal* is the fullest in some points, therefore that is here inserted:

"DEATH OF REV. DR. EAMES. The news of the death of Rev. Dr. Eames, in Bermuda, on the tenth of December, has brought sorrow and anguish to many hearts. On the seventh of December he left New York, in the steamship Canima, to spend the winter in Bermuda, and find rest there from the engrossing duties of parish life, which had become the more arduous from his gradually failing health and strength. He endured the voyage remarkably well for

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him, always subject to sea-sickness, and as he neared Hamilton, 'the haven where he would be,' he dressed himself and went on deck, eager to see the place he loved so well, and the warm friends he knew were waiting to greet him on the shore. He was soon seized with violent pains in his chest, from which in a few moments he seemed to find partial relief, when all at once he raised his eyes with a wistful, imploring look to his wife, who was bending over him, gave a short, quick gasp, which ended in three heavy breathings, and then all was over. He had found the 'rest' he went to Bermuda for, but, oh! in a far different way from what he, or his friends, had anticipated. Over the anguish of her who had been the partner of his joys and sorrows for more than thirty-eight years, thus deprived of her earthly all in a foreign land, we must draw a veil. Fortunately for her, though in a foreign land, Bermuda was not a strange one, as she had spent two winters there; and her friends speedily gathered around her, doing all in their power for her comfort. And the clergy of the island, with whom he had spent so happy a time three years ago, performed all kind offices for him. Priestly hands put on him his priestly robes, and laid him in his coffin, where he looked like a marble saint, with his sweet, calm face, his white beard, his meekly folded hands, and wearing the surplice in which he had so often performed the last offices of the church over the dying and the dead.

"James Henry, second child and eldest son of the late James Eames and Sarah his wife, was born in Dedham, Mass., on the 29th of November, 1814. His parents moved to Providence while he was a little lad. He was brought up a Congregationalist, but after the Rev. John A. Clark came to Grace church, he was an attendant upon the services there. He was baptized by Mr. Clark on the 27th of April, 1834, and confirmed by Bishop Griswold in the following June. Very soon after, he began to think of studying for the sacred ministry, and prepared himself for col-

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lege, first under Mr. Belden at Fruit Hill, and afterwards under Mr. Farnum, of Providence, at that time a well known teacher in the city. He went to Bristol college, Pennsylvania, and remained there a year or two, till that institution of learning was broken up, when he returned home, and soon after entered Brown University the third term of the junior year, graduating in 1839.

"He studied theology with the late Rev. John Bristed, rector of St. Michael's church, Bristol, in this State, and was ordained Deacon by Bishop Griswold, on the 29th of December, 1841, in Grace church, Boston, then under the rectorship of Rev. Thomas M. Clark, now Bishop of the Diocese of Rhode Island. At the termination of the year of his Diaconate, he was advanced to the Priesthood by Bishop Griswold, in St. James's church, Woonsocket, on the 18th of December, 1842.

"Early in 1842, he took charge of Ascension church, Wakefield, R. I., where he remained till January 1st, 1846, when he became rector of St. Stephen's church, Providence. In September, 1850, at the earnest solicitation of the late Bishop Henshaw, he resigned that rectorship, and became a general missionary, to go about in the diocese and find places where it was desirable to start the services of the church, after a while confining his attentions to Burrillville, Greeneville, and Valley Falls. In this work, till April, 1858, he was indefatigable, going his rounds through heat and cold, storm and sunshine, in saddle or carriage, travelling in that way in eight years more than twenty-five thousand miles.

"At Easter, 1858, he became Rector of St. Paul's church, Concord, N. H., fulfilling faithfully the duties of that position till within four days of his death, a period of almost twenty years. His last sermon was preached there on Sunday evening, December 2, from 2 Thessalonians, ch. 1, 6th, and a part of the 7th verse,—'Seeing it is a righteous thing with God to recompense tribulation to them that trouble

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you; and to you who are troubled, rest with us.' In how short a time his 'rest' came!

"October 1, 1839, he was married to Jane Anthony, daughter of our venerable townsman, Hezekiah Anthony.

"He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1862, from Norwich University, Vt., and was one of the trustees of that institution for almost fifteen years. Courtly and dignified in manner, sweet and gentle in disposition, Dr. Eames won and kept the love and respect of all with whom he was brought in contact. A fine reader, an excellent preacher, a loyal churchman, thoroughly canonical and rubrical, a loving pastor, unwearied in parish and diocesan work, he served his Divine Master faithfully, and has now entered upon his rest. In all his family relations he was everything that was good and lovely,—a loving son and brother, a tender husband, a firm and constant friend. His father, well known in Providence for more than forty years, died in 1865; his mother survives him. He was one of nine children, and his is the first death among them.

"Though thirty-six years in the ministry, Dr. Eames had only had three parishes (independent of the eight years spent in missionary work),—Ascension church, Wakefield, St. Stephen's, Providence, and St. Paul's, Concord: an unusual record in these times of ministerial changes. A man of the keenest, tenderest sensibilities, his sympathetic nature made him an invaluable friend in the chamber of sickness and the house of mourning.

"Three times he sought relief from constant work in travelling abroad,—and he spent the winter of 1875 in Bermuda, his 'loved Bermuda,' as he always called it; and there, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 12, in Hamilton hotel, a funeral service was held by Rev. Messrs. James, Tucker, and Lough. On the casket were crosses of flowers and ferns, a tribute of love and respect from devoted Bermudian friends. From all parts of the island came expressions of tenderest sympathy and love, and keen regrets that the

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visit so lovingly anticipated by all who knew him, should so suddenly and so sadly be brought to a close. How mysterious seems the providence, that he should have gone to Bermuda to meet his death before his feet had once more trod its soil!

"After the funeral services, a sad procession followed the body to the Canima to be taken to New York. Oh! what a sorrowful return for her, the bereaved wife, who had gone out with such happy anticipations of a pleasant winter! her only earthly consolation, that she did not have to leave her dear dead behind her, but could take him home to be buried among his kindred and friends."

From the Concord *Monitor:*

"THE LATE REV. DR. EAMES. The remains of the late Rev. Dr. Eames arrived in this city on the 10:30 o'clock train this morning, accompanied by Mrs. Eames, Samuel C. Eastman, Esq., and Geo. P. Cleaves. They were met at the station by Bishop Niles and a large delegation of the members of St. Paul's parish, and in due time the casket was conveyed to St. Paul's church, the bells of the church being tolled as the funeral cortege passed through Main street.

"The Wardens and Vestrymen of the parish officiated as pall-bearers, in removing the body from the station to the church. Mrs. Eames was driven to the Phenix hotel, where she was met by many of the ladies of the parish, who extended to her their kindest sympathy.

"In July, 1857, Dr. Eames received a call to the rectorship of St. Paul's church, this city, which he accepted on condition that his duties should not commence until Easter, 1858, or until the expiration of his existing engagement. He removed here in 1858, taking at once a high position among the Episcopal clergymen of this state, being active in church and missionary work. He has for many years past been a member of the Standing Committee of the Dio-

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cese, and through his efforts St. Paul's church has grown to be the strongest Episcopal church in the State, with possibly one exception. In 1867 he visited Great Britain, and spent several months there, and also spent the winter of 1874-5 in Bermuda. With these exceptions he has spent his time in this city and state, endearing himself not only to the hearts of his parishioners, but to all with whom he came in contact in the daily walks of life.

"Dr. Eames was an exceedingly courteous and genial gentleman, one whose native politeness never forsook him, and his marked courtesy to everybody, high and low, rich and poor, won for him the respect and esteem of all who knew him; and it is not too much to say, that he will be mourned sincerely by our entire community. The workmen upon our streets, and indeed all classes of citizens, have none but good words for his memory. His was the true nobility of soul, that recognized in his fellow-men the image of God.

"Dr. and Mrs. Eames had anticipated much pleasure in renewing the acquaintanceship of friends in Bermuda; but it was ordered otherwise. The deceased left brothers and sisters, among them Hon. Benjamin T. Eames, for a long time past a Member of Congress from Rhode Island, the wife of Hon. Amos C. Barstow, of Providence, and also the wife of Hon. Ezra A. Stevens, of Boston. It is a remarkable fact, that his is the first death which has occurred in a family of nine children.

"The funeral will take place at St. Paul's church to-morrow, at 11:30 o'clock A. M., Bishop Niles conducting the service, with the assistance of clergy in the Diocese. The remains will be taken to Providence for burial.

"The broad-aisle pews of the church will be reserved for the mourners and members of the congregation, and the side pews will be opened to the public. All the resident clergymen of this city have been invited to be present.

"Services were held at Bermuda before the remains were placed on board the steamer Canima, and a large cross of

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flowers, placed by loving hands on the casket, bore quite a fresh appearance to-day."

The *Church Journal* says,—

"Dr. Eames was well known throughout the church as an able and faithful Presbyter. He was a member of the Standing Committee, and a trustee of the General Theological Seminary. In September last he had the gratification of taking part in the reöpening service of his church, which had been closed for eleven weeks for extensive repairs and adornments. He has gone now to worship in a more beautiful temple, the house not made with hands."

From the Boston *Journal* the following extract is made:

"The central location of Rev. Dr. Eames, at Concord, gave him prominence in New Hampshire, and he soon became one of the most influential of the Episcopal clergymen of that state. He was very active in church and missionary work, and had been for years a member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese. At the convention that elected a Bishop to succeed the lamented Right Reverend Carlton Chase, D. D., it was the Rev. Dr. Eames who presented the name of Prof. W. W. Niles, of Trinity college, who was chosen to the position. The activity and usefulness of the deceased were shown in his pastorate of St. Paul's. When he was called to Concord, that society worshipped in a plain, unpretending building, had only seventy communicants, and depended in part for aid upon the General Board of Domestic Missions; but he lived to see the organization not only self-supporting, but contributing largely to the various causes of the Diocese, with a new edifice valued at $28,000, and being surpassed in wealth and liberality by only one church in the Diocese, and that the venerable St. John's of Portsmouth.

"Dr. Eames was a gentleman of very courteous and polished manners, which, united with a fine presence and a

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generous and sympathizing heart, gave him a well-deserved popularity. As a citizen, he enjoyed the highest esteem of the community, and he will be sincerely mourned far beyond the limits of the church whose interests he served so faithfully. He was chaplain of the Governor's Horse Guards, a famous military organization.

"In company with his wife, Dr. Eames enjoyed rare opportunities for extensive journeys in foreign lands. In 1841 they made the complete tour of Europe, and in 1853 and 1854 they passed the winter months in Egypt, and afterwards crossed the Long Desert to Palestine, and journeyed through Syria, Turkey, and Greece. In later years they travelled much, and in all had made nearly twenty voyages. Dr. Eames prepared a series of lectures descriptive of scenes in foreign lands, which were very fresh and interesting.

"In his last discourse in his church at Concord, he referred very feelingly and solemnly to the unspeakable glories of the Heavenly land; but the people of his charge little thought that within so brief a time their beloved pastor would be called from the duties of a useful and honored life to enter upon the rest of the unseen world."

The following item is taken from the tribute to Dr. Eames in the *Patriot:*

"The day before his departure from Concord he opened the Supreme Court in the Senate Chamber with prayer, it being the last he ever made publicly in this city. The announcement of Dr. Eames's death, by telegraph, last Saturday, caused a profound sensation among all our citizens, who held him in the highest esteem; and Mrs. Eames will have the sympathy of the entire community in her bereavement. His loss will be deeply felt by the parish."

From the *People:*

"No event has caused so sudden and universal sorrow in our community as the death of Rev. James Henry Eames, D. D.,

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on his arrival at Bermuda, Monday, Dec. 10. The news reached this city on Saturday last, and the interest manifested in the most meagre particulars, and the sadness with which the news was communicated from mouth to mouth, testify the strong attachment which was felt for one whom everybody knew.

"His natural politeness, cordial greeting, and kind disposition, made him a universal favorite. He knew no distinction of class, and his death will be the cause of sincere mourning among the poor as well as the rich. His affability was the remark of all, and his uniform courtesy made him popular with young and old. He was a devout Christian, a true gentleman, and a sincere friend. As such he was loved while living, and as such he will be mourned now dead."

The Concord *Monitor* says,—

"During nearly all of Dr. Eames's residence in this city he officiated as chaplain of the N. H. Asylum for the Insane, conducting services Sunday evenings in a very pleasing and satisfactory manner to the patients and officers of that institution, and his death will be seriously felt there. He exercised rare good judgment in adapting his services to the class of patients which composed his audience, avoiding everything of an exciting nature."

The *Churchman* says,—

"The Diocese of New Hampshire has sustained a severe loss in the death of the Rev. Dr. James H. Eames. In 1858 he took charge of St. Paul's church, Concord, then quite a feeble parish, and remained in charge until his death, having had the pleasure of seeing his church grow and increase in every way, until it has become one of the strongest in the Diocese. His experience in missionary work rendered him able to do much outside his own parish in starting missions

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which have now grown to be parishes. He has represented the Dioceses of Rhode Island and New Hampshire in the General Convention, and was for many years member of the Standing Committee of the latter Diocese. In 1867 he visited Great Britain and spent several months there, and also spent the winter of 1874–5 in Bermuda. With these exceptions he spent his time in the city and the Diocese, endearing himself not only to those who saw him the most often, but to all with whom he came in contact. Sincere and earnest in his religious convictions, blameless in his daily life, with every action characterized by a most genial and winning courtesy, his death has left a vacancy which must remain unfilled for long in the city and in the entire Diocese. The younger clergy, as well as those who had the privilege of knowing him longer, can bear witness to the kindness with which he would render them acts of courtesy and assistance, and his constant readiness to oblige, at the sacrifice often of his own personal convenience. He had that rare gift of enhancing a favor by the graciousness with which he conferred it. He was very widely and generally known throughout the state, and his loss is universally mourned."

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FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

The funeral took place in St. Paul's church on Wednesday morning, Dec. 19, at 11:30 o'clock, and was very largely attended, the church being filled to its utmost capacity. The congregation began to assemble at an early hour, the centre pews being reserved for the mourners and congregation of St. Paul's parish, and the side pews for the public, Messrs. Charles S. Eastman, William Badger, and John W. Robinson acting as ushers. Pews in the centre aisle, immediately in front of the pulpit, were also reserved for the resident clergymen of the city, all of whom were present except Rev. John E. Barry, of St. John's church, who came home Tuesday evening for the express purpose of attending the funeral, but who was summoned away on Wednesday morning, very much to his regret.

The front of the organ, the reading-desk, and the pulpit were draped with black cashmere and crape. The chancel rail was heavily draped with the same material; and over the entrance to the chancel was an arch, bearing in black letters on a white ground, the words "Our Rector," with two crosses for finials. The altar and Rector's chair were draped in black, as also were the gas-burners in and around the chancel. On the panel east of the chancel window was the text, "Surely I come quickly. Amen"; and on the west panel, "And to you who are troubled, rest," being a portion of the text of the last sermon preached by Dr. Eames on the evening of the 2d of December.

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The floral offerings were very beautiful. Rising from the font was a cross five feet in height, of English ivy and of wheat, with calla lilies and ferns at the base. This, with a sheaf of wheat on the casket, was given by the parish. On the upper step of the chancel was a large cross of variegated leaves, given by Mrs. Edward A. Abbot, of Boston. Mr. and Mrs. William Butterfield gave a cross of rose-buds and pansies; and Mrs. William L. Killey, of Manchester, a former parishioner in Rhode Island, sent a cross of rose-buds, japonicas, and lilies. One of these crosses was put upon the Rector's chair, and the other hung in front of the organ. A basket of flowers, sent by a friend, was placed upon the pulpit; and on the reading-desk were two bouquets, from Mrs. and Miss Dunklee.

The procession started from the Phenix hotel in the following order: The clergy, in surplices, and the bearers, walking two by two; the mourners, in carriages. The clergy were Rev. Isaac G. Hubbard, D. D., of Claremont; Rev. Henry A. Coit, D. D., St. Paul's School, Concord; Rev. Edward A. Renouf, Rev. John Hargate, and Rev. Hall Harrison, St. Paul's School; Rev. George W. Brown, Keene; Rev. John B. Richmond, Dover; Rev. Lorenzo Sears, Manchester; Rev. W. B. T. Smith, Wolfeborough Junction; Rev. Charles A. Morrill, St. Paul's School; Rev. Henry Ferguson, Exeter; Rev. Jacob Le Roy, Nashua; Rev. Robert M. Berkeley, Charlestown; Rev. George B. Morgan, Goffstown; Rev. Howard F. Hill, Ashland; Rev. James H. George, Pittsfield; Rev. Frank S. Harraden, Concord; Rev. Thomas G. Valpey, St. Paul's School; Rev. Henry H. Haines, Tilton; and Rev. James A. Sanderson, of the Diocese of Albany.

The pall-bearers were the wardens and vestry of the parish,—Messrs. Horace A. Brown, Franklin Low, E. N. Shepard, George P. Cleaves, Frederic A. Stillings, and Benjamin H. McFall. John M. Hill, Esq., superintended the funeral, assisted by W. W. Taylor, Esq.

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Accompanying Mrs. Eames, were Hon. A. C. Barstow and wife, E. R. Barstow and wife, Hon. B. T. Eames and daughter, Miss Mary E. Eames; Hon. E. A. Stevens and wife, of Boston; George D. Eames, of Northampton; Rev. George Harris and wife, of Providence; Mrs. Gov. Van Zandt, of Newport, R. I.; Mrs. Niles; E. A. Abbot and wife, of Boston; Mrs. E. C. Davis, of Boston; S. C. Eastman and wife, and other friends of the family in this city.

At the church, the procession, met by Bishop Niles in his episcopal robes, passed up the middle aisle, the casket covered by a pall, on which was a sheaf of wheat heads. The Bishop read the opening sentences of the burial office, the organ sending forth a low dirge while the mourners were being seated. Then followed the anthem from the thirty-ninth and ninetieth Psalms, read by Rev. L. Sears, and sung by the choir alternately; after which the lesson from 1st Cor., 15th, beginning at the 20th verse, was read by Dr. Hubbard. The hymn,

"Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling!"

was sung by the choir, which on this occasion was composed of the usual choir of the parish, assisted by several of the clergy.

Then followed an address by the Bishop, exceedingly appropriate to the occasion. In the death of the Rector of St. Paul's church, he said, the diocese had met with an irreparable loss, while the entire community was mourning a kind and generous citizen, a faithful and loving friend. He spoke of the uncertainty of life, and the importance of doing quickly what we have to do, and alluded briefly to the work accomplished in this parish by the deceased, and of the remodelling of the church and the enlargement of the organ, which he heard only once before his departure. He spoke of the grateful feelings we should have, that so good a citizen had dwelt among us and walked our streets,

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extending kindness and charity to all: for it was not often that any community had a man so universally respected and beloved. He dwelt upon the comforts of the gospel in hours of bereavement, upon the communion of saints, and the resurrection of the dead.

Then followed the hymn,

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!"

after which prayers were read by Rev. Dr. Coit, and the choir sang the "Nunc Demittis." The Bishop pronounced the benediction, and then the mourners left the church, the bells chiming the "Dead March in Saul." The body was placed in the vestibule of the church, and early on Thursday morning was taken to Providence by Messrs. F. Low and B. H. McFall. Mrs. Eames was accompanied by Bishop Niles, H. A. Brown, G. P. Cleaves, S. C. Eastman, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Eastman, and Mrs. Gove.

On the arrival of the train in Providence, they were met by the friends there, and by the Rt. Rev. Thomas M. Clark, Bishop of the Diocese of Rhode Island, Rev. Messrs. Greer, Richards, Henshaw, Rice, Webb, and Wheeler acting as pall-bearers. The long procession of more than twenty carriages wended its way slowly to Swan Point cemetery, about three miles out of town, where in Mr. Anthony's lot, after the usual service, which was read by Bishop Clark, Bishop Niles committed the body of his beloved son in the church to the ground, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." The large cross of ivy and wheat was put at the head of the grave, and remained there till Easter, when it was replaced by one of more durable material.

The Concord *Monitor*, under date of May 4, says,—

"Mrs. Eames has just had placed at the head of Dr. Eames's grave a very handsome cross of New Hampshire granite. It is made of one piece of stone, and is what is technically called a 'Saxon cross,' which is not of the same

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size all the way up and down like the Latin or the Greek cross, but begins large at the base, diminishing in breadth while rising up by steps, as it were. Then a circle goes around the top, and beneath the arms of the cross, giving a very fine effect, particularly where the triangles are formed above and below the arms of the cross, thus increasing the symbolism of the whole,—the cross representing our Faith, the circle Eternity, the triangle the Trinity.

"The front of the cross is polished till it has attained the smoothness and color of dark marble, and bears the following inscription:

At Rest.

REV. JAMES H. EAMES, D. D.

Nov. 29th, 1814.

Dec. 10th, 1877.

The stone came from Milford, and was cut and put in its place by the Messrs. Tingley, of Providence, who have long been known for the thoroughness of their work."

The Boston *Journal* adds to this account the following:

"The many friends of the late Rev. Dr. Eames will be gratified to learn that so beautiful and appropriate a tribute has been placed at his grave. The sentiment of the inscription is touchingly symbolical of the close of a noble and useful life, for it will be remembered that under a Southern sky, and without a moment's warning, Rev. Dr. Eames was called peacefully from earth to be 'at rest' in the unseen world."

Under the head of "Easter in St. Paul's church," the Concord *Monitor*, of April 22, says,—

"Easter is a festival in which joy and sadness are peculiarly blended; joy that the blessed Jesus, whose humilia-

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tion, suffering, and death we have been following the past week, has risen triumphant from the grave, and that His resurrection is a surety that our dear dead, who are now in Paradise, the blest, shall also rise again. And while we joy with an exceeding joy that their conflicts are over, their rest won, we mourn for ourselves, that these eyes shall see them no more in the flesh.

"This Easter has been peculiarly full of saddened memories, as it is the first since our earthly head, our Rector, was taken from us. He was well remembered in the floral offerings. In the font was a large cross of lovely flowers, having across its arms in purple immortelles, on a ground of white pinks, 'In Memoriam.' At the base of the cross were calla lilies imbedded in ferns, while the font itself was wreathed with smilax. This was given by the ladies of the parish. Nothing lovelier of this kind was ever seen in Concord. Two baskets and a bouquet of exquisite flowers were also placed on the altar by loving friends, in memory of their departed Rector, and, with the cross, have been sent to his grave in Swan Point cemetery. And during the last week four boxes of trailing arbutus have been sent down for that purpose. It was twenty years yesterday since Dr. Eames commenced his duties as Rector of St. Paul's church, and twenty weeks since he preached his last sermon."

Of the flowers thus sent down to Swan Point, a private letter says,—"They looked beautifully. The cross stood at the foot of the grave, the basket in front at the base of the stone cross, and the other flowers were on the grave. There was nothing in the whole cemetery to compare with them. It really was very handsome and effective; and then, too, the flowers having been in the church so dear to him, and sent by those who loved him so much, made it all the more touching."

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But we must go back a little in our record, to the events immediately succeeding Dr. Eames's death.

In the Concord *Monitor*, of January 26, 1878, appeared the following

"RECORDS OF A BUSY LIFE.

"A few weeks ago, the *Monitor* contained a biographical notice of Rev. Dr. Eames. A few more particulars of his every-day life and work may be acceptable. A schoolmate of his, at Fruit Hill, writes,—'He was the model scholar among us, noted for his thoughtful essays and unsurpassed elocution, and, over and above all, for his earnest piety and lofty Christian aims and influence, which were even then his marked traits.' He early brought this 'unsurpassed elocution' into use, for, while in Brown University, he was engaged every Sunday in reading the Church Service in the manufacturing villages near Providence, the most of the time in Simmonsville, where he also conducted a very flourishing Sunday-school. While studying theology in Bristol, he every Sunday read the Service for Rev. Mr. Bristed, and had charge of one or two evening meetings each week. From these beginnings up to the very last Sunday of his life, he never went into church without previously reading aloud the lessons for the day, paying particular attention to accent and emphasis. This careful attention, united to a clear voice, sympathetic in all its tones and distinct in every utterance, made him one of the best readers of his time. After his ordination as Deacon, on the 29th of December, 1841, he spent the first Sunday of his ministerial life in St. Michael's church, Bristol, and the next three in preaching in Zion church, Newport, for Rev. John West. The next four years he spent in Ascension church, Wakefield; and the public records of those years are,—Twenty baptisms, six marriages, fifteen funerals, and eleven persons confirmed. Nor did he confine his ministrations to that parish alone,

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for at one time he reports to the Diocesan Convention,—'Besides the usual labors of my own parish, I have preached about twenty sermons in St. Matthew's, Jamestown, baptized seven persons, and administered the holy communion once.' And another year, he says,—'Besides the stated services of the parish church, I have, during the past summer, held a regular third service on Sunday in St. Paul's church, Tower Hill, and during the winter months, a week-day service in a school-house on Point Judith; and I have the past year officiated often at Crompton Mills, Warwick, where I have baptized about twenty children.' The parish of Wakefield was scattered over quite an extent of country, the distance between the two extremes, as recorded by the Rector, being ten miles; and this, as well as the frequent services held elsewhere, necessitated keeping a horse, and never did a day pass without that horse being seen somewhere on the road. It may be an interesting item, in this day of enlarged salaries, that all he received for that amount of work was $500 a year.

"The three Sundays Mr. Eames preached for Rev. Mr. West, in Newport, so interested that parish in the young clergyman, that, on Mr. West's speedy removal to Bangor, a deputation,—of which the Hon. William Cozzens was one,—from Zion church, went to Wakefield to invite him to be their Rector. Mr. Eames, with that humility and modesty which characterized his every action, thought he was too young a clergyman to take charge of so important a parish; and, notwithstanding their earnest remonstrances on the subject, and their appeal to Bishop Griswold, who decided in their favor, he adhered to his resolution of staying a while longer in Wakefield.

"In January, 1846, he entered upon his duties as Rector of St. Stephen's church, Providence, where he remained almost five years, and there, as at Wakefield, did not confine himself to his own parish church, but almost every Sunday evening held a third service in the immediate neigh-

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borhood of the city, all one summer, in a grove, in what was called 'Pleasant Valley,' and at other times at Spragueville and other manufacturing villages. At St. Stephen's, his record of public acts was,—Eighty-three baptisms, thirty-four marriages, forty-four funerals, and thirty-five persons confirmed.

"For some time the late Bishop Henshaw, who was much interested in extending the church in Rhode Island, had, near his heart, a plan for having a 'General Missionary,' who would go about the Diocese, establishing the services of the church where he saw they were needed, and early fixed upon Mr. Eames to carry that plan into operation. In private, he often said,—'Any clergyman may be Rector of a parish, but it requires peculiar gifts to make a general missionary, and those gifts I think Mr. Eames eminently possesses.' And in his address before the Diocesan Convention of 1850, he says,—'The Convocation now has it in its power to secure the services of a beloved presbyter, admirably qualified for this work;' and, in accordance with the earnest solicitations of the Bishop, in September, 1850, he resigned the rectorship of St. Stephen's; and after his return from the General Convention, in Cincinnati, he entered with all his usual ardor and zeal upon his new work, giving almost eight years to it, excepting the fourteen months of the time when he was travelling abroad.

"At first he confined his labors to Centredale, Greeneville, and Valley Falls, where, on every Sunday, at each place, he superintended a Sunday-school, taught a Bible-class, held a regular service and preached a sermon, besides each week holding an evening service in the immediate neighborhood of one of the stations, and spending much time in visiting from house to house, travelling on an average, as he says in one of his reports, one hundred miles a week. Very soon after he began this work, a parish was formed in Greeneville by the name of St. Thomas, and on the afternoon of May 15, 1851, the corner-stone of the new

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church was laid by Bishop Henshaw, and in the evening of the same day six persons received the Apostolic rite of Confirmation: so rapidly did the seed sown by the indefatigable missionary take root and bear abundant fruit. On the 9th of March, 1852, St. Thomas's church was consecrated by Bishop Henshaw, the last church in Rhode Island, except one, consecrated by him, and he thus speaks of it: 'The church is a beautiful and firm stone edifice, of the Gothic order, designed by Mr. Tefft. It is a permanent and fitting memorial of God's blessing upon the early labors of our itinerant missionary.' And the last confirmation except one, held in Rhode Island by Bishop Henshaw, was in St. Thomas's church, when eleven persons renewed their baptismal vows.

"After a time the 'general missionary' gave up Centredale, and added Mapleville, in Burrillville, to Greeneville and Valley Falls, leaving Providence (where he lived during his missionary work) each Saturday afternoon, driving about twenty miles to Mapleville, where on Sunday morning he had Sunday-school, full morning service, and a sermon; then driving down to Greeneville, had another Sunday-school, evening prayer, and a sermon; thence on to Valley Falls, where once more was evening prayer and a sermon,—returning to Providence about ten o'clock Sunday evening. What a day's work was this!—and repeated year after year, in the summer's heat and the winter's cold, often in the latter season having to make his own path through the snow as he drove along.

"At the first Diocesan Convention after his consecration, Bishop Clark says of St. Thomas's church, Greeneville,—'It has never been in so healthy a condition as it is now, and it is a noble monument of the zeal and patient labor of the missionary who laid its foundation, and has completed the superstructure. The same work he has so faithfully accomplished in Greeneville, he is now prosecuting in other places, where we hope to see the same favorable results.' And this

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is the record of his public acts during his missionary life: One hundred and thirteen baptisms, nineteen marriages, forty-six funerals, and forty persons confirmed.

"A further result of the missionary's labor was the building of a neat little Gothic church in Burrillville, in which Bishop Clark preached on the morning of the fifth Sunday in Lent, 1858, and in the afternoon of the same day, in St. Thomas's, Greeneville. He says, in his Convention address that year,—'The prosperity of the church in both these places is attributable, under God, to the patient and indefatigable labors of our late missionary, the Rev. Mr. Eames, who has thought it best, after many years of hard work among us, to seek the refuge of a more quiet parochial life in another Diocese. In the heat and the cold, through roads blocked by snow, sometimes at the peril of his life, our missionary has travelled his forty thousand miles on this circuit, as well known to all the dwellers by the highway as the mail carrier on his route; his kindness and good offices felt and acknowledged by the whole population, his sympathy on all occasions freely asked and as freely given,—and thus old prejudices against the church have imperceptibly melted away. Intelligent persons, who had grown weary of the crudities and extravagances to which they had been subjected where they were accustomed to worship, and so had fallen into the habit of abstaining from public religious services altogether, have been gathered into our fold, and found there the spiritual nourishment which they needed. I could not allow our brother to leave the Diocese without saying these just words in his praise.'

"And thus Mr. Eames bade good-bye to his work in Rhode Island, where he had lived since his early boyhood. One of the waking dreams of his life was to go back and spend his last days there. But God, in His infinite love, saw fit to order it otherwise. He died as he had lived for twenty years, Rector of St. Paul's church, Concord, N. H.

"In his life in New Hampshire, as in Rhode Island, he

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did not confine himself to his own parish; but wherever in the Diocese the services of the church were asked for in new places, whether nigh at hand or a hundred miles away, he was ready to advise and to work. At Pittsfield, at Laconia, at Tilton, at Suncook, at Goffstown, and at Bethlehem, Littleton, and Lancaster, among the mountains, he held services, and was more or less the founder of all those missionary stations and parishes. One entire summer, by vote of the Diocesan Convention, he spent in going through the Diocese holding services wherever in his judgment there was an opening for them; and another summer, at the request of the Bishop, he spent in Littleton and Lancaster, where now, in each of those towns, there is a beautiful church as a monument of his fostering care and indefatigable labors. His public acts in St. Paul's church were,—Three hundred and twenty-eight baptisms, one hundred and five marriages, one hundred and forty-nine funerals, and two hundred and twelve persons confirmed; making in all his ministerial life five hundred and seventy-one baptisms, one hundred and seventy-two marriages (for I find in a private book eight more recorded than came under that head in the parish register), two hundred and fifty funerals, and two hundred and ninety-eight persons confirmed.

"The late venerable Bishop Chase welcomed Mr. Eames into his Diocese as 'a pastor eminently useful in another field,' and in his addresses at the Diocesan Conventions spoke more than once of the 'kind and attentive hospitality of The Elms,' and congratulated the parish on its increased prosperity under the untiring labors of its new pastor.

"When Mr. Eames came to St. Paul's in 1858, it numbered about seventy communicants, and its contributions the year before amounted to about $125. When he left it, in December, 1877, it numbered over one hundred and seventy communicants, and its contributions that year had been nearly $4,000. Within less than two years after he commenced his rectorship a new church was built, costing $18,000, all of

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which, excepting some memorial windows, was given within the parish. He found the church not self-supporting, but depending each year on a stipend from the General Domestic Board. He left it free from all such dependence, and from debt, and one of the strongest parishes in the Diocese. The estimation in which he was held in this Diocese was shown in the important trusts committed to him. A member almost all of the time of the Standing Committee of the Diocese, a deputy of the General Convention, a trustee of the General Theological Seminary, a member of the Board of Missions, and a trustee of the new Diocesan school for boys.

"During eighteen of the twenty years Dr. Eames was in Concord, he was chaplain of the Asylum for the Insane, having a service there and a sermon every Sunday afternoon at half past five o'clock, thus making three distinct services each Sunday.

"Dr. Eames was not only indefatigable in parish and diocesan work, but he was an industrious man in his study. He read a good deal, keeping up with the literature of the times. Except when engaged in active missionary work, and during the extreme heat of summer, he wrote one sermon at least a week, and this practice he kept up, to the week before he was summoned away. He was not a quick thinker or writer, but what he thought and wrote he did clearly and well. During the greater part of his ministerial life he wrote mostly at night and at the close of the week; but the last ten years he broke himself of those pernicious habits, and rarely if ever wrote after ten o'clock, and often got his sermon ended by Friday.

"He left nearly seven hundred sermons, including lectures and addresses, and many of the sermons written in the first years of his ministerial life he destroyed. He was often asked to have a sermon on any particular occasion published, but would never consent. An address, delivered before the trustees of Norwich University at the Commencement in 1859, was published in the catalogue of that insti-

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tution for 1859–60. The subject of this address was 'The Truly Educated Man,' particularly as seen in physical culture. This, and three memorial addresses printed for private circulation, are all of Dr. Eames's writings that have ever been in type. Occasionally, not often, he wrote an article for a newspaper when any particular subject came up that seemed to demand notice from him. Here, perhaps, it is not amiss to say that he read the church service and preached in every quarter of the globe,—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, as well as on some of the 'isles of the ocean.'

"Dr. Eames was everywhere spoken of as 'a perfect gentleman,' polite and courteous to all; and this politeness was not put on for the outside world, but shone as conspicuously in the retirement of his home as in society. He was not a fault-finder, was not forever carping at one thing or another, in his house or parish. On a member of his family once finding fault with something on the table, he mildly reproved her, saying,—'I have just thanked the Lord for these provisions of His bounty, and prayed Him to bless it to us and His service, and after that I do not think it proper to find fault.'

While affable to all, he never for a moment lost his dignity. He could adapt himself to all classes, the high and the low, the rich and the poor. All who knew him loved him, and the remembrance of his serene, benignant, and beautiful life is full of sweet fragrance. He had his cares and his troubles, but he kept them to himself. He had often expressed a wish to die quickly, and to be taken from this world before his day of usefulness was over, and God granted those prayers. He went to Bermuda for rest from parish cares and work, and found there more than he asked,—eternal rest. He went to avoid the chilling blasts of winter, and entered upon 'a land where all is sunshine,' and 'where the souls of them that sleep in Jesus enjoy perpetual rest and felicity.'"

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Resolutions of the Standing Committee.

At a meeting of the Standing Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New Hampshire, holden at Concord, on the 21st day of January, 1878, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

The Standing Committee of the Diocese of New Hampshire, at this, their first meeting since the death of their brother and colleague, the Rev. James H. Eames, D. D., desire to place on record their sense of the loss the Diocese, his parish, and themselves have sustained in his most sudden and unlooked-for departure, and also an expression of their deep sympathy with his widow and family in their affliction. Wherefore,

Resolved, That we, the surviving members of the Standing Committee of the Diocese, of which our departed brother was so many years a member and president, do hereby testify to his uniformly courteous and kindly manners, to his zeal for the extension of the kingdom of Christ, to his missionary ability and success, to his faithful interest in his parish and in all the work of the Diocese; and that it is our desire to imitate him in all the good and noble qualities which endeared him to his people as a Christian pastor, and, as a citizen, to the community among whom he lived.

Resolved, That we accept the lesson of his sudden call from this life to the realities of the next, praying that we may have grace to discharge our several duties with such fidelity and purity of motive, that we also may be ready when the Son of man cometh.

Resolved, That we communicate a copy of these resolutions to Mrs. Dr. Eames, with the assurance of our heartfelt sympathy, and that she is affectionately remembered in her great trial by her husband's fellow-laborers and friends.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be printed in *The Churchman*, and in the city papers of Concord.

Wm. L. Foster, *Secretary*.

Resolutions of St. Paul's Parish on the Death of Rev. Dr. Eames.

After a statement of the fact that the parish granted leave of absence to Dr. Eames, and of his sudden death which occurred in Bermuda, the records of the parish go on to say:

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Thus has ended a pastorate of twenty years of patient, useful, and successful labor for Christ and His church, and the best interests of His people. As we review these twenty years, we call to mind the earnest manner in which Dr. Eames entered upon his work in the parish, and how, amid all the discouraging circumstances that seemed to enclose us, he determined to go forward and erect our present beautiful church; and by his own faith and labor he inspired that of our people to see and to do, till the undertaking was successfully accomplished. From this beginning our progress and prosperity have been onward, until, from a condition of comparative feebleness and reliance on missionary aid, within three years from the commencement of his ministry among us the parish became self-supporting, besides aiding quite largely other church work in and out of the Diocese. Therefore,

Resolved, That we deem it fitting to place upon the Parish Records our high appreciation of the many excellent qualities of mind and heart that so much endeared our late Rector to the people of this parish, and the entire community in which he lived; and that while we acknowledge the wisdom and goodness of our Heavenly Father in all His dealings with us, and would bow reverently and submissively to this dispensation of His Providence, we most sincerely mourn the loss of one who for so many years, as pastor and guide, has shared with us our joys and our sorrows.

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved companion, and to all upon whom this heavy grief has fallen, our heartfelt sympathy, praying that the God of all comfort will send us consolation and help in this trying hour of bereavement, and bless our work so dear to the heart of our departed Rector.

Resolved, That the parish clerk is hereby directed to enter the foregoing upon the Parish Records, and communicate the same to Mrs. Eames.

HORACE A. BROWN,
FRANKLIN LOW, } *Wardens.*

F. A. STILLINGS,
E. N. SHEPARD,
GEO. P. CLEAVES,
FRANK H. PIERCE,
BENJAMIN H. MCFALL, } *Vestry.*

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A Commemorative Service.

The Providence *Journal*, under date of April 18, says,—

"The Holy Communion, which in St. Paul's church, Concord, N. H., is always administered on Thursday in Holy Week, was to-day made a commemorative service of Rev. Dr. Eames. There was a large number of communicants present, and the service was very sweet and solemn. Bishop Heber's stirring hymn,

'The Son of God goes forth to war,'

and How's soul-inspiring strains,

'For all the saints who from their labors rest,'

were sung with much effect. Bishop Niles made an excellent and appropriate address, in which he paid a noble, eloquent, and just tribute to the character of the departed Rector of St. Paul's church, who now rests in Paradise, and who, during the solemn services of this week, has been brought more than ever before the minds and hearts of his people."

Address of Bishop Niles at the Commemorative Service, April 18.

During these days of the Passion, we have been brought face to face with our Lord Himself. We will leave this morning, for a little, this direct view, and will strive to look upon Him indirectly, as He is seen through the medium of His faithful followers, even as men do gaze upon the sun through smoke-colored glass, that they may gain a nearer view, yet not be quite blinded by the dazzling glories. And again, as by a sidelong glance at the starlit sky, we are believed to catch glimpses of many more twinkling luminaries than when we turn thither a direct gaze, so, too, the

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indirect contemplation of our blessed Redeemer in His saints does often reveal to our weak vision new graces in Christ, and causes some rays to light up our soul which otherwise we might fail to catch. If here, out of the very midst of the awful solemnities of Holy Week, we pause in our immediate gaze upon the suffering One, and strive to see Him manifesting forth His power in the nearer events of human life, to see Him shining in His saints, the one thought must none the less be to exalt Christ as above all, and through all, and in you all.

In no mortal man do we expect perfection of all graces, an entire likeness to the perfect One. Nay, the graces of Christ exist only in very imperfection. It rejoices our heart to see Him still among us, in rich, sanctifying power; to see His grace fruitful still, making the desert of poor human nature to blossom and be fragrant like the rose.

Before our mind, beloved, pass pictures of manly, upright, modest, God-fearing youth; and again, of maidenly grace and its holy beautifulness; and of righteous Christian men, who deserve to be trusted as Daniel was, of men brave for the true and the good. And visions come to us of Christian women, yet with us here in our own city, whose homes attest their piety, and whose hearts go out toward Christ's poor; and visions again of aged servants of the Lord, matrons and men; some gone to rest, some still here, who have committed their souls unto God, patiently waiting all the days of their appointed time till their change comes. And Christian childhood, with its freshness and joy and faith, and with an almost divine innocence, how lovely is that too! These things all are the bloom of the new nature in Christ Jesus, the fruitage of that life already begun. Take from them the Christ that is in them, the sweetness, the sanctifying power which He through His life and death imparts, and presently they would wither away.

But, in recounting the glories of the Redeemer shining forth in the redeemed, one person must, I am sure, be much

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in our thoughts, and especially in this sacred place and at this holy season,—Christ's priest, and a Christian man. No menial office for the church he thought beneath him. With what devoutness he conducted Divine service and ministered at this altar! With what quietness he bore himself in the house of God! With what seriousness and becoming gravity, as knowing that the Lord is in this place! There was ever with him and about him that reverence, that reserve, which comes from consciousness of the presence of God, and which marks the truly religious mind; that veneration for holy things, which distinguishes the wise man from the shallow, flippant man. This same religious rooting of character, this stable gravity, this faith in things permanent and unseen, gave strength and heart to go on in the steady doing of duty. Sometimes the stand taken would be unpopular, and the careless would censure and sneer, and even some good men would think otherwise. But the duty, as such a man conceives it, is adhered to none the less: and time is exceedingly apt to bring its justification. If not, he can say to his own heart, "My work is with the Lord, and my judgment is with the Most High," and so possess his soul in patience.

Then, too, more self-forgetfulness than the most of us have yet attained unto, does our beloved friend, now resting with Christ, seem to have drawn from the Crucified One. Always ready he was to go on long journeys at his Bishop's desire, and wherever the remotest, feeblest mission could be benefited by his ministrations. They who knew him but little, and only as they passed him on the street, and they alike who saw him most, unite in bearing testimony to the singular and exceptional courtesy of him who was so long your faithful Pastor.

Why was he so courteous, so deferential, so sympathetic, so considerate always, at the bed-side of the sick, at the home of affliction and poverty, in the social gatherings of the drawing-room, at the parish festival? Even at the

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table he thought last of himself; and on the street no poorest man that he knew, and no child, was passed unnoticed by. Why was this? He was refined by nature, it is true, and by instinct a gentleman. But that is not all. He had learned manners in the school of Christ. Too much of the spirit of the Divine Victim had he to see himself, and to lose sight of others. He was too much like his Master stupidly to wound the feelings of any. He was too Christian to be absent-minded. This same character of unselfish Christian thoughtfulness it was which brought him upon the ground with a promptness much remarked upon, whenever a great calamity had befallen, and that had taught him likewise at such a time to be helpful, as well as to pity and be sorry.

And here in the city of his own home, how he went about (if less with the prosperous and them that dwell at ease) among the sorrowful of all classes, and especially among the poor, literally, as I do know, dealing his bread to the hungry and his clothes to the naked. It was consistent with his character, as being formed by Christ, that he should, even beyond what is meet, forego for others his own personal desires; that he should even forget the demands of his own health, and remain at home, to be near a parishioner lingering in illness in those summer weeks when he needed to be away. This generous love of Christ it was, shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, which impelled to the driving through a November storm when ill himself, and in much painfulness, to light up the home of a brother clergyman whose household death had entered, or to bring to a lonely, wasting child, in an outlying town, some frequent cheer, while death was drawing nearer and nearer to her door.

But I will pursue this thought no further. We do see with our eyes that the blessed Jesus is still in His church, living out His divine life in His faithful disciples. The Lord is with us. The Lord is with us of a truth. In a life

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like this, one or two of whose features I have faintly sketched, one sees, without a doubt, something of the spirit and of the graces of that adored Redeemer, who, on the night in which He was betrayed, was among His disciples as one that serveth, and who—oh! wonder of wonders!—did gird Himself with a napkin, and wash the disciples' feet. From such a life take away the graces that Christ has put there, and from the death that comes at life's close, take the comfort and the hope that His death and rising again do bring, and much of the beauty is gone, and all the joy. To Him, therefore, be all the honor and the praise, for all the glory and the grace and the goodness is of Him.

May we, beloved brethren, have grace to live such Christian lives, that He may be glorified in His saints, and admired in all them which believe!

Tribute from the Bishop of Rhode Island.

Bishop Clark, in his address at the eighty-eighth annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Rhode Island, pays the following tribute to Rev. Dr. Eames:

"There is, however, one clergyman who has been called to his account since we last met together, of whom I must be allowed to speak, although for several years he has ceased to be connected with our own Diocese. In the first year of my Episcopate, I found on the roll of our clergy the name of the 'Rev. J. H. Eames, Itinerant Missionary.' A more faithful and persistent laborer never went forth into the highways and by-ways of Rhode Island. Through storm and sunshine, year after year, he travelled up and down, from station to station, ministering the bread of life, comforting the afflicted, counselling the ignorant, reclaiming the vicious, and with a good word for everybody that he met. In process of time, the Rev. Dr. Eames became the

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Rector of one of the most important churches in the Diocese of New Hampshire, President of the Standing Committee, and a regular deputy to the General Convention; but he would have been content to have gone on laboring here indefinitely as a missionary if it had been so ordered, for he never was ambitious of personal distinction. He was a self-denying man, a most kind and courteous gentleman, positive in his opinions, and still gentle to all. He has left an honorable record, and will be long remembered in the Diocese he served so faithfully."

Dr. Bancroft, in his annual report of the Asylum for the Insane, May 1, 1878, says,—

"Another of the year's changes has emphasized the words of the wise man, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' On the first Sunday in December, the benignant face of our late valued friend, Rev. Dr. Eames, was seen for the last time, and for the last time was heard his earnest 'Dearly beloved' from the Chapel desk. His Asylum congregation parted from him with regret, but in expectation that he would return to us with health and strength restored by the gentle climate of the winter home he had chosen. At the moment of landing he was called to another sphere by the call to which all others yield. For eighteen years, with few interruptions, he had, by his inspiring presence and words, administered encouragement, comfort, and consolation to his congregation of anxious and unsettled minds; and the fact that this tender relation had been broken forever, fell heavily on all hearts."

In the Necrology of Brown University, he is spoken of as "one of the leading clergymen of New Hampshire, constantly selected for the most important trusts and preferments of the Diocese. His elocution and reading were unusually good, his manners affable and attractive, and his readiness to work very marked."

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And "*The Brunonian*," a magazine published by the Senior and Junior classes of Brown University, speaks of him as for "thirty-five years one of the most prominent Episcopal divines."

EXTRACT FROM THE ADDRESS OF BISHOP NILES before the Annual Convention of the Diocese of New Hampshire, in St. Paul's church, Concord, on the morning of September 25th:

"Since last the church in this Diocese assembled in council, one long with us and of us, one whom we always loved to greet, and who himself ever gave the greetings of a warm heart, has, in the providence of God, passed to his rest.

"It is not right to speak of any mortal man as if he were in everything strong, and wise, and perfect. Yet, duly remembering that the best of men have need of mercy from an holy Judge, it is useful to us, and is pleasant, to contemplate the good examples of those servants of God who have departed this life in His faith and fear. In speaking to you, beloved, of our loved brother and fellow-servant, whom the Master hath taken, I will not enlarge upon his services in this Convention, and in the General Convention of the church, and as a member of the Standing Committee of this Diocese. Nor, standing here in this parish church, at whose altar our reverend brother ministered a score of years, do I need to tell with what devoutness and grave decorum all things were here done, nor what faithfulness to duty marked the discharge of his parochial work; nor, again, with what sympathy, and genial dignity, and blamelessness of living he went in and out among the people.

"One trait of character stood out in the Rev. Dr. Eames, manifest unto all, and on this we shall all love to linger a little. In its outward aspect and working, this was *considerateness for others*;—in its root, *unselfishness*. The self-

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forgetting desire to bless others, and to make them happy,—of how constant a stream of beneficent acts was this the spring, in the life now spread out before us! What hospitality it wrought! What unfailing courtesy! At home, on the street, at the church door, in the social gathering, no act that kindness could prompt was ever omitted; no shy person or stranger was ever overlooked or passed by. And before any gratification to himself, like a coveted visit, or a needed vacation rest, he always put the opportunity to bring comfort to a suffering or sad parishioner. The well and the rich would oftener have gladly received so welcome a guest; the sick, and especially the poor and the wretched, knew that they would never fail of every loving care.

"Another expression of this thoughtfulness, both blessing and blessed, was given in Dr. Eames's readiness to help his brethren of the clergy, particularly those missionaries whose work was exceptionally hard or remote. Pittsfield, Goffstown, Littleton, Bethlehem, Lancaster, Woodsville, all call up visions of him. It is without doubt strictly true, that there is not one mission or young parish in the Diocese, near or farthest, which has not experienced the benefit of his personal presence and help, and of his cheering words. In the later years, these journeys cost not a little of self-denial,—sometimes, I know, of actual pain,—and they were usually undertaken at the Doctor's personal expense. I have never met a parish priest who had it both in his heart and in his power, by personal service, to help his brethren more bountifully and more graciously than Dr. Eames. A wholesome example for us all, my beloved brethren, is this; for the universal danger is, that we be absorbed in our own affairs, and forget others.

"On the twentieth day of December, in the city of Providence, being assisted in the solemn office by the Bishop of Rhode Island, I committed his body to the ground to await the resurrection."

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Resolutions of the Diocesan Convention.

The committee appointed by the Convention to take into consideration so much of the Bishop's address as related to the decease of the Rev. Dr. J. H. Eames, would express their profound appreciation of his delicate and sympathetic expression of the universal sentiment in reference to this sad event. In accordance with it, they ask leave respectfully to recommend the following resolutions:

That this Convention adopt the touching memorial words of the Bishop's address as their own; and,—

Resolved, That, in the death of the Rev. Dr. James H. Eames, this Convention has lost a member always "diligent in business, serving the Lord," who manifested the greatest interest in the welfare and progress of this Diocese, and ever to the utmost of his power contributed to that end.

Resolved, That the Secretary of this Convention be requested to communicate to Mrs. Eames a copy of the preceding resolution.

E. A. Renouf, } *Committee.*
H. A. Coit, }

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THE LAST SERMON PREACHED BY DR. EAMES.

Allusion having several times been made to the sermon preached by Dr. Eames on the evening of December 2d, the closing part of that sermon is here given. It was from the sixth and seventh verses of the first chapter of the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians:—"It is a righteous thing with God to recompense tribulation to them that trouble you; and to you who are troubled, rest with us." After speaking of the season of Advent, which commenced that day, and of the two points of consideration in the text, that "the Lord Jesus should be revealed," and that one object of his revelation was "rest," he closes with,—"The Apostle says, 'rest with us.' Now when our Lord shall give rest to his troubled ones, it will be a rest of the same kind that He gives to His highest saints,—a rest which we shall enjoy with them. He has not two heavens for His redeemed ones, nor has He placed any division to separate them. Where St. Paul is, there shall we be, and partake of the same blessedness. We have the same God, the same Saviour. We have now the same sufferings, and after a while we shall rejoice together in the same heaven. We shall stand side by side before the throne with all the saints of God who have gone before us,—the righteous Abel, the honored Abraham, the faithful Moses, the once heart-broken but now exulting David, the heroic Daniel, the gentle John, the noble Paul, Stephen with his martyr crown, and the martyrs and fathers of the early church with their crowns, and our own fathers and loved ones who have

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washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. We shall be with all these, not merely as spectators of their glory, but as the sharers of it all. We shall be welcomed by them, and feel ourselves valued and loved among them, as one with them. And with them will be *our rest.*"

And then he dismissed them with the "blessing of peace," and nevermore was he seen standing in that holy place in the church he loved so well, and where he had spent so many hours of his life. And his people remarked, that never before did he pronounce the benediction, which always fell from his lips with great unction, with such sweet solemnity as he did that evening. The shadow of the coming parting with them was doubtless upon his spirit. Little did he think that parting was to be a final one; that "they should see his face no more" in this world. His warfare is over, his trials are ended: he is at rest. For those that remain, tears and sorrow; but for him, "joy and gladness" in "those heavenly habitations where the souls of those who sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy perpetual rest and felicity."

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EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

For weeks after the death of Dr. Eames, letters came, full of loving appreciation of him who had been taken from us, and of tender sympathy for those who were mourning his departure. These letters came from all parts of the world,—England, France, Spain, Greece, Egypt, Bermuda, Canada, and from nearly every State in the Union. Extracts from only a few of these letters can be given.

This is from a layman:

"Few lives could afford a more noble record. It was devoted to the welfare of mankind. It is worthy the grateful admiration of all, and is a treasure of inestimable value."

And another writes,—"I am certain there was never a person living who attached people to him as he did."

And still another says,—"I never knew a man where the gentleness and tenderness of a woman, with the manly strength, were better combined."

A Bermuda friend writes,—"The Doctor was a model man in character, disposition, and in all the varied relations and conditions of human life. He was 'one among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.'"

A clergyman, who had known him for more than thirty years, writes,—"He, more than almost any man I have known, realized my ideal of a 'brother in the ministry.' When we were together in Rhode Island, he already in a settled and very useful rectorship in Providence, and I but a young Deacon, he was ever

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the warm-hearted, loving sympathizer, and the ready, acceptable, considerate, and prudent adviser; and the rectory of St. Stephen's was made the resting-place, always open and always refreshing, to me, as well as to all the other young brethren who were then beginning their ministry in and around Providence. Indeed, as life has gone on and its duties have multiplied, I have wondered more and more how it could have been possible for him to endure the encroachments upon precious time which were involved in that constant openness of hospitality; and I realize more and more to how much of considerate, generous, and self-sacrificing sympathy we must have been indebted for it."

A friend writes from England,—"The news of his death greatly shocked me. He was one seldom met with,—so good, so kind, so courteous, indeed possessing every grace a Christian should possess, but which is so seldom attained. There is but one thing to comfort us, and that is that the dear one has entered into his rest."

From another friend, at present residing in England, comes the following tribute: "I shall never forget how beautifully he conducted morning prayers at the Vineyard, in 1874, when I was over on a visit. His reading of the Scriptures was remarkable, and impressed me deeply."

Thirty-two years after he left Wakefield, a friend writes,—"He is always spoken of with love by those who knew him well, and with reverence and respect by all. What a lovely record he has left! What a comfort it must be to his family to know how he was appreciated, and how much good he accomplished, though his life was comparatively short."

Thirty-seven years after he left Bristol, one who was a young girl when he lived there, writes,—"How much we all thought of him! Oh! I can see him now, in imagination, in the old vestry, reading and explaining scripture in his ardent, earnest manner, and reading our beautiful service in his delightful way! If there was ever one who gave his whole heart and soul to his work, it was he."

A clergyman in a distant Diocese writes,—"I mourn the de-

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parture of a noble-hearted man, a devoted child of God, and a ceaseless worker for his Master. *We* give him tears. GOD greets him 'blessed.' "

A New Hampshire clergyman writes,—"To him the whole Diocese owes so much, and he will be sorely missed. His genial kindness and readiness to help his younger friends will make his memory always a very pleasant one, while his activity and energy will be greatly missed by the entire Diocese."

A well-known clergyman, the head of an important institution of the church, says,—"Forty-three years ago we met in Bristol college, and though we had never seen each other before, we became from that day brothers, and I am sure that I have never regarded him with feelings other than those of affection. What he was to me, a lonely lad, on the first day of our acquaintance, was a type of what he did for me whenever he had the opportunity. He was always the same kind and genial friend, and I feel to-day that I have met with a loss which can never be repaired. Some perhaps will say, 'Others will step in and take his place, and the world will go on the same,' but it is not so. It is a loss to me which cannot be made up; the world to me cannot go on the same. These friendships which extend over the best part of one's life are severed, and our life becomes a different life."

From one of the missionary stations in New Hampshire, in which he had taken much interest, comes the following: "Every one was so delighted with him when he was here the last time! His text was, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock;' and many said, 'I never heard such a sermon before.' Oh! if we could have him with us all the time, we could not help being good."

From one long prominently connected with the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, where Dr. Eames was chaplain for about eighteen years: "I come to you with a heavy burden of sorrow, at the loss of their beloved chaplain, from the many hearts that have been soothed and comforted, and taught a better, truer way of life. Dr. Eames brought rare gifts for the performance of his duties here, for the geniality and kindliness of his feelings

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beamed out in look and tone and gesture, to interest, attract, and comfort his despondent, listless, and restless hearers. Most truly in him, 'the disciple whom Jesus loved' had a living representative. Every Sunday evening there sat before him those whom, from the worry, fret, and anxiety of mind, were filled with forebodings of unseen troubles, with the awful fear of sin committed, excluding them forever from the presence of God. All the exciting and depressing, the cheerful and sorrowful emotions, the benevolent and malevolent affections, without guide or rudder, were represented in his audience. We know that often this question came with terrible force to him, 'Who shall minister to a mind diseased?' How acceptably he answered it in all the ministrations of Divine service, the deep sorrow over the loss of their beloved chaplain testifies. In the name of this peculiar congregation, and in the name of those of us who, with somewhat clearer minds, listened, and were, we hope, made better by these Sabbath services, I offer our profound sympathy. Of the great darkness that has come over your own life, of the terrible loss to you, the beloved partner in all that serene, benignant, and beautiful life, it does not behoove me to speak. That life remains a benediction upon you. I can only offer you, in the name of all who have been blest by his ministrations here, our heartfelt sorrow and sympathy;—and the Superintendent wishes me to add, to the expression of loss to the Asylum, his own deep sense of personal loss in the friend he had valued and loved."

A well-known statesman of New Hampshire says,—"For twenty years I have known and loved Dr. Eames. I have been associated with him in different places, and have enjoyed with him many public occasions, and seasons of quiet intercourse. The memory of these comes to me full of fragrance. As a boy in college, as a young man engaging in affairs, and later as an associate in various duties, I recall repeated and recurring instances of his consideration, his gentleness, his unfaltering kindness, and continuing regard. I hasten to place my poor tribute of affection and regret among the many testimonials that I feel his worth will bring to you.

'None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise.'

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The church, friends, and communities alike deplore his sudden decease, in the ripeness of his years, the crowning period of his usefulness, the fulness of his well-earned happiness."

From a former parishioner in Concord, but now living in another city: "Though so long an attendant elsewhere, I feel that I belong to St. Paul's, and that Dr. Eames was my beloved Pastor. I am sure of one thing, my heart never went out to any other as to him. Few possessed more lovable qualities. His kindness, his serenity and quietness, his thoughtfulness of others, his ever lovely and courteous manner, have made for him friends who will long and sincerely mourn him, and his memory will be always dear to them. I do not forget that he baptized my children, and was always so kind and good to me. It will always make me sad when I visit Concord, to miss his kindly greeting."

A member of Ascension church, Wakefield, writes,—"His old parish here, where he labored so long and so faithfully, have seen but little of him for many years, but he has always been beloved and venerated by all: every one remembers his unfailing kindness and courtesy to all. He has left a beautiful record of a blameless life."

And another member of the same parish says,—"I never knew a man so universally beloved: I do not think he had an enemy in the wide world. He has now entered upon that rest for which he was so fully prepared, and is reaping the reward of his well-spent life. How much he has accomplished in his devoted life! He came here when I was a young mother. He baptized my children. Oh! those happy days, around which memory fondly loves to linger!"

And the clergyman, who, after more than thirty years, succeeded him in that parish, writes,—"Occupying a position in this community once held by him, the occurrence of his death could not well be a matter of entire indifference to me, even though I had not known him well by reputation for his great usefulness in the church. My motive in writing now is, to apprise you of the manner in which the sad tidings of his death were received by

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this community. I have been perfectly astonished at the depth and the extent of the sorrow that has been felt here. It would have seemed incredible to any one not acquainted with the facts, that so much genuine and heartfelt regret should have been elicited by one who so long ago moved away. Nothing has of late impressed me more with the permanence of a true Christian's influence than this. A man who was so loved and mourned by those who were supposed to have all but forgotten him, must have possessed more than ordinary Christian graces. So I reasoned, as I beheld the demonstrations of grief around me when the news came, and I was not surprised that my inquiries in regard to Dr. Eames drew out expressions like these: 'I never knew a lovelier character;' 'He was the kindest of friends;' and others to the same effect. 'Though dead, he yet speaketh.' In one sense his ministry to this community ceased many years ago: in another sense, it still continues, for his influence is still felt, and I have no doubt will be felt for a long time to come."

This is the testimony of a clergyman who had known him from his boyhood: "I have been called to part with one endeared to me from my earliest boyhood, one with whom I had roomed and slept, and prepared for college. And, oh! what a blessed recollection, that, during more than forty years, our friendship never faltered, our love for each other never waxed cold, and, so far as I know, no disagreement ever existed between us. He has gone a little before, and we will soon follow on. He is in Paradise, with Jesus and the blessed. We are still the subjects of trial, disappointment, and sorrow; but he is at rest, in those Mansions prepared for all the faithful followers of Christ. Can it be that we shall never again listen to the sweet sounds of that voice which always had a kind word of sympathy and love for every one? The sketch, in the *Monitor*, of his life and ministry, revived the recollection of many things at Fruit Hill in connection with him, for no two persons were more intimate in those days than he and I. We studied together, we walked and rode together. Many and many a Sunday did we, with H. B., and others, go out to Johnston, and conduct Sunday-school services. After a while, this grew into a regular morning service and reading of a sermon. I was with him, too, when he measured

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and secured the lot upon which the church was built at Crompton Mills. I well remember it, for we had gone out the afternoon before, and did not arrive until after the supper hour; and when the family where we stayed offered to provide us with something to eat, he, in his great modesty, and fear of putting them to trouble, declined the offer, and we went supperless to bed."

A clergyman in the northern part of New Hampshire writes,—"I can hardly realize that good Dr. Eames has gone to his rest, and that we shall see his kind face and hear his pleasant voice no more in this world. He had come to hold a very warm place in my heart, as he did also, I am sure, in the hearts of all who knew him; and it will be long ere his death is fully realized, and longer still ere he ceases to be missed and his loss mourned. Wherever I have been in this Diocese, I have heard his name mentioned invariably with the greatest respect and affection; and here, among my own people, there are many who have long entertained the very highest regard for him, and who, for a long time to come, will tenderly cherish his memory. His work in this region is often spoken of, and always with words of commendation. We, and the clergy, shall all greatly miss him in our councils and in our work. But I cannot help feeling that there is something very pleasant and very sweet in his death, for he was 'a good man.' He had done his work for Christ faithfully and well; he was honored and beloved by all the good and true who had known him; and, bearing this noble record, he has passed from the labors of earth to the rest of Paradise, certain of his reward in the last great day. What is more to be desired by any of us, than a life like that accomplished, and eternal blessedness secured beyond the possibility of losing it?"

Only one more letter can be given from the many that came from Bermuda, as it would take too much space to print even a quarter part of them: "When we saw the body of your dear husband placed on board the Canima, and then bade farewell to you, knowing that you were about to commence so very sad and trying a journey, we all felt for you very much, and you had the warm est sympathy and most earnest prayers of every Bermudian. Prayers were offered for you in every church, and the devout petitions of the congregations that went up, from their inmost

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hearts, were, I trust, answered in rich gifts of grace and consolation from 'the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulations.' We were all very thankful and relieved, when we heard that you had arrived safely in New York, and were there met by friends from Providence and Concord. 'Man proposes, but God disposes.' We were all looking forward with so much anticipation at having the Doctor and yourself with us again. When here before, the Doctor had endeared himself to us by his kind and genial manners, his goodness and earnestness; and we had learnt to look upon you both as dear friends. We of the clergy, especially, were rejoicing in the thought of having him among us again. But God ordered otherwise. He had better things in store for the Doctor, and called him from this world of trouble and imperfection unto the joy of the Lord."

This comes from a clergyman once connected with St. Paul's School, but now having parochial charge in another Diocese: "The Doctor was a man whom, though many years older than myself, I always counted as a personal friend, and towards whom I always entertained a warm regard. Our relations were uniformly cordial and pleasant. He was always ready with a kindly word; and, as a younger clergyman, I could look upon him as one with whom I could take counsel freely in regard to our common work. I shall always remember my last visit to Concord. It was three years ago, about the last of November. I arrived just in time for the service (it being the 'Day of Intercession'), and took the Doctor by surprise in the robing-room of the church. We divided the service between us, the last service in which we were ever to be united on earth. I spent the night with the Doctor at his house. We talked very freely together on matters of personal interest, he giving me a particular account of the circumstances which led to his coming to Concord. Our conversation was of a more confidential character than at any previous time in our acquaintance. I shall always recall it with pleasure. I look back upon the many occasions which have brought me under his hospitable roof in past years as among the pleasantest of my associations with the period of my life spent in Concord."

A cousin writes,—"I remember, when I was a very young girl,

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hearing about Dr. Eames at Greeneville, and wondering why it was that mission work of that sort was given to him; but I know now why. It takes the best material for the feeble places, and the work at Greeneville was just what the work afterwards in Concord was,—thorough, faithful, of the kind that lives. He has left a definite mark behind him, the success of all the work he ever took in hand."

This comes from a lady whose services for several years as organist in St. Paul's church were invaluable, but who now lives in the far West: "Many hearts were filled with grief, when the sad and unexpected intelligence was spread abroad that Dr. Eames was dead. But to very few could it have brought more sorrow than to me; and when I read the account of the funeral services held in the dear church I loved so well, I felt as though I must be there to mingle my tears with those who were permitted to pay the last offices of respect and friendship to our beloved Rector. As I think of him, my mind goes back to those years before I left home; and how well do I remember his kind and encouraging words to me when engaged in preparing the music for church, or teaching the children their carols. If I was tired, or out of patience, he would say, 'Don't be discouraged, it will all be right,'—and it always was right. I was always happy in doing that part of the church work, for did ever any children sing more sweetly than mine? And how pleased the Doctor always was in hearing them! I see him now, so plainly, on a bright Easter or Christmas morning, standing in the chancel with all the children round him;—and I shall never forget it. When I go home again, I shall miss his cordial welcome; and how strange it will seem to see a new face, and to hear a new voice, in those places that have known him for so many years! I cannot bear to think it must be so."

This comes from one well known in the literary world, who, in her early girlhood, was one of his flock in St. Stephen's parish: "So beautiful and worthy a record has he left, and so holy and wide-spreading an influence for good, we surely have much to rejoice in, though we may miss him, and sorrow for his absence. I used to value his ministry, and to love him dearly as a pastor and friend. Do you know that I owe to him much for the

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first impulse to write for the public? He had preached, or, rather, addressed us in an impromptu, but earnest and solemn, manner, concerning keeping Holy Week, from the text, 'What, could ye not watch with me one hour?' I was so deeply impressed, that I wrote three verses about it, and placed them on his desk in the lecture-room. He thanked me for the responsive words, and in a week or two afterwards brought to me a little paper printed at a fair, with my article in it; and from this encouragement I was strengthened to go on until now. I shall always hold him in very sacred esteem, as one of my most helpful and dear pastors."

From a Bishop in the distant West, who in early ministerial life was much associated with Dr. Eames: "I have learned of the sudden decease of my old and well-loved friend and brother. When I saw the notice of his departure for the sunny isles, I thought of the pleasure and the benefit he would derive from his visit; and then, alas! came the news of that sad disappointment! But he has been tried, and needed not the opportunities of long sickness and repeated conversations to satisfy us of his fitness for the end. His life of lovely purity and of loving kindness, his meek and tireless devotion to duty, his gentleness, his patience, his spirit of prayer and praise—all these we have continually seen; and we can feel assured that this faithful servant of his Lord has entered into His joy. The poor love him, and will ever remember him. Friends cherish the memory of his great, warm, loving heart. His Christian brethren sympathize in the depth of his love and worship. His is the gain, and ours is the grief."

And the same Bishop writes to a member of St. Paul's church,—"We feel very much the sudden loss of your late beloved Rector. He was an old and very dear friend of mine. We were young men together, and he was one of the loveliest characters,—so amiable and true-hearted,—and a man of fine mind, very sensible and intelligent, and an excellent sermonizer. He always made friends, and nobody could be his enemy. I shall miss him very much. I am very thankful I saw him at the General Convention, although I little dreamed it was for the last time. I have known them from their earliest married life, and he was always to her, as she was to him, the light of the eyes."

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And another Bishop writes,—"I have shared with many others the sense of the church's loss in the death of Dr. Eames, whom I remember in the pleasantest way for his uniform and cordial courtesy to me."

And another, from the Pacific shore, writes,—"The excellent and honored Doctor seemed in such good health when I saw him last, and was so vigorous in his work, that I was startled at the announcement of his death. I need not remind you of the sources of comfort and consolation under such a sorrow. It is but "a little while," for all of us, till we must sever all earthly ties, and enter the land beyond.

'The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest.
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.' "

A young parishioner, away at boarding-school, says,—"May I not tell you how much sorrow I have felt since I heard of the death of Dr. Eames? I need not tell you how much he was loved by all our family, but I always felt as if I had a little the first claim, as I was the first one of us he baptized. He seems so mingled with all my life, as I look back upon it! How will Concord ever seem like the same place without him; and how I shall miss his kind greetings and kindly interest, and that quiet courtesy which always awoke in me a feeling of refinement and self-respect! No other pastor can be to us what he was, and to lose a friend like him is a great misfortune."

From a layman, who was much with him at the beginning of his ministry in Concord: "The news of the death of Dr. Eames was a sad and sudden blow to me. The funeral ceremonies in St Paul's church were a fitting tribute of the people among whom he had lived so long, and for whose welfare he had labored so earnestly. The name he has left behind will be an enduring monument. To the sick, the poor, and the helpless, he was a friend, and their grateful tears will keep his memory forever fresh. To all, his bearing was most courteous. His nature was void of artifice. He united the simplicity of a child with that true dignity which becomes a man. There was a rare consistency between the high and sacred office he bore, and his daily life. It was the constant means by which an earnest nature sought to

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promote the good of others. His teachings found no fitter illustration than was afforded by his own life. Knowing him intimately, and loving him well, as I did, I can recall no unpleasant reminiscence in all these many years. I always regarded his character with admiration, and speak with great candor when I say that he possessed one of the most perfect natures I ever knew."

The children of a dear friend in Newton sent a wreath of daisies, to be hung, Whitsunday, on the chair in which he used to sit in church; and their mother writes,—"Yes, the children loved to gather the flowers and grasses for him, for they all loved him. Was there ever a child who could help doing so? His pure, childlike heart was so in unison with theirs! Bless his dear memory! I am glad I ever met one who so fully realized my ideal of a holy priest of God."

The Principal of a large and successful school for girls near Philadelphia says,—"No man was more holy in life or faithful in his work than Dr. Eames, and in his death the church and the community suffer a loss from which they cannot soon recover. I feel very sad in view of his departure from us, but I know he has gone to his rest after the successful labors of a devoted life. He was a lovely and a noble man, for whom I had always the highest respect and admiration. He had many friends, and I am sure that no man in Concord could have been more sincerely lamented."

A friend in Boston pays this tribute: "He was a sunny soul, and made one feel bright to he near him. I noticed that Bishop Niles, in your Convention, referred to his pastoral labors;—he could do it with a clear conscience, for if there was ever a faithful shepherd of the flock, I think he was one."

A clergyman in the far West says,—"Though words are so powerless to express the deepest thoughts of our hearts, please receive the assurance of my sympathy, as being very heartfelt. As a rich and full sheaf, the dear Doctor was gathered into the Master's garner. Would God we could all do our work as well and as faithfully. The days I spent in Concord have nought but the most pleasant and grateful memories, and I love to dwell upon them. Very often since then have they come up, while harassed

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by the toil and care of trying to do the work before me, and been restful to me."

One with whom he had often been in times of sickness and distress writes,—"The Doctor's kindness to us in our severe trials comes up before us with a vividness that needs no painting, and we often talk of those days and of him. Now he has gone, and our mortal eyes shall see him no more, and our heartfelt thanks and love can never be spoken. The last time I heard him preach, he seemed so spiritual in the pulpit, so earnest in the service, that I thought, He hears the tread of invisible feet, and will leave us some day without warning."

One whom he guided with loving pastoral care from babyhood to womanhood writes,—"I wish I could tell you how many very fresh and precious recollections of my dear Pastor I have. I always love to remember, especially, the call I made him at the time of my Confirmation, and his affectionate reception of me. And our pleasant talks about the music of the week-day services are special memories of those later years. You must feel that he is never forgotten by us, his children indeed; and I pray very earnestly to be given grace to live as he would have liked to see me."

And one who knew him all his life in Concord says,—"His eye was ever full of blessings, his hand was always full of good things for others. His comforting voice we nevermore shall hear."

The wife of a clergyman in a neighboring city thus speaks of being at a parish gathering at "The Elms:" "I have never ceased to recall with pleasure the two or three days Dr. Eames spent at our house when he exchanged with my husband;—and I was so glad to have an opportunity to see you both in your own home two winters ago, when he did so much that evening, in his own charming, polite way, to make the time pass pleasantly to me, a stranger to all save yourselves, that it will always be a pleasant memory."

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ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF HON. JAMES A. PEARCE,

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

ON

TUESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1863

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1863.

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IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

THURSDAY, *February* 12, 1863.

Resolved, That ten thousand copies of the eulogies on the life and character of the Hon. JAMES A. PEARCE, delivered in the Senate and House of Representatives, be printed for the use of this House.

Attest:

EM. ETHERIDGE, *Clerk*.

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ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF HON. JAMES A. PEARCE.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,

TUESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1863.

Address of MR. KENNEDY, *of Maryland.*

MR. PRESIDENT: The portals of the tomb have scarcely closed over a late honored associate and colleague, when again the grim messenger of death has entered this chamber and taken from its deliberations a bright and leading light, one whose long and exemplary service had secured the respect and consideration of this body; a faithful guardian of the high trusts reposed in him; always a defender of the right, an enlightened counsellor, and a wise and comprehensive statesman.

Sir, the melancholy duty has devolved on me to announce the death of my late distinguished friend and colleague, the Hon. JAMES ALFRED PEARCE, long a senator in Congress from the State of Maryland. He died at his residence in Chestertown, Kent county, on the 21st of December, 1862, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, after a long and painful illness, which kept him from his seat the greater part of the last session. For the last six months of his life he had but little alleviation from intense suffering, and but little hope of relief, save

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in the repose of the silent tomb. Neither skill nor the tenderness of affection could stay the cold hand of death. In the hour of his country's greatest need, while the ruthless shock of civil war was forcing the very strongholds of its liberty; in the full vigor of a ripened intellect; in the midst of his powers for usefulness, his sun has gone down forever, and all that was mortal of that wise and trusted senator has descended to the grave.

In offering this feeble tribute of my respect and appreciation for his character and endowments I shall not intrude upon the solemn occasion any elaborate exposition of his political opinions, or lengthened eulogy upon the many excellencies of his character, but follow a sacred custom in briefly tracing the principal points and facts of his life, through a career of honorable distinction and usefulness.

Mr. Pearce was the son of Gideon Pearce, esq., of Kent county, Maryland, but was born at the residence of his grandfather, Dr. E. C. Dick, in Alexandria, Virginia, on the 14th of December, 1805. His paternal ancestors were of Scottish origin, and came to the province of Maryland about the year 1670, and held many positions of distinction and influence from that early period in the history of our State. He manifested many of the traits of his Scottish progenitors, and in none more than the steady perseverance which marked his whole life in the attainment of high objects. This was no less shown in his earliest days than in the later periods of his life, when discharging the responsible duties of his public station. So thorough had been his preparation for college, under the tuition of an eminent

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master at Alexandria, and so great was his aptness and application, that he entered Princeton College at a period when most boys are just beginning the higher studies of an academic course. He was admitted to his first degree at the early age of seventeen, having graduated with the highest honors of his class, which comprised many names since distinguished in the various departments of science and learning throughout the country. Subsequently he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1824.

After this he resided a short period in Louisiana, but returning to Maryland he was elected to a seat in the House of Delegates of that State in 1831. Though too young and modest to assume a leading part, it was the commencement of a political career such as few attain to, and such as any might well be proud of. In 1835 he was elected to represent his district in Congress, and re-elected for a second term, ending in 1839. For the succeeding Congress he was defeated by Hon. Philip Francis Thomas, afterward governor of the State—but was again returned in 1841, and served until 1843. During this period he acquired much reputation by his general course in the popular branch of Congress, but especially by his report on the question of refunding the fine imposed upon General Jackson. This brought him so prominently before the people of his State that he was elected that year (1843) to a seat in the Senate of the United States, to succeed Hon. John Leeds Kerr. From that date he was successively re-elected in 1849, 1854, and 1861; his term consequently would not have expired until 1867—thus having given to his country, in

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the national councils, twenty-five years of service to its best interests, never charged with the reproach of narrow partisanship or sectional motives, but at all times acting under the influence of a broad and comprehensive American statesmanship.

Mr. President, it may be a fact worthy of recording in this hasty sketch of my late colleague, that he never was defeated in any contest for public station or preferment, by the people or legislature of his State, from the first struggle for the honors of his college class, down to his last re-election to this body, with the exception of one term in the House of Representatives, which I have already named.

This is the summary of the public service of Mr. PEARCE; and however prominent it may stand out, he yet was marked in other spheres of life. Notwithstanding the duties of his public position, which he faithfully discharged, he was never neglectful of the practice of his profession, in which he held high rank, and was eminently successful. He was Professor of Law in Washington College, at Chestertown. He was further honored with the degree of Doctor of Laws, conferred upon him by the College of St. James, in Maryland, and also by his ancient Alma Mater, the college of Princeton. His qualifications for high judicial station were so well esteemed that he was offered, at one time, a seat on the bench of the United States district court for the State of Maryland. He was afterwards, during the same presidential term of Mr. Fillmore, nominated and confirmed by the Senate as Secretary of the Interior, which distinguished mark of appreciation he also declined, pre-

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ferring to remain in the Senate, where his sphere of usefulness was more extended, and more in consonance with his tastes and studies. As a friend of science and the promotion of knowledge, he was appointed a regent of the Smithsonian Institute shortly after its establishment, which post he held to the day of his death. For seventeen years of his service in the Senate he was at the head of the Joiut Committee on the Library of Congress, and, by his scholarly tastes and discriminating judgment, has contributed much to its present enlarged condition of usefulness.

Mr. PEARCE was a man of varied tastes and acquirements, combining in a greater degree, perhaps, than almost any public man of his times, the learning of the statesman and jurist with that of the accomplished scholar. He was fond of paintings and music; was gifted with a fine voice, with which at times he charmed the social circle, as he always did by the finished style of his conversation. He was much given to the pursuits of agriculture, and took a deep interest in all that pertained to its scientific advancement. He cultivated with great success fruits and flowers. Indeed, so general was his information, so cultivated was his intellect, and so thoroughly national and broad were his political views, that his reputation was not long confined to the limits of his State, but attracted such consideration among the galaxy of distinguished men who grew up with the whig party, that upon more than one occasion his name was publicly canvassed in connexion with the presidency of the United States. In politics Mr. PEARCE had always been a leading and prominent member of the

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whig party, and advocated its doctrines till it ceased to exist, in 1852. From that period to his death he co-operated with the democratic party, consistently maintaining to the last those high principles by which he thought the Constitution could only be enforced, and through it a free representative government of equal States preserved.

It was during the excited scenes of 1850, when the territorial question had aroused a fearful sectional spirit, when Clay and Webster stood hand in hand to resist the storm and avert the perils that threatened our common country, that Mr. PEARCE made, perhaps, the most signal effort of his senatorial career, in carrying an amendment to the memorable compromise measures which changed the original bill, after a most excited debate, and against the most vehement opposition of Mr. Clay, who reported them.

Generally averse to speaking, he suffered himself at times to rest under the imputation of an unwillingness to meet responsibility; when at others he would throw himself into the arena and encounter the boldest and ablest leaders of the times. He was no orator in the popular sense; his sphere was among men of intellect; his force was in convincing the minds of the cultivated and intelligent, rather than by fervid declamation to sway or excite the multitude. He never sought to subvert the judgment of the people by inflaming their passions.

Mr. President, it is no slight evidence of high merit when a comparatively young man could carry a measure against the dictation and power of such a party leader

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as Henry Clay, or acquire a national reputation at a period when giant intellects were struggling for party ascendancy; when Clay and Webster, Calhoun and Benton, and other great lights, swayed the measures and policy of the country; yet, sir, he achieved that triumph; and while he was always regarded with just pride by his State, there were many occasions in the stormy times of the old whig conflicts when public sentiment acknowledged the enlightened conservatism of his statesmanship. He comprehended fully the complex character of our government, and in the support of measures he looked only to high principles. His aim was to develop the great interests of his country; to elevate it to the highest summit of a just and durable glory. Whatever errors of opinion may have been ascribed to him by persons of different political sentiments, the most earnest of his opponents have never found occasion to breathe a suspicion against his integrity. He had the most scrupulous regard for truth; and his social and frank nature, his fine manners and great conversational powers made him an attractive and instructive companion, while no man was more sincere and true in his friendships.

As a senator, he illustrated and adorned the high position so often conferred upon him by his State; he was dignified and courteous; his elevated moral sense was universally acknowledged; and the records of our parliamentary history will transmit his name in conspicuous association with the long list of leading men who impressed their views upon the policy of the country, and

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will preserve to posterity many enduring memorials of his enlightened service and exalted patriotism.

Mr. President, in concluding this imperfect and hasty sketch of our late associate, it will be gratifying to his friends to know that no clouds overhung his future, but that his pathway to the grave was brightened by the hopes of a blissful immortality; and in placing upon record the assurance of the complete and comprehensive religious belief he died in, I am permitted to say that his mind was so set upon the safety of his soul that it allowed no contending thoughts beyond those which the unhappy condition of the country could not fail to bring before one so truly devoted to its best interests, and so truly distressed at the perils which surround it.

He often expressed the only regret he had in death was that he could not exhibit to the associates of his public life the new light which he deemed not merely of vital importance to every man, but of inestimable value to every walk in life—not less to the statesman than to the minister of the Gospel. "And to add greater honors to his age than man could give, he died fearing God."

Thus, Mr. President, lived and died a virtuous statesman and a Christian gentleman.

Mr. President, I offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate of the United States has received with the deepest sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. JAMES ALFRED PEARCE.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the members and officers of the Senate will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

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Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect for the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn.

Ordered, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Address of Mr. Bayard, *of Delaware.*

Mr. President: Perhaps it might be questioned whether the custom of announcing formally the death of those senators who die during the recess of Congress, or while absent from Washington, is altogether advisable and free from objections; but while it exists, no man's memory is better entitled to its just tribute than that of the deceased senator from Maryland.

My acquaintance with Mr. Pearce before I became a member of this body was so slight, and our intercourse had been so casual and transient, that, though an admirer of his public course, even while we were members of opposing parties, I did not fully estimate the extent of his capacity and his value to his country.

In this body, for now nearly twelve years, I have had better opportunities for observation, and my admiration and confidence have grown with my knowledge of the man.

Of an integrity beyond even a suspicion, he was eminently a statesman, and a conservative statesman. Highly educated, devoted to his country and his duties, he brought to the consideration of public affairs an enlarged intellect, acute discrimination, and profound knowledge, and, what is far more rare, a sound judgment, unbiased by prejudice or passion.

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In debate on any subject which he discussed, he was listened to with attention, and commanded that confidence and weight in our deliberations to which he was so justly entitled. Always clear and logical in his argument, his appeals were to our reason, not to our passions or prejudices. Though, perhaps, not a brilliant debater, his calm clearness, his moderation of language, and thorough knowledge of the subject under discussion, made him a formidable opponent, and gave him a weight and influence in the conduct of public affairs seldom exceeded.

His love of country and high sense of duty were beyond question. The courtesy of a gentleman also characterized his intercourse with his fellow senators in this hall, and in social life I can recall no instance in which he uttered language wounding or irritating to the feelings of those whom he opposed in debate. In social intercourse his intelligence, varied knowledge, and amenity made him an agreeable and instructive companion. Such is my estimate of our departed colleague.

His loss to his State and his country may not at first, amidst the daily occurrence of exciting events, be fully realized, but will be felt in the future, and his State will find it difficult to replace him by an equal. To his family and friends that loss is irreparable; but leaves the melancholy consolation, that when so able, so good, and so upright a man dies, the loss is not to him, but to those who survive. I have always fancied there was much of truth in the saying of the ancients, "Ον οἱ θεοὶ φιλουσιν, αποθνησκει νεος;" and though our colleague did not die a young man, yet he was called from us in the full

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maturity of his powers, with the confidence of his country established by his past services and career. Cut off thus by the inscrutable providence of God in the meridian of his capacity for protection to his family and service to his country, it may be well for us if his death brings home to our gravest reflections the transitory nature of human existence, and the utter vanity of human ambition.

Mr. President, the Senate may possess in the future, as in the past, more eloquent debaters than my deceased friend from Maryland, but we shall look in vain for a sounder judgment, better balanced intellectual and moral qualities, or more reflective and enlightened statesmanship, than was combined in JAMES ALFRED PEARCE.

Address of Mr. FESSENDEN, *of Maine.*

Mr. PRESIDENT: I knew the late Senator PEARCE well. Members of the twenty-seventh Congress in the House of Representatives, and belonging to the same political party, our relations, though not intimate, were friendly; and I could not fail to recognize in him a careful and logical thinker, an accomplished scholar, and a most courteous and agreeable gentleman. Returning to Congress after a long absence, I found him occupying a most distinguished position in the Senate, and filling a large space in the public eye. Still members of the same political party, we met only to renew and strengthen our friendly relations. At that precise period, however, was pending a measure, destined to

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sever political ties, separate personal friends, engender and imbitter sectional controversies, and finally, in its consequences, to afford the pretext for a long contemplated effort to overthrow the government and destroy the Union, leading to all the horrors of civil war, in its most dire and destructive form. You will, of course, understand, sir, that I allude to the repeal of the Missouri restriction. Of that repeal, Senator PEARCE, though in one sense a supporter, was not an advocate. I feel justified in saying that, however he might have felt compelled to countenance that most disastrous measure, he lamented its introduction, foresaw many of its evils, and had no sympathy either with its authors or their purposes.

Of the time which has since elapsed I have only to remark, in this connexion, that it placed us, politically, wide as the poles asunder. We were in opposite currents, and they bore us daily further and further apart. A southern man and a slaveholder, he became, whether from necessity or choice, a participator in the consequent struggle for permanent southern ascendancy; and truth compels me to admit that most of the series of measures which marked that struggle received his co-operation. There were occasions, however, when, shaking from his limbs both sectional and party shackles, he disdained to violate his sense of right in obedience to the behests of party or section. Of such occasions instances might easily be found, and some of them are probably within the recollection of many senators now present.

An event approached which was to throw into the shade all previous epochs in the history of this nation.

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The evil seed, industriously sown by designing and wicked men, sprang forth at last, and produced its deadly fruit. The pernicious doctrines taught by the apostles of treason, under the names of nullification first, and secession afterwards, culminated in open rebellion. The leaders of that rebellion were many of them his personal, and all of them his political friends. They claimed to be acting in defence of an institution vital to their welfare, and in which all had a common interest. They claimed, moreover, that their common rights were in danger of utter overthrow and consequent annihilation, and called upon all exposed to the common peril for aid. either in the council or in the field. Gigantic in its proportions, the rebellion was prepared with a skill, burst forth with a fury, and was conducted with a vigor, which, notwithstanding its colossal strength, has shaken our national edifice to its base. I am, however, happy in the belief that at no time did this horrible crime against humanity receive either countenance or sympathy from the senator of whom I am speaking. Southern man though he was, and closely allied to the south by family and friendly ties, his clear and logical intellect was never clouded or confused for a moment by the meretricious jargon with which treason strove to cover its deformities; nor was his heart, strained as it undoubtedly was by the rending asunder of so many cords, perverted from its allegiance. Failing in health, and conscious that the destroyer's hand was upon him, he gave to his country all his remaining strength. To the government, though not of his choice, he yielded a steady, unfaltering, and liberal support—not timidly and

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grudgingly, but manfully and generously. Though disapproving, as a constitutional lawyer, of measures which the Executive believed to be essential, he did not reserve all his indignation for them, while finding no words of rebuke for infinitely greater sins. His courage was not of that anomalous character which sees no terror in the comet as it rushes athwart the sky—

> "And from its horrid hair
> Shakes pestilence and war,"

while it trembles at every falling star.

I have said that I was happy in the belief that at no time since the commencement of this great struggle was he of whom I speak untrue to his trust. My satisfaction has its origin particularly in the fact that, notwithstanding all difference of opinion and diversity of action, our personal relations always remained of the most friendly character. To daily intercourse in the Senate was more recently added constant and frequent association upon two committees. It was not possible that such intercourse and association with Senator PEARCE should fail to create a high estimation of his capacity as a legislator, while they developed qualities of mind and traits of character eminently striking and attractive. Long a member of the Committee on Finance, and assiduous in the discharge of his duties, no man was better versed in the financial history of his country, more thoroughly comprehended its resources, or was more familiar with its wants. Economical from principle and habit, convinced that a lavish expenditure was of evil tendency in nations as in individual affairs, and conscien-

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tious in the discharge of public as of private trusts, he was scrupulously careful of the public money. But he was too broad a statesman and too well aware of national obligations and necessities to be mean or niggardly. There was nothing local or sectional in his legislation. With him the voice of justice was potent, and he obeyed that voice as willingly when borne upon a northern as a southern breeze.

Chairman for many years of the Committee on the Library, his associates on that committee enjoyed a companionship with him no less pleasing than instructive. Distinguished as a scholar in early life, thoroughly imbued with a love of letters and of science, delighting in books, he had read much and well upon a great variety of subjects. An accurate and painstaking lawyer, his mind was disciplined to logical exactness. Fond of the beautiful in all its forms, and quick to discern it, his taste, naturally good, had been highly and carefully cultivated. He loved poetry and painting and sculpture and music and flowers. It is not singular that, thus organized, he should have felt and manifested a deep interest in whatever tended to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge, and to increase the sum of human enjoyment—that the Library of Congress, the Smithsonian Institution, the Coast Survey, the Botanic Garden, our exploring and scientific expeditions, the adornment of the Capitol, all should have experienced his fostering care, and found in him an advocate and a friend.

Thus bringing to the discharge of his duties a rare intelligence and a highly cultivated intellect, trained and disciplined in the forum, fluent and easy of speech, grace-

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ful in manners, and of a winning address, speaking always directly to the point in debate, our late associate early attained and always held an enviable position among the most prominent members of this body. No one ever presumed less upon such well-earned honors. Affable and courteous, he was careful not to offend by word or manner. Quick to resent an affront, and exacting the respect due to himself, he never forgot what was due to others. Of a somewhat impatient temper, he kept the most vigilant watch over it; and, if betrayed into unguarded warmth, was ever ready to regret and atone for any possible offence. Such an example is well worthy of imitation. It bespeaks a kindness of heart and delicacy of feeling which always mark the true gentleman, and of which vulgar and cowardly natures are incapable.

Senator PEARCE was a statesman, and not a mere politician. You never found him making speeches, long or short, for personal effect. Though a party man, he was not a party tool. Though a stout adversary, he was a generous one. He never inquired the cost of a curtain for the East Room, or counted the spoons on the President's table. He never offered resolutions on which to predicate harangues for local effect. Content to stand upon his own sense of what was due from him to the station he occupied, he left his character and his usefulness to speak for him, both to the Senate and his constituents. A proud man, he scorned the petty arts of the demagogue, and reposed with confidence upon the enlightened judgment of the State which had intrusted its dignity and its interests to his keeping.

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Into the private and domestic life of Senator PEARCE, I will not attempt to enter. It may not, however, be amiss to say that few men were his equals in the charm of social intercourse. Possessing a correct taste and great amenity of manner, being, withal, a close observer of events and a patient thinker, his conversation was both interesting and instructive, and always fastidiously pure. Few have more thoroughly mastered their own language, or could habitually express themselves with equal correctness and elegance. An awkward phrase was to him an annoyance, and vulgarity almost a crime.

Mr. President, in all history we find but few among public men who can be cited as exemplars of all the virtues. The moral sublime is rarely illustrated either in public or private life, except by individual actions. We must judge men, in whatever station, by the age in which they live, the circumstances which surround them, the influences to which they are exposed, and all that goes to the formation and development of individual character. Tried by this standard, how few there are who rise far above the level of their time and surroundings!

After receiving a large share of public attention for many years, our friend and associate has finished his earthly career at a point of time the most striking and eventful in his country's history; at a period when the question of man's capacity for self-government is to be finally determined; when it is to be definitely ascertained whether law and order or anarchy and misrule are to dominate in this hemisphere; whether the cause of progress and civilization is to be benefited or injured,

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strengthened or weakened, by our example; whether freedom to man is henceforward to be the rule or the exception in government; whether, in fine, this western world is to present the imposing spectacle of a great, united, prosperous, powerful, and free people, exhibiting the virtues and bestowing the benefits of peace and a regard for human rights upon all mankind, or whether we are to become a hissing and a byword—a feeble gathering of disunited, scattered, fragmentary, shadowy republics, powerless for good, feared and honored by none, despised by all, and most of all by ourselves, the degraded and degenerate descendants of dead heroes.

As the dying statesman's eye turned for the last time to meet the sun, did his mental vision penetrate beyond the curtain which divides the present from the future? Was he permitted, as earth was fading from his view, to behold the future destiny of his country? What may be the revelations of such a moment none living can disclose. And this is well. Could that mysterious veil be lifted but for a moment, even the stoutest heart might be appalled by what lies beyond. The terrible ordeal through which we may yet be compelled to pass before the end of this mighty struggle is attained, might require more of courage and endurance than fall to the lot of any people. But faith and hope endure forever. To these angels of a merciful and righteous God we may look, in the darkest hour, for support to a righteous cause. Temporary defeat may await our armies, weakness may pervade our councils, rivers of tears may flow from sad and sorrowing eyes, clouds and darkness may

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be around about us, but hope for our beloved land and faith in its destiny will yet strengthen the patriot's heart and nerve his arm as he looks forward to the future.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the Senate adjourned.

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IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1863.

Mr. CRISFIELD. I desire to call up the message from the Senate, now upon the Speaker's table.

The message from the Senate was taken up and read, as follows:

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
January 13, 1863.

Resolved, That the Senate of the United States has received with the deepest sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. JAMES ALFRED PEARCE.

Resolved, That, as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the members and officers of the Senate will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect for the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn.

Ordered, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Attest: J. W. FORNEY,
By W. HICKEY, *Chief Clerk.*

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Address of Mr. CRISFIELD, *of Maryland.*

Mr. SPEAKER: The message which has just been read at your desk is the official notice to this house of an event which was known to each of us, and is mourned by the whole country.

JAMES ALFRED PEARCE, late a senator in Congress from the State of Maryland, after a long and painful illness, died at his residence in Chestertown, Kent county, Maryland, on Saturday, the 20th day of December last.

He was born at the city of Alexandria, on the 14th of December, 1805, and at the period of his death had just entered upon his fifty-eighth year. He was descended, on the paternal side, from one of the oldest and most respectable families in Maryland. His parents resided in Kent county, in that State, but at the time of his birth they happened to be at the residence of his maternal grandfather, the late Dr. Dick, of Alexandria. His mother died when he was quite young; and his early education was directed by careful teachers in the city of his birth, under the superintendence of his grandfather. He early gave evidence of the strong and quick talents which made his after life so distinguished.

While he was yet very young, he was removed to the College of New Jersey, and when he had scarcely completed his sixteenth year, he graduated at that distinguished seat of learning with the first honors of his class. Among his classmates were the late George R.

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Richardson, attorney general of Maryland, in his day one of the brightest ornaments of the Maryland bar; Albert B. Dod, afterwards a distinguished professor of the same college; Hugo Mearns, of Pennsylvania, distinguished for his scholarship; and Edward D. Mansfield, subsequently professor of law in the Cincinnati College. To hold even an equal rank in such fellowship would have been a great honor, but to take precedence over them, at his early age, clearly foreshadowed his subsequent distinction. At that period he distinguished himself not simply for scholarship, but he then gave evidence of the possession of the parliamentary abilities which made his senatorial life so successful. He was a member of the Cliosophic Society, and, as junior orator, he won the first honors over all competition. In 1822 he took the degree of Master of Arts, and at a later period of his life, that venerable institution, in recognition of his talents and public services, honored itself and him by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

He studied law in the city of Baltimore with the late Judge Glenn, and was admitted to the bar in 1824. Shortly after his admission, he commenced the practice of his profession in Cambridge, Maryland. After remaining in Cambridge about a year, he removed to Louisiana, where he remained two or three years engaged in planting. From Louisiana he came to the seat of his family, in Kent county, Maryland, and in that county he resided to the close of his life. On his return to Kent, he resumed the practice of law. He very soon reached the front rank of his profession. His mind, quick, analytical, and discriminating, was admirably fitted for the

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successful pursuit of the law. By careful study he had mastered the great principles of the science and made them his own, and his ready elocution, enriched and adorned by his ripe scholarship, and his immense and varied stores of literature, made him a most powerful and fascinating advocate. If he had confined himself to the pursuit of the law, it is not, I think, too much, nor any disparagement to others, to say that the Maryland bar, at no period of its history, could have pointed to a more profound jurist or a more successful advocate than he would have been. But his fellow-citizens, with appreciative judgment of his capacity for parliamentary duties, and of personal character, did not permit him long to pursue the quiet walks of his profession, but early called him into the public service.

In 1831, without any agency of his own, and contrary to his own expectations, he was sent to the legislature of Maryland. The confidence thus early bestowed was never withdrawn, but, with one single exception, was continued through all the mutations of party down to his death. In 1835 he became a member of this house, and, with the exception of a single term—when he was defeated by a small majority by the Hon. Philip Francis Thomas, afterwards governor of the State, and at a later period Secretary of the Treasury—he was re-elected from term to term till 1843. In 1843 he was transferred to the other house, where he continued, by four successive elections, till his death. This long and uninterrupted period of public service is the most honorable and conclusive proof of his great talents and purity of character; and it is the more honorable and conclu-

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sive when it is remembered—as all who knew him know—that he never, throughout his long career, ever took pains to conciliate the support of any one. He despised the usual arts of electioneering, and when his own election was the subject of consideration he was austere and reserved, even to his friends, to a degree which sometimes provoked complaint. I venture to affirm that at no period, directly or indirectly, did he ever speak one word, or do any act, with a view to propitiate any voter to his support; and from a long personal acquaintance with his character, I can say that his delicate sense of propriety would not have permitted him to accept office, except in obedience to the unsought requisition of his fellow-citizens that his time and talents should be devoted to the public service.

The records of Congress for the last twenty-seven years are replete with the evidences of the wisdom and value of his labors. I shall not attempt to recount them in detail: they are well known and deservedly appreciated by the country. These records, I will, however, say, do show that he was a wise, prudent, and patriotic statesman; that in no single instance did he forget his own dignity, his duty to the whole country, and his devotion to his own State and people; that he never was a partisan wrangler—the factious opponent of those from whom he differed, the blind supporter of those with whom he in general agreed, or the apologist of vice or official delinquency. These records do show that he had carefully studied the Constitution, and made it, under all circumstances, the rule of his action; that he had an exalted appreciation of what was due to the honor, glory,

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and dignity of his country, and in every emergency supported them with conscientious and unfaltering zeal; in a word, they exhibit him a patriot who loved his country; a statesman who understood more nearly than most men what was needful to its grandeur and power; a just man, who, for himself and his country, with unyielding perseverance, and according to his intelligent convictions, pursued the right.

He was, from taste and habit of thought, more inclined to literature and science than to politics; and the early training and liberal education which he had received well fitted him to pursue the bent of his inclination. It was in consequence of this that during his career in Congress, first in the House of Representatives and again in the Senate, he was a leader in advocating, directing, and controlling the various legislative enactments which pertained to literature and science.

The Library of Congress was a favorite object of his care, and he gave much time and thought to the management of its affairs. The value of this rich collection of the recorded labors of the human intellect is greatly indebted to his knowledge and judgment in making the selection of appropriate works.

The Coast Survey, including its advantages, methods, and results, was another object of his special attention. No member of Congress was better acquainted with the details of its operations, and its annual progress; and no one was more ready or better able to give an answer to any question which might arise as to its management and practical and scientific utility, or to defend it against the attacks which it might receive from those who had

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not as thoroughly as himself mastered its history and its character. His most elaborate speech upon the survey, which was delivered in 1849, gave so full, so clear, and so admirably arranged an exposition of the character and progress of the work, that it not only established the confidence of Congress in the enterprise, but also, by a wide distribution of printed copies, served to enlighten the public mind on the subject, and to direct favorable attention to it as well as to himself.

The Botanic Garden was another object of his peculiar regard. That institution, which has brought the plants and trees of the tropics and the remote parts of the earth to our doors, and is so replete with curious, instructive, and interesting objects of study and gratification, has grown up under his personal superintendence and care. He took much pleasure in and devoted much of his time to its growth and improvement.

The Smithsonian Institution was another object of his solicitude and care. In 1847, immediately after its organization, he was appointed one of its regents, and very soon afterwards was elected a member of the executive committee, and afterwards became its chairman, which office he continued to hold until the time of his death. He critically examined the will of the founder, and became convinced that the institution was intended not for educational purposes, nor even to diffuse useful knowledge, but for the higher and more special purpose of increasing the sum of human knowledge by new researches and explorations, and the diffusion of the result of these among intelligent men in all parts of the civilized world. In the discussions which occurred in 1854, as to the

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plan of organization, he took a lively interest, and defended, by an able and comprehensive speech, the course which had been pursued by the regents in carrying out the will of the testator under the law of Congress authorizing the establishment. He also made an elaborate report to the board of regents on the distribution of the income of the Smithsonian fund. He gave scrupulous attention to the expenditures of the establishment, and, as chairman of the executive committee, annually examined every item of expenditure during the whole year.

Mr. PEARCE had great administrative and executive power, and an active judicial mind. Though impatient of mere routine duty, yet in grasping great principles, he was never unmindful of details. He was singularly familiar with the details of the government, as well as exact in his knowledge of principles. Mr. Fillmore, in just appreciation of these qualities, when he came to form his Cabinet, appointed him Secretary of the Interior, and afterwards tendered him the appointment of judge of the United States court for the district of Maryland, both of which places he declined, preferring to remain in the position which had been confided to him by the people of his own State.

Mr. PEARCE, by his talents, sagacity, and his thorough knowledge of the government, and of public questions, was admirably fitted for a party leader, and his friends many times endeavored to push him forward, but he shrunk from the mere contests of party. And yet, when occasion required it, he did not hesitate to break a lance with the most renowned champions, and always with

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credit to himself. If he did not always bear away the laurels of victory, his flag never trailed in token of defeat. But he had no taste for that kind of debate; and I venture to affirm that in all the records of the two houses no speech of his can be found of a merely party character. He never spoke but upon practical questions depending, and with a view to influence their decision. He never made a speech in either house for effect elsewhere, and very rarely printed one for circulation even among his friends. The public, even his constituents, have no just idea of the extent and variety of his labors. To be justly estimated, they must be searched for through the ponderous records of the two houses for a period of more than a quarter of a century.

He was not an ambitious man, in the ordinary sense of that term. He had a just regard for his own character, and a becoming solicitude for his own fame. He desired to be useful, to labor for his country, to benefit his race, and to possess the good opinion of his cotemporaries; but he had no desire for the possession of mere power. The presidency had no charms for him. At one period his friends and many others thought that high dignity was within his grasp, and he was urged to allow himself to be placed in the way of it. This might have been done without any change of opinion, the least sacrifice of principle, or the slightest indelicacy; but he steadily refused, and on the ground that its burdens were a too costly price to pay for its honors.

Mr. Pearce was a member and a leader of the Whig party. He was a firm believer in the constitutional views and general ideas of policy which distinguished

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that party. It is believed he retained these general views till his death. When that party went down, and in 1856, when the contest for the presidency was between Mr. Buchanan and Colonel Fremont, the chances of Mr. Fillmore being hopeless, he supported Mr. Buchanan, in the vain hope of warding off the terrible sectional conflict which has since devastated the country; and from that period he acted with the Democratic party. He had a fearful apprehension of the dangers to result from sectional controversy, and more than once warned his countrymen of its fearful and fatal consequences. His sympathies, of course, were with his section. He looked on a dissolution of the Union as the most terrible national calamity. He early avowed that secession was adverse to the Constitution, and that there was no just cause for revolution; and he repeated these opinions the last time his health permitted him to occupy the floor of the Senate for any length of time. He differed very widely from the administration respecting the power of arrest; and his last great speech was in defence of the liberty of the citizen, and against the power of the President to suspend the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*. But his loyalty and devotion to the government were beyond question. Among the last letters I received from him, was one in reference to a paper quite widely circulated, with which my name is connected, and which breathes in every line sentiments of loyalty and Union, of which he spoke in terms of laudation; and, to use his own expression, adopted its sentiments and opinions without an if or a but. He longed to see the Union

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restored; and his last days were embittered by the apprehension that it might not be done.

In the intervals of relaxation from the public service he devoted himself mostly to agriculture, and was a most successful farmer. He took great delight in the pursuit, and brought a farm, which in my youth I have roamed over, noted for its barrenness, to be one of the most fertile and productive estates in Maryland. Annually he used to give a farmers' dinner, at which his neighbors were collected; and occasionally he gave to his fellow-citizens the benefit of his knowledge of the science and practice of agriculture in the form of a public address.

His tastes were all refined, delicate, and elevated. He could not tolerate the gross, vulgar, or indelicate He loved the beautiful in whatever form it appeared. He delighted in flowers; he was charmed with music. The wild melody of birds never failed to draw from him an expression of pleasure. He contemplated works of art with appreciative and discriminating judgment; was devoted to the drama; and luxuriated in elegant literature. In social intercourse he was without a rival, so far as my observation goes. His rich and varied learning; his thorough knowledge of men and things; the quick and rapid evolutions of his mind; his inexhaustible fund of incident and anecdote of remarkable persons and periods; his wit and humor; the natural and easy flow of his style; and his graceful and dignified manners, never failed to fascinate all who were permitted to enjoy his society.

He was a man of exalted virtue. He was incapable of an impure or mean action. He was just in his deal-

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ings, truthful in every declaration, faithful to every promise. During his whole life he was never suspected, as far as I know or believe, of any impropriety involving his personal honor. He passed through all the vicissitudes of public life and the struggles of party without ever having his action ascribed to improper influences. Purity of conduct was habitual with him: it pervaded his whole life, and in every relation. It was my happiness long to enjoy his friendship and correspondence. I have his familiar letters, running through a period of over twenty years; and I take pride in saying that, in all that intercourse, there never was a word spoken or written by him which, if published, would not increase the public respect for his character, and supply new proofs that he was a good as well as a great man.

But the crowning glory of life was his death. If the former was an example of incorruptible virtue, which shames our faults and challenges our emulation, his death is a triumphant proof of the power and mercy of God, which to us who survive is both a warning and a consolation. Mr. PEARCE died with the blessed assurance of a blissful immortality. I discovered last summer, while he still was able to attend the Senate, that his thoughts were being turned towards his own salvation, though he never trusted himself to speak to me directly on the subject. Shortly after he went home, he wrote to me that he felt the duty and necessity of preparation for the change which would come, sooner or later. The topic was alluded to in every letter as long as he was able to write, and when he was too feeble for that, I was kept informed of his condition and the state of his mind

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through the correspondence of his son, who is a most excellent young man, and inherits, if we may judge by his present promise, the mind and graces of his father. We cannot look into the hearts of men, and can only test their sincerity by their outward conduct; yet I feel warranted in expressing the belief that Mr. PEARCE'S faith was clear and unreserved, his repentance genuine and thorough, his hope strong and bright, and grew stronger and brighter as death drew nearer. His chief anxiety towards the close was that he might live to exhibit his change of heart before the world, and especially to his companions in the public service. The day after his death, his son wrote me the following letter, which, without his consent or knowledge, and perhaps contrary to his wish, I take the liberty of reading to the House:

"CHESTERTOWN, *December* 21, 1862.

"MY DEAR SIR: My father's painful life was ended yesterday, at two o'clock, in perfect tranquillity of mind and body, and I have not a shadow of doubt that he is enjoying the eternal happiness which is the sure reward of such faith and repentance as his. What his sufferings were no one will ever know, but I believe no human being ever endured more intense or prolonged suffering. I am sure no one ever bore them with readier acquiescence to God's will, or sweeter cheerfulness to those around him. He had acquired a frame of mind so wholly set on heaven, that the only thoughts which ever put aside religion were those that the unhappy condition of the country forced upon him. If, as I presume, your friendly connexion with him constitutes you the proper person to notify the House of Representatives of his death, I think I only carry out his wishes in asking you to state distinctly the clear, decided religious opinion he held, and the anxiety he expressed so often that his former associates in public life might know the certainty with which he trusted in his belief. If he had lived, it would have been his effort to make practical exhibition

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of this; and now that he is gone, I think it my duty to make this request of you. The day before his death, he charged me to send to you the remembrance of his death-bed. He said, "Tell him I loved him," and was going on further, but his emotion silenced him. It is a dreadful loss to lose a father, and, most of all, such as mine was to me. For the first time in my life, I find my grief, contrary to my nature, longing for expression to those who share it with me. But I am writing now to discharge a duty, and have already accomplished it.

"I remain, my dear sir, very truly, yours,

"J. A. PEARCE, Jr.

"Hon. J. W. CRISFIELD,
"*Washington, District of Columbia.*"

Mr. Speaker, the scene has closed! JAMES ALFRED PEARCE has been gathered to his fathers; his spirit has gone to meet the responsibilities and the rewards of eternity; his life and character only remain, just objects of admiration and emulation to American youth.

"We have lost him; he is gone!
We know him now: all narrow jealousies
Are silent; and we see him as he moved—
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly!
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure; but through all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses.

* * * * * * * *

Who dares foreshadow for an only son
A lovelier life, a more unstained than his?"

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Mr. Speaker, I move the adoption of the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives of the United States has received with the deepest sensibility intelligence of the death of JAMES ALFRED PEARCE, late a Senator in Congress from the State of Maryland.

Resolved, That the members and officers of this house, as a proper mark of respect for the personal character and long and valuable public services of Hon. JAMES A. PEARCE, will go into mourning by wearing crape on the left arm for the period of thirty days.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect for the memory of the deceased, this house do now adjourn.

Address of Mr. CRITTENDEN, *of Kentucky.*

Mr. SPEAKER: I rise to do little else than to second the resolutions offered by my friend from Maryland. I knew Mr. PEARCE well. For many years I enjoyed the honor and pleasure of an acquaintance with him more intimate, perhaps, than did a majority of those who were associated with him in public life. Nothing of all that has been said by my friend from Maryland surpasses the actual beauty of his character. I served with him long in the Senate; and during that full term of service, embracing periods of high political agitation and great party excitement, no one ever heard Mr. PEARCE say a word or saw him do an act in that body that was not suitable to a gentleman and a Senator. No rule of decorum towards any member of the body was ever violated by him. To be a gentleman and to be honorable was a part and parcel of his nature. They seemed to be less the

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acquirement of any moral education which he had received than part of his natural endowments. I never heard him, by any inadvertence—I never heard him, in any moment of excitement in conversation, utter a sentiment that was not in itself delicate and pure. There was nothing vulgar, there was nothing rude about him. His modesty was conspicuous in the midst of the many virtues that adorned him. He was not more careful of the rights and feelings of others than he demanded from others perfect respect towards himself. He had no idea that was more clear and distinct than that of the highest personal honor and the keenest sensibility to anything like insult, and no one was more prompt to resent any indignity. And yet, sir, although possessed of all these high qualities, Mr. PEARCE was a man who made no ostentatious display. I never knew one who was freer from the quality of egotism. He concealed his high qualities and virtues as the mine conceals its treasures. There was no display of them. It was only when occasion required it that his powers were put forth; and such was his diffidence—his marked and characteristic diffidence—that he passed through this house, and passed even through the Senate, with but an imperfect knowledge on the part of those bodies of the extent of his virtues or of his intellectual qualities.

Mr. Speaker, I ought not to add a word to what has been said by my friend from Maryland. I shall but mar the just and beautiful picture which he has drawn of the character and life of his friend. I know no more educated, polished, and refined legislator than he was. There was, sir, a daily beauty in his life, and his death has cor-

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responded with it. May the grass grow green upon his grave and the rose and the laurel flourish there together, while his country shall long remember him with pride and affection.

Address of Mr. McPherson, *of Pennsylvania.*

Mr. Speaker: When Mr. Pearce entered this house, twenty-seven years ago, he was a young and ardent member of the Whig party, then preparing for its first great victory, whose bright promises were soon dashed by the disgraceful defection of a Virginian, who, then treacherous to his party and lately treacherous to his nation, has gone down to his grave in ignominy and contempt. From that period to the day of his death, Mr. Pearce continued, with the exception of one congressional term, a member of the national legislature—and was an observer and participant in the political movements of those momentous years. During all that time, he was an attentive and laborious member, always maintaining a high position, and enlarging the sphere of his influence. He was conspicuous in what must be considered a great historic period—one fruitful of vast consequences, not only to us, but to millions elsewhere—not only to the cause of free government on this continent, but to all forms of government on all continents; and he bore an important, if not a controlling part in the achievements of that quarter of a century in which the nation appeared to be making the surest and quickest progress towards supremacy and immortality. A few facts will best illustrate this point.

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When Mr. PEARCE entered Congress, the people were divided solely upon questions of internal administration—the expediency of a protective tariff, a sub-treasury, and the distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands. The great northwest had scarcely entered upon its amazing career; the Sabine bounded us on the southwest; the Oregon boundary and the northeastern were unsettled; our immense Indian possessions were unorganized, and neither the nation nor foreign powers had realized the extent of our resources, the reach of our capabilities, or the magic and marvellous influence we were destined to exert upon the world. During his term of service many perplexing foreign differences were adjusted, and American diplomacy made for itself an honorable place, in the persons of Webster and Marcy and Seward; the State of Texas was annexed, the Mexican war fought, an empire added to our domain, and our golden sister from the Pacific welcomed by the nation; seven other States were encircled by the Union, which stretched from ocean to ocean; the whole of our territorial possessions was covered by organizations upon the principles of which, after long controversy, the Congress were unanimously agreed; the tariff policy was variously modified, and a uniform land policy adopted; the Pacific railroad was inaugurated, and the slavery controversy of 1850 was compromised, and then so sadly reopened in 1854 by the enactment of the Kansas-Nebraska law, with all the gloomy catalogue of wrongs and evils of which it was the prolific mother. At the close of his career he found this vast empire torn by internal dissensions, the American Union shattered, its power

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weakened, its mission eclipsed, its beauty obscured, its institutions threatened, and its life in danger. To all of us this great grief has come with crushing weight. Our deceased friend felt it with peculiar acuteness; for had he not helped to consolidate this empire, enlarge the Union, increase its power, ennoble its mission, refine its beauty, protect its institutions, and guard its life? As Rachel wept for her children, he would not be comforted. The troubles of the country preyed upon him, and his days were shortened.

Few of us have had so varied experience. Upon all questions he has a clear and open record. Upon that it is not for me to pass. It is, however, proper to say that I believe Mr. PEARCE met the great responsibilities of his position with a purity of purpose rarely if ever exceeded in our history.

In his personal character Mr. PEARCE was singularly admirable. He was a well educated, highly cultivated gentleman. A statesman, he was a patron of the fine arts. As chairman for twenty years of the Joint Committee on the Library of Congress, he gave that valuable institution a guardianship as faithful and careful as it was enlightened; and as a regent of the Smithsonian Institution from its date of organization, and a member of its executive committee, he nobly identified himself with that great educating and civilizing agent which will make the name of Smithson enduring as one of the benefactors of mankind. Mr. PEARCE was all his life a student, unobtrusive in demeanor, but of strong convictions and decided opinions, which he always had the manliness to avow in the presence of friend or foe. He was a gentle-

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man of the most delicate sensibility, as all realized who observed his bearing during the pendency of his last re-election to the Senate. He was a laborious, faithful, and useful man, whose counsels, fidelity, and information will be missed in the committee room, the Senate chamber, and the halls of science.

Mr. Speaker, called to serve with him in two fields of labor, and thrown somewhat intimately with him, my conceptions of his character—formed after years of observation—were confirmed; and I never ceased to admire him for the thoroughness with which he performed every duty, the high motives which controlled his conduct, and the clearness he brought to the consideration of subjects of common interest. On many points we differed; but I believe it will be many years before there will be found in the American Congress a purer, more enlightened, and useful member than the late JAMES ALFRED PEARCE, of Maryland.

Address of MR. MAY, *of Maryland.*

Mr. SPEAKER: I have only been apprised since I came into this hall that these sad ceremonies of respect to our distinguished colleague were appointed for to-day. I wish, sir, to offer my tribute to his memory. He honored me with his friendship for many years, and in the last months of his life freely imparted to me his views upon the vital questions which now, unhappily, divide our country. I am authorized to speak for him here upon those questions; and I wish, if the unpremeditated thoughts and feelings suggested by the occa-

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sion, or awakened by the touching and eloquent tributes of the distinguished gentlemen who have preceded me, may go in place of more studied eulogy, to offer them just as they spring from my heart. I desire to speak of the respect in which he was held by those who, in the divisions of political sentiment, as represented in party organization, having opposed him throughout the greater portion of his life, at length discovering that he was a public man who followed "principles and not men," honored him with the highest testimony of their confidence, and committed to him the representation of the sovereignty of their State. For the Democratic party of the State of Maryland, I here speak, and also for those of all parties who believed with him that the Constitution of this land was made for war as well as for peace; nay, sir, who believe that its strongest and most priceless sanctions were designed as bulwarks against the tendencies of arbitrary power supported by military authority, and have a higher obligation in war than in peace. For those in our State who, while acknowledging all the delegated powers of the federal government, yet retain an equal reverence and respect for the reserved rights of the States, I also bear testimony of their respect for his distinguished public life—a life which illustrated, in a long public service, all those virtues which can adorn a high and pure-minded republican representative. For all these classes of our fellow-citizens, I wish to pay the tribute of their respect for his character and public services, and to express their profound sorrow for his death.

Mr. Speaker, when the storms of passion had prostrated

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the assembled representatives in both halls of this Capitol, our senator stood, amid the few, firm and erect. Broken in health, his vital powers almost exhausted, he yet marched up with the remnant of his life to the side of the bleeding Constitution of his country, and gave his latest efforts to sustain it. He did all that a public man could do here to support the paramount authority of the Constitution, and to oppose and defy the exertions of arbitrary power. I remember with infinite pleasure, and repeat it here with delight, that one of the last efforts of his public service was a noble speech vindicating his fellow-citizens of Maryland against the criminal and cruel oppressions under which they were then suffering. I remember how his heart, the seat of his fatal disease, pulsating with a noble enthusiasm and sympathy for them, and beating too warmly, denied him the utterance of speech, and compelled him to retire from the Senate and seek the quiet of his chamber; and well do I remember another most gratifying instance of his spirit of liberty. It was my duty, as a representative of the State of Maryland, to take counsel of his experience in one of the rooms of the Capitol, touching an atrocious and unparalleled outrage on the judiciary of our State, by dragging from the bench an honored, eminent, and faithful magistrate, scattering his blood upon the ermine, and well-nigh taking his life by the hands of armed ruffians; and I can never forget the glow of indignation that kindled his eye and swelled his breast at the recital of the facts. The excitement was too strong for his enfeebled frame, and he sunk under the exhaustion of his own noble enthusiasm. If he could do no more

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to vindicate the authority of the Constitution of his country than he did accomplish, it was because he was denied the power to do it by the prostration of his vital functions and the unheeding passions that prevailed. The worthless tenement of flesh could not support the struggles of its undying guest. Sir, he felt that it was his duty to prevent and redress, and not invite or provoke, the further aggressions of a reckless tyranny. He so stated his views to me.

Mr. Speaker, let no advocate of unlicensed power dare claim an approbation of his views because this eminent senator did not wrestle more conspicuously with arbitrary power in the halls of Congress; nor let any complaining victim of tyranny question the integrity or the noble devotion of his services in their behalf; nor yet must any self-applauding martyr of liberty attempt to gain a passing notoriety at the expense of the fame of this departed statesman of Maryland; but let these, and all of us, draw from the contemplation of his life on this solemn occasion, instruction that may be salutary. Let us learn from the moderation and fidelity of his character, to admire in our public stations, and seek those duties which look to conciliation, compromise, and concord. Let no wrongs suffered, no resentment fixed in our breasts, move us from the discharge of these sacred duties; but let us try, through the common suffering that afflicts the land, to walk out from the dominion of passion, purified, regenerated, and disenthralled.

I trust, Mr Speaker, that, speaking from my heart, as I ought to speak on an occasion like this, I trespass not against the limits which ought to be observed in dis-

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cussing the virtues of an eminent statesman. I must speak now, sir, as I feel. While commending to public praise and respect the memory and services of this distinguished man, I must be allowed to describe him as one who, having sworn to support the Constitution of his country, to the latest moment of his life, and through every trial, kept the faith of that obligation to his Maker and his fellow-citizens. He rests now near the banks of the Chesapeake. The flowers which the distinguished gentleman from Kentucky described so beautifully as surrounding his grave, are symbols not only of his taste, but also of his immortality. And may we not trust, too, that the blossoms and fruits which opened and adorned his life here, will also be more gloriously unfolded and ripened in a higher and brighter sphere.

Mr Speaker, while we deplore the loss of such public characters in this time of our national afflictions, may we not inquire why, in the inscrutable decrees of Providence, those gifted, experienced, and good men, whose lives were consecrated to the public service and to the welfare of their fellow-men, are removed from us? We cannot presume to penetrate the mysteries of divine wisdom. We must accept those providential lessons as teaching us that the cup of our adversity is not yet full; that the chastening rod is not yet to be broken, and as also solemnly admonishing us that passion is perhaps yet longer to have its sway. But are we not authorized to call upon those ascended statesmen who, like him, have passed from earth—all those great and good men who devoted their lives and talents to establish and maintain the principles embodied in our Constitution, which not

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only form the bond of our union, but which are higher and infinitely more priceless than it—those principles of civil liberty which form the foundations on which the whole fabric of the happiness of man under every form of free government rests? May we not expect, I repeat, that the spirits of the great statesmen who formed this noble structure of our government, and those who came after them and supported its pure and faithful administration—ay, sir, and the thousands of citizens whose souls have gone from ensanguined battle-fields—will be assembled witnesses at the bar of heaven, pleading the cause of their bleeding country, and that the Almighty Ruler of all nations, responding in His good time, will send down His angel of peace among us? Such, sir, is my devout prayer.

Address of Mr. Riddle, *of Ohio.*

Mr. Speaker: It may be said that the touch of death dissolves the form and figure with which man, in artificial life, is clothed, and reduces him to his bare essential self; strips him to his unclothed individuality, so that, for once, he is estimated for what he is, disconnected from all that ever pertained to him. It matters nothing where the journey began; on what mountain or in what valley; nothing at all through what regions his path conducted him, and still less what he gathered or scattered by the way; he lies down at the end empty-handed, naked, and alone, the type of all the living, and the peer of all the dead. It avails nothing how he was estimated in life;

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through what mists he was seen, how lauded or how decried; the simple man lies before you now, and the unaided soul instinctively estimates him at his value; an awful and inevitable ordeal. What a grand monarch is death; and how his subjects are hallowed and elevated by the touch of his sceptre. What lines of softened beauty it traces upon changeless faces, while the angels of charity hide with their wings the harsh lineaments, and veil the unlovable memories. And how, too, the living are changed, as they reverently enter his silent court. Folly and pride, passion, ambition and its meeds, hate and its prejudices, die within us, and leave justice, truth, and mercy to speak; and so the dead living contemplate the living dead. And so come I, the living descendant of the Puritan pilgrims, into the presence of the dead descendant of the Cavaliers, to speak, if I may, a fitting word over him.

Springing from these antipodal sources, educated in opposite schools of politics that had come to be intolerant, and coming from sections that had grown into hostility, with disparity of years, and neither disposed to lay aside the mental habit of a lifetime, the incidents of this queer congressional life threw the departed and myself for many months together. That intercourse taught me, at least, how much of political hatreds and enmities, of party strifes that shake a continent, and of sectional animosity that threatens to dismember it, are due to the prejudice that cannot see, the ignorance that will not know, and the bigotry that does not allow for differences in education, habit of thought, and all the surroundings that impregnate the atmosphere of social life, moral training,

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and political sentiment. I also came to know that true nobleness of soul, purity of heart, elevation of sentiment, and the refined cultivation of the gentlest humanities of our best nature, might find their amplest home in a phase of our civilization not, as I supposed, the most favorable to their growth, showing, at least, the native richness of the nature in which they grew. If I sometimes fancied that some one of these qualities found expression in an unwonted way incident to a warm and generous temper, I knew that—

> "Like sunshine broken in a rill,
> Though gone astray, 'twas sunshine still."

Of the senator I may not speak. The representatives of the States, his peers, his brothers, friends, and rivals, circling around an empty chair, have done that fittingly and well; while the representatives of the people on this floor have added more than was needful to his chaplet as a statesman and jurist. Life-long friends, whose eloquence was made touching with individual sorrow, have recounted a career long familiar to the country; enumerated his high qualities; have shown us a crowned sovereign State mourning for her dead, and pointed us to that speechless circle which, bereft of its sun and centre, sits in a darkened sorrow that makes it sacred from our gaze. I speak only the impressions which many months of daily association with him produced. His was a high, ardent, impulsive nature, enlarged and generous, to which an early and thorough culture had opened out its thousand avenues for exercise and development. A mind vigorous and enriched with liberal studies, an imagination stored with the pictured dreams

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of old romance, and the quick, subtle, and appreciative power of detecting the often unseen lines of beauty in art or nature, it was his fortune to have spent his life on this great focal stage of the nation, and to have daily lived and breathed, to have been part and parcel of the momentous times and things of which other men only hear and read. I attempt no analysis of the influences, or their effects upon the character of public men incident to the unnatural and stimulating official life in this capital, strange and striking as they appear to eyes first admitted to the charmed circle. Most men are metamorphosed by them.

It was the fortune of the departed senator to have mixed and mingled for twenty-seven years; to have been the peer and familiar associate of presidents and senators, cabinet ministers, and royal ambassadors; to have been the flattered companion of the great men, and the valued acquaintance of the noble and beautiful women that have crowded the boards in the great, strange, and varied national drama ever being enacted, and upon which the curtain never descends, at this capital. And yet, to me, he seemed to have preserved the original elements of his nature in their primal strength. There was the same generous impulse; the same lighting up of the face at the mention of a noble act; the quick sympathy with misfortune; the word of commisseration for the deserving; and the withering denunciation and sarcasm for everything mean or ungenerous. Hasty words have I heard, but unmanly or ungenerous never. And I never heard his tongue profaned with the ribald blasphemy of the name of woman, that pollutes the lips of so many

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of the younger men of our generation. He had found time, too, for the development of those rare and refined tastes and pursuits not always thought compatible with exclusive public life, and incident to an older stage of civilization than that to which, as a nation, we have attained. He had that nice and detective sense, born of a poetic temperament, that recognized the beautiful wherever it dwelt, whether in the harmony of sounds, the tinge and perfume of a flower, or the breathing forms that meet us in life. His long and intimate association with the leading men of his time; his appreciation of character and memory of incidents, with his graphic and dramatic power of description, often rendered his conversation always remarkable, a series of living pictures, sometimes in good-natured caricature, often strongly sketched, and oftener mellowed and softened by the regretful memory of the artist.

Mr. PEARCE was a native of that proud southern land; proud of that land, and proud of his nativity; and that land may well recognize and mourn him as one of the noblest outgrowths of its stimulating soil.

To him, and to others like him, this war of rebellion was more than it can be to us of the more favored northern States. To us it is a threat of the dismemberment of our country and the destruction of our government, which we may redeem by telling down the price in the rich red drops of our own and our children's blood. All this, dreadful as it is, was the war to him, and infinitely more. Loyalty to the Union, by which he stood, was treason to the friendships and cherished associations, the memories, hopes, and aspirations of a lifetime; and

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success to either party would be, in some sort, a disaster that his heart must mourn. God help souls so sorely tried. To him was given no prophet's eye to discern, in this awful struggle, one of the world's great convulsions, by which the generations of men are purged and purified for a renewed and better career. In the roar and shriek of battle and the wild wail of woe which filled all the land, he could detect no rythmic voices chanting the great hymn of human progress and hope. The convulsions were the premonitory throes of dissolution, and the voices the cries of universal despair. Through no vista came a ray of hope, and nowhere beckoned a hand to safety. But night interminable, without stars or hope of dawn, draped the earth as with its funeral pall. He had seen his native Virginia desecrated and despoiled, discrowned, and given over to a most living desolation. He had seen the old friends and companions of his life and manhood come in the fierce array of battle, and invade the soil of his Maryland, and leave their red footprints burnt into its soil, so that forgetfulness may never efface them, and leaving wounds so deep as to defy the surgery of time itself. So he turned him from all outward things to that inner life and light, and died with their halo on his brow and their hope in his heart, leaving his memory to his children, his history to his country, and the lesson of his life to those who may profit by it.

Address of Mr. MORRILL, *of Vermont.*

Mr. SPEAKER: Soon after my arrival here at the beginning of my service, it was my fortune to have quarters

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at the same house and table with Senator PEARCE, and from that moment our social relations were of the most kindly character, and, perhaps, he might have allowed me to say intimate.

Senator PEARCE, possessing a commanding intellect, possessed, also, great aptitude for acquirement in many directions, embracing science, literature, and agriculture, as well as politics and constitutional law; and there were happily blended in him the habits of a scholar and a man of affairs. I have met with few men who appeared to me to be better furnished with the qualifications which adorn and make useful a statesman, a legislator, or a man.

In social intercourse he was conspicuous for his affluence of information, anecdote, and ready wit. The table was always a season of enjoyment, and he participated in current topics of conversation with as much zest as he engaged in graver debate. His language was ever chosen with much elegance and precision, and his manners were always gentlemanly. He adhered to friends, regardless of party boundaries, with a tenacity that never faltered. As a citizen of Maryland, when others wavered, he stood firmly for the Union and the Constitution.

But, Mr. Speaker, I merely rose to say that, in the death of the distinguished senator, I felt that I had lost a valued friend.

The question was taken on the resolutions, and they were agreed to; and thereupon (at three o'clock p. m.,) the House adjourned.

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OBITUARY NOTICE OF JOHN F. FRAZER.

By John L. LeConte, M. D.

(*Read before the American Philosophical Society, April 4th,* 1878.)

In accordance with the wish of the Society, expressed at the meeting of October 18th, 1872, I have prepared the following brief memoir of John F. Frazer, LL.D., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry in the University, and who held successively the offices of Secretary and Vice-President in this Society:—a man of eminent scientific and general culture; of singular truthfulness of speech, and integrity of conduct; a devoted lover of consistency in action, and strict performance of duty; virtues which he exemplified in himself and sought for in others.

He was therefore respected by his acquaintances, and beloved by his friends, with whom he interchanged a strong and unselfish affection; one who will live in the memory of those admitted to his intimacy, as of those who have had the good fortune to sit under his instruction.

John Fries Frazer was born in Philadelphia, July 8th, 1812, in Chestnut street, nearly opposite Independence Hall. His father was Robert Frazer, a brilliant and successful lawyer of that time, who married Elizabeth, daughter of John Fries.

He was grandson of Lieut. Col. Persifor Frazer, an active officer in the Revolutionary war.

During his childhood, being placed at school in Philadelphia, he was always among the leaders of his classmates, both in the serious pursuits of the hours of instruction, and in the athletic sports of the recesses. After a year spent, about 1822, at the quasi-military school of Capt. Partridge, in Connecticut, he completed his boyish education under Dr. Wylie, and entered as a student in the University of Pennsylvania.

His acute powers of observation, and the indications of true and manly qualities soon attracted the notice of Prof. A. D. Bache, under whose instruction he now came, and whose influence tended to the development of those scientific tastes, which eventually became the foundation of his continuous work in life. The relations thus established between professor and pupil, resulted, as is rare in the United States, in a tender and permanent affection, which will be referred to at greater length hereafter.

While acquiring his scholastic education, he had the benefit of the most thorough old-time training, which could be obtained in the family of the Rev. S. B. Wylie, D.D., "and in company with his sons, he had been drilled in the classics and mathematics, in a style unknown to these degenerate and superficial days.*"

During his boyhood and adolescence, he was chiefly under the care of his maternal grandfather, John Fries, and afterwards under the general care of Charles Roberts, the father of our fellow-member S. W. Roberts, and of his brother-in-law, the late John Rhea Barton, M. D.

*Penn Monthly. Nov., 1872. p. 630.

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While passing through the academic course of the University of Pennsylvania, and for some time after graduation, he acted as the laboratory assistant of Prof. A. D. Bache; and in this function he aided in determining "with accuracy, for the first time in this country, the periods of the daily variations of the magnetic needle,"* and the connection of the aurora borealis with magnetic forces.

An additional training in physical and natural science was obtained while he held the position of assistant in the Geological Survey of Pennsylvania, under Prof. H. D. Rogers, in 1836.

About this time he perfected his youthful education by a course of law, in the office of John M. Scott, at the end of which he was admitted to practice.

The practice of his profession soon became less attractive than the more laborious, though less remunerative intellectual pursuits, which he had cultivated under the instruction of Prof. Bache. For some time he was Professor in the High School of Philadelphia, when the Professorship of Chemistry and Physics in the University becoming vacant by the resignation of Prof. Bache, Mr. Frazer was chosen to fill the chair. He was then the youngest member of the faculty, and continued to hold the position until his death, when he was the senior Professor, and had been for many years Vice-Provost.

He now devoted himself most industriously to filling the duties of his professorship, and its collateral occupations, among which were many courses of lectures on various branches of physical and chemical science at the Franklin Institute, and the editorship of its Journal, from the year 1850 to 1866; the pages of which, during those 17 years, bear evidence of of his extensive reading and judicious selection from contemporaneous scientific journals of both continents.

He was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society in 1842, and was soon honored with an official position, being made Secretary in 1845, and Vice-President in 1855. He remained in office until the end of 1858, when owing to some unhappy differences which then distracted the Society, he resigned. He was re-elected in 1867, and was afterwards frequent in his attendance at the meetings, taking part in the discussions which occurred on matters of science and business.

He was one of the fifty original members of the National Academy of Sciences, chartered in 1863 by the Government of the United States: an institution intended to represent the highest scientific culture of the country. The members are pledged to make reports, without compensation, on all subjects of science, on which the opinion of the Academy is required by the Government. After remaining an active member for several years, and serving upon committees, he retired to the grade of honorary member, to make room, as he said, for some more energetic investigator, better entitled to the place.

*Eulogy of Prof. A. D. Bache, by Prof. Joseph Henry. Report of Smithsonian Institution, 1870, p. 7.

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The labor of teaching such comprehensive branches of science as Physics and Chemistry, became greatly increased by the rapid developments of modern research, and at length the symptoms of over-fatigue manifested themselves. An obscure affection of the liver had afflicted him for several years, causing frequent and constantly increasing fits of fainting, accompanied with great bodily prostration. In 1856 he was ordered by his physician to seek, in a four months' trip to Europe, a relief which his family and best friends hardly dared to hope would be afforded him. The effect of this brief relaxation was marvellous: not only was he enabled to resume his duties the following autumn with renewed vigor, but the fainting fits did not recur, except in one or two isolated instances, and the development of the hepatic disease seemed to be permanently arrested. Other and equally serious affections resulted from the excessive work to which he again applied himself during the next eleven years, so that another trip to Europe was advised in 1867. This time, sixteen months rest from the labor of teaching, and freedom from anxiety so far restored his health, that on his return, in the autumn of 1868, he was again able to resume the full duties of his chair.

These he continued, without intermission, other than that afforded by the usual vacations, until October 12, 1872, the day following the inauguration of the new University Building, in West Philadelphia. He had taken great interest in this improvement of the institution to which he had given the best labor of his life, and had patiently looked forward to it for opportunities of larger usefulness.

Never, as I have been told by those that saw him on that and the preceding day, had he appeared in better spirits, never more cheerful, although the unusual labor connected with the organization of his departments, and the transfer of the apparatus, with his large scientific library to the shelves in the new building, had entirely exhausted him.

Without premonition of cardiac trouble, which, indeed, though suspected, had never given him any serious inconvenience, and was disregarded in consequence of the graver hepatic disease above mentioned, Prof. Frazer, although much fatigued by the ceremonies of the inauguration of the previous day, went to his laboratory, and having ascended a flight of stairs leading to the apparatus room, dropped suddenly from exhaustion of the heart. Death was instantaneous and although assistance was quickly rendered, all attempts to restore life failed.*

Having thus mentioned the more prominent events in the public life of our deceased associate, it becomes my more difficult and delicate duty to give an analysis of his character, and to exhibit, in however an imperfect manner, the development of the life of usefulness so abruptly terminated.

*By a melancholy coincidence, this sad event took place on the very day on which the writer of this memoir returned after a three years' absence, in the expectation of renewing the warm and long friendship which had thus been interrupted. It was a painful greeting on arriving at home, instead of receiving the hearty grasp of affection, to see the dismal badge of woe on the residence of this valued friend.

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The graceful tributes to the memory of Prof. Frazer by those who were closely associated with him in his professorial labors,* leave but little to be added by the pen of one far behind them in scholarly practice, and elegance of diction, though yielding to none in his affection for our lamented friend.

Possessed of great animal spirits, with the usual concomitant of restless activity, and inheriting from his grandfather an ample competence, even the great moral power latent in his brain, at the completion of his professional education, might have served for less useful purposes, had it not been for his fortunate attachment to Miss Charlotte Cave, daughter of Thomas Cave, to whom he was married in 1838, at the beginning of his scientific career as a professor. A union which continued during his life, with singular devotion and affection on both sides, and with an influence for good over each, which may be seen but rarely even in the most happily concurrent dispositions. Two daughters and a son are the issue of this marriage, of whom the last has recently been appointed to the chair of Chemistry, resulting from a division of the functions left vacant by the death of his father.

Next in importance to the domestic influence by which he was thus controlled, must be mentioned a very potent encouragement resulting from friendship.

Prof. Frazer combined to a rare extent, correct æsthetic perception with high intelligence, ease in acquiring knowledge, retentive memory, great industry during the hours of labor, and a strict sense of moral responsibility. These elements of a powerful, useful and concientious mind, early attracted the notice of Prof. A. D. Bache, the master spirit of American science in those and later days. Under the genial influences of this interest, the somewhat untamed vital energies of youth were directed to the steady and laborious scientific pursuits of adult age.

It was the happy faculty of our great leader, Prof. Bache, to bind to him by most affectionate ties many of those who had been under his instruction, and it is not surprising that the regard for the tutor and professor of his youth ripened in the soul of Prof. Frazer into reverence and affection for the friend of his mature life.

Thus protected by love, friendship, and a strong sense of duty, he commenced the labor of life, and soon acquired by industry and intelligent facility of communication, power as a teacher in physical and chemical science which has been rarely equalled, and never excelled in Philadelphia. "His mind was quick in its action, and penetration beyond example. No man ever mastered a subject more rapidly, or could explain it more clearly or gracefully to others."† "He introduced a thousand anecdotes into his lectures, not only for the purpose of keeping the atten-

*Vide Penn Monthly, Nov., 1872, p. 629, for a touching editorial; ibid. Dec., 1872, p. 728, for full reports of the eloquent remarks at the faculty meeting of the University by Professors Allen, Krauth, Lesley and Jackson.

† Allen, Penn Monthly, l. c. sup. 678.

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tion of his scholars awake to the subjects in hand, but to imbue their imaginations with that perfect fairness of judgment and complete collation of the knowledge of men of the past with that of men of the present, by which alone a philosophical character of mind can be formed. This made him a distinguished teacher, and won the confidence as well as excited the admiration of students." *

As lecturer at the Franklin Institute he was equally fortunate in the lower, though perhaps nearly as useful sphere of popularizing the different departments of physical science, and rendering them comprehensible to persons who had not the preliminary academic training of college students.

During years of laborious teaching he found opportunity to accumulate, and leisure to read (in addition to his special library of 2500 vols.), a large miscellaneous library, which filled one of the most extensive rooms in his house; and I may freely say that I have known few men who could recall, when occasion required, the material derived from such varied and extensive reading. To him could not be applied the ancient and frequently correct text, "Some there are who possess books, and others that understand them," † and on many occasions, when enjoying, with other students of science, a discussion on some obscure point of ancient lore, scientific, religious, historical or metaphysical, it mattered not which, I have been amazed with the readiness with which he would define the vague impressions of our somewhat treacherous memories, by turning to the exact page of works rarely referred to, and give us the precise information desired.

He could most happily combine the severe labors of academic teaching with industrious study, and with entire relaxation in the hours taken for social or domestic enjoyment, a power rarely found here, though not unfrequent in older communities.

It was by this happy union of qualities that he was enabled not only to keep himself well informed in the progress of nearly every branch of science, but also to retain the results of the classical instruction he received in his youth from Dr. Wylie.

Quickness of thought, great power of conversation, courtliness of bearing towards women, and brilliancy of wit, made him a most attractive member of society; while the genial manner in which his house was open to his friends on one evening of the week, brought around him a circle of laborers in intellectual pursuits. It was seldom that men of science from other States or countries visited Philadelphia without having a welcome in those weekly gatherings, giving and receiving instruction and sympathy in their respective investigations.

While the country suffered from the unhappy struggle which so nearly produced either its disruption or its entire destruction, Prof. Frazer's adherence to the cause of the Government was most strenuous. Though

* Lesley, Penn Monthly, l. c. sup. p. 681.

† Mahabharata, Book I. Section 1. (Annals of Oriental Literature, l. p. 69.)

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age and ill-health combined to deprive him of the privilege of active military service, he was among the warmest supporters of the military measures rendered necessary by the colossal proportions of the war. He was one of the early members of the Union League—at that time, a most valuable and unpartizan agent, in giving national effect to local patriotism.

On religious subjects the information of Prof. Frazer was almost as extensive as on those which engrossed his daily attention. Under Dr. Wylie he had read a moderately complete course of theology, and was as familiar with the books of the Bible, biblical commentaries, and ecclesiastical history as with any other part of his library.

While thus thoroughly acquainted with the varieties of theological opinion which divide the various sects composing the Christian Church, he was, with the modesty inherent in many men of thoughtful mind and earnest intellectual work, not disposed to obtrude his own personal views, or to take part in any argument in favor of the excellence of one sectarian formula over another.

It is also true that his predilection for the Society of Friends rendered him indifferent to the doctrines and human contrivances by which religious bodies are differentiated, under the gradually increasing influence of higher truth upon social evolution. But this very fact only made him more sensitive to the great principles of conduct and feeling which nominally underlie the various religious structures of modern civilization, and to the necessity of practising in himself and exacting from others an intelligent and consistent recognition of these bases of all vitality of the soul. Judged by the standard of conduct, which is the evidence of inward spiritual light, Prof. Frazer was as eminent for his moral as for his intellectual qualities.

The effects of hepatic disease upon the manifestations of moral qualities are well known to every medical man, and it is not singular that despondent feelings, accompanied with great suffering, occasionally overcame his unusually buoyant nature, and produced at times a quickness of manner and a petulance of language which doubtless gave offence to persons who were but slightly acquainted with him, and caused him to be occasionally harshly judged. But those of us who knew him closely, knew also that these were but the momentary effects of pain in a highly susceptible and active organization, which he endeavored to control, though naturally without constant success.

In his charities he was liberal and unobtrusive; ever ready to relieve distress according to his ability; always willing to work for the interests of even an indifferent acquaintance, when something useful or commendable was to be effected. His maxim was, never to neglect what seemed to be the duty of the moment—not to put off the occasion of usefulness that it might recur at a later period. It was a favorite illustration from physical science with Prof. Frazer, that much of the wrong done in the world was not intentional, but occurred from inattention to *moral*

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parallax—that is, by not recognizing the relative importance, subordination, and temporary variations of the manifold duties devolved upon each member of the human family.

"He was a fanatic for truthfulness and fair dealing in science and in everything else, and could not comprehend or make the least allowance for circumstances that threatened to compromise right and wrong. Perfectly fearless himself, and worshipping pluck and courage as the chief human virtues, he gave no quarter to the very shadow of equivocation or unfairness, no matter whom it concerned."*

It should also be observed, that although Prof. Frazer, judging by the history of former systems of thought, was not inclined to adopt as final truth what may prove to be merely scholastic teaching or glosses upon mediæval tradition, he was equally indisposed to cast aside the foundations of thought, resting upon time-honored belief and long experience, in favor of new systems of philosophy, in which the last half century has been so fertile. He required, before a proposition should be received, before it should be allowed to take the place of what preceded, that the facts upon which it was supposed to rest should be well established. A mere hypothesis, however specious, however ingenious, however pleasing to the vanity of human intellect, by explaining to humblest comprehension things not yet within the scope of our highest investigations (though perhaps quite so in the not very remote future), could never with him take the place of actual science.

To superstition on the one side, to rash and ambitious generalization on the other, as to all pretensions and shams of whatsoever nature—scientific, social, political, financial, or religious—he was a most severe enemy; and it was these things, or rather semblances of things—the spectres which afflict and deform our relations with others—that drew out the bitter denunciations which I have alluded to above as being intensified by the pains of disease, though having a natural origin in the honesty of his nature.

On the other hand, I have never heard from him, even in moments of severe suffering, anything that was intended, and very rarely anything that could be construed as personal. His criticisms, like those of the highest and best examples of conduct, were aimed at classes or groups of persons, looking rather for improvement in motive of action than to punishment for individual offence.

On the Monday after his death, Oct. 14th, 1872, the Faculties of Arts and Sciences of the University met to do honor to his memory. Eloquent addresses were made by several of his colleagues, and a series of resolutions were adopted, expressing the severe loss, both to the institution and the community, in the death of Prof. Frazer. Similar action was taken by the Society of the Alumni, and on the next day the body was followed to the grave by an unusually large and respectable assemblage.

Thus has passed from us one of the most highly educated men with

* Lesley, l. c. sup. p. 81.

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whom it has been our privilege to associate—a sad loss to us, and equally so to the community, in which, and for which, he labored with his vast accumulations of knowledge. Without ambition or vain-glory, he was content to give his whole attention to the somewhat monotonous routine of immediate duties in the city, and to be known in the greater world only to those with whom congenial dispositions, similar pursuits, or the accidents of travel had associated him; a combination of modesty, intellect and conscience rarely to be seen. That those who come after us may find in their time an example of equal merit in these qualities, is the fervent wish of all who mourn his lost friendship.

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MR. JUSTICE SWAYNE.

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The sons of MR. JUSTICE SWAYNE have deemed it not improper to print what follows, for distribution to the members of the family and a few friends.

He was born in Frederick County, in the State of Virginia, on the 7th of December, 1804. His parents belonged to the religious society of Friends. The last two years of his educational course were devoted to the study of mathematics and the Latin and Greek languages at an academy in Alexandria. He fitted himself well for college. The failure of his guardian prevented him from having the benefit of a collegiate education. Robert E. Lee, at a later time the Confederate General, was also a pupil in the academy, and they spent many pleasant hours together. Mr. Swayne studied his profession at Warrenton, in his native State. Henry S. Foote, afterwards Governor of Mississippi and a member of the Senate of the United States, was a law-student there at the same time. An intimacy of the most affectionate character sprung up between the two young men and continued without abatement until the death of that very able and distinguished man about a year ago. In 1824, immediately upon his admission to the Bar, Mr. Swayne removed to Ohio. He had letters of introduction from

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Mr. Clay and other eminent Western members of Congress. They were procured for him by a Virginia friend then in public life. One of the last persons of whom he took leave in Washington was President Monroe. It occurred at the close of a levee at the White House, the night before the young adventurer set out on his Western journey. The parties never met again. The journey was made all the way on horseback. Within a few days after his arrival in Ohio, the Hon. Charles R. Sherman, the father of General and Senator Sherman, then recently elected a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State, lent Mr. Swayne his law library, which the latter kept until after the Judge's death, which occurred a few years later, in the forty-first year of his age. He was unquestionably one of the most brilliant and able men that ever lived in the State, and he was universally beloved. His young friend regarded this untimely death as a loss largely personal to himself, and he felt it accordingly. Mr. Swayne was admitted to the Bar of Ohio after a year's residence, which the law of the State prescribed as a condition precedent. In 1829 he was elected to the Legislature of Ohio for the County of Coshocton by a vote nearly unanimous. In the following Spring, without his solicitation, President Jackson appointed him Attorney of the United States for the District of Ohio. At the same time he was offered, by both parties, a seat in Congress, without opposition. Preferring to devote his life to his profession, he accepted the former position, and at once removed to Columbus, the capital of the State. He held the office of District Attorney nine years, and resided at Columbus, and was steadily engaged in the practice of his profession until his appointment to the Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States.

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During that time he held numerous public trusts. None of them were of a political character, and it is thought unnecessary to name them. He received while pursuing his profession the degree of Doctor of Laws from the colleges of Yale, Dartmouth, and Marietta, in Ohio. Among his numerous students was ex-Senator Allen G. Thurman. They have been warm personal friends ever since. Mr. Justice McLean had repeatedly expressed a desire that Mr. Swayne should be his successor. That eminent judge died suddenly in the Fall of 1861. Among those who were most zealous in urging Mr. Swayne's appointment were William Dennison, then Governor of the State, and known as "the War Governor of Ohio"; Thomas Ewing, before that time a Senator in Congress, Secretary of the Interior and Secretary of the Treasury, and long the acknowledged head of the Bar of the State; Henry Stanbery, afterwards Attorney-General of the State and of the United States; Allen G. Thurman, before mentioned; H. H. Hunter, who was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State, but declined to accept the place—the Nestor of the Bar; and Thomas Corwin, a Representative in Congress, Governor of Ohio, United States Senator, Minister to Mexico, Secretary of the Treasury, and the peerless orator! These names are mentioned because it is deemed an honor to have been so supported by such men. They were all Ohio men. Others, not less distinguished, in other States, might also be named in the same connection. On the 25th of January, 1862, President Lincoln nominated Mr. Swayne to the Senate to fill the existing vacancy in the Supreme Court. The nomination was unanimously confirmed by the Senate on the same day.

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[From the National Intelligencer of Washington, D. C., of January 27th, 1862.]

"We learn that the Senate, in executive session on Friday last, confirmed the nomination of Noah H. Swayne, Esq., of Ohio, as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, to fill the vacancy created by the death of the late Judge McLean.

"It is a matter of congratulation that the honor thus conferred has fallen upon one who, we understand, is so well fitted to wear with dignity, and preserve without spot, the judicial ermine in the highest Court of the nation. To great legal learning and eminence in the walks of his profession, (from which, moreover, he has never been tempted by the lures of political ambition,) he adds, in the judgment of those who know him best, the qualities of mind which singularly fit him for the able and impartial dispensation of justice. If the National Judiciary may be congratulated on such an acquisition to the Bench of the Supreme Court, it is also a matter of satisfaction that the President, in his choice of a successor to Judge McLean, has been guided by such a becoming sense of official propriety."

The new judge immediately took his seat on the Bench of the Supreme Court, which was then in session.

He held his first term of the Circuit Court at Detroit, where there was a large accumulation of business by reason of the protracted indisposition of his friend and predecessor, Mr. Justice McLean. The term lasted several weeks.

[From the Detroit Advertiser and Tribune of July 19, 1862.]

"JUDGE SWAYNE AND THE DETROIT BAR.

"On Thursday afternoon, July 17, 1862, a meeting of the Detroit Bar was held in the Bar Library, at which the following resolutions were adopted:

"*Resolved*, That the members of the Bar of the city of Detroit have learned, with deep regret, the passage of the act of Congress removing the Judicial District of Michigan from its connection with the Districts of Ohio and Indiana, and transferring it to a Circuit embracing Illinois and Wisconsin. We much preferred our former position, in view of our geographical and business relations, and our connection with the Circuit of Judge Swayne.

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"*Resolved*, That this last consideration is the occasion of profound and sincere regret. Although Judge Swayne has attended but a single Circuit Court in our District, he has established lasting claims to our respect and gratitude. Urbane and friendly in social intercourse, on the Bench he has shown himself the courteous but resolute and dignified asserter of decorum and propriety. Patient to hear, he has been prompt and learned in decision. As a lawyer of large experience and research, his character was well known to us. He has shown that he possesses what is a more rare endowment—the high judicial qualities of unvarying courtesy in listening to argument; of accurate legal discrimination and perfect impartiality; of deep learning, and of the power of eliciting and exhibiting the real distinctions and points of a case, and of cogently and lucidly explaining his reasons and conclusions.

"*Resolved*, That we tender to him the assurance of our profound respect and personal esteem for him as a man and a judge, and that we hope that the legislation of Congress will restore Michigan to the Circuit in which he presides.

"Charles I. Walker, John S. Newberry, and Alexander W. Buell, Esqs., were appointed a Committee to present the resolutions to Judge Swayne: and it was also agreed to hold a meeting of the Bar of the State, at some future time, to express a preference regarding who should be appointed Judge of this District."

On the 25th of January, 1881, at the end of nineteen years of service, having reached the seventy-seventh year of his age, Mr. Justice Swayne placed his resignation in the hands of President Hayes. It was accepted, and took effect on that day.

[From the Washington Law Reporter of February 2d, 1881.]

"MR. JUSTICE SWAYNE'S RETIREMENT.

"A meeting of the members of the Bar of the Supreme Court of the United States was held in the court-room, January 31st, to take action on the retirement of Mr. Justice Swayne. Hon. Samuel Shellabarger was elected chairman, and Mr. James H. McKenney, Clerk of the Court, secretary. A committee on resolutions, consisting of the following gentlemen: Mr. Philip Phillips, of Alabama; George W. Williams, Oregon; Richard T. Merrick, District of Columbia; Elliott F. Shepard, New York, and J. Hubley Ashton, Pennsylvania, was appointed by the chairman, and they, through Mr. Phillips, reported resolutions which were adopted.

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"Subsequently ATTORNEY-GENERAL DEVENS, in the Supreme Court, said:

"*May it please Your Honors:*

"The Bar were aware last Monday, when Mr. Justice Swayne delivered the opinion, the preparation of which had been entrusted to him, that they were listening to his words for the last time in this place. His retirement, in advanced life, indeed, yet with his natural force unabated, is an event that they would not willingly pass without proper expression of the respect in which they hold his eminent public services, and of the honor and love which they bear to him personally.

"Nineteen years have passed since he became a justice of this Court. With one exception, the senior associate detained from us during this term by a protracted and distressing illness, all who originally sat with him are gone. While no 'cold gradations of decay' have given admonition of the necessity of repose, he has deemed it wiser to seek it. His judicial life includes a great historic, or perhaps I should say, two historic periods, one the supplement and consequent of the other. The novelty and importance of the questions that were at once pressed upon the attention of the Court by the civil war will be readily admitted when we remember that questions concerning all the rights of belligerents, of confiscation, prize, blockade, and non-intercourse were to be at once discussed. The vast expenditures required novel systems and modes of raising revenue, and the legislation by which it was sought to meet the exigency became here, of necessity, the subject of inquiry and interpretation.

"His last opinion considers fully the important subject of the income tax imposed by the United States, and defines clearly and authoritatively the meaning of 'direct taxation,' as the term is used in the Constitution. At the close of the war came the period of reconstruction. As pointed out by Mr. Justice Swayne himself, it was sixty-one years since there had been any amendment of the Constitution. All the earlier amendments had been prompted by the anxiety of the States lest their autonomy should be invaded by the Federal Government, but a time had arrived when it was clearly necessary that rights acquired and results determined by the civil war should be placed under the guardianship of the Federal Government, and this was done by three constitutional amendments.

"The great power possessed by this Court, that of declaring a law, which had the sanction of all the forms of legislation, void, because in violation of the Constitution, had been exercised before this era in but two instances, which are found in the cases of Marbury agt. Madison and Scott agt. Sandford. But there followed upon the amendments, and the consequent legislation, a large series of constitutional inquiries which are by no means concluded. In all these great judicial debates, the subjects of which I have so hastily sketched, Mr. Justice Swayne bore his full share. His ability, his learning, his acquirements, and his ready capacity

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to inquire, his calm judgment, and his sound common sense, caused his influence to be everywhere felt in all their various stages. His opinions, which will be found in more than one-third of the volumes of the United States Reports, commencing with the first of Black and extending through the twelfth of Otto, some thirty-seven volumes, are the enduring monument of his honestly-earned fame as a jurist.

"Such a fame may appear to the casual observer less brilliant than that of the orators, the soldiers, and the statesmen who were his contemporaries when it was won, yet it is not less dear, nor less valuable in the eyes of every thoughtful lover of the institutions of this Republic.

"The singularly amiable disposition and cordial manner of Mr. Justice Swayne were irresistibly attractive to all who practiced before him. He had a patience which was proof against dullness, he would listen after he himself was satisfied, in order that counsel might feel they had been fully heard. I have not spoken of his anxiety to do always what was just and right. Happily I stand before a tribunal which has endured nearly an hundred years, upon no member of which was there ever the imputation that he did not mean to deal justly and to do the right, as it was given him to see the right. It was one of Mr. Justice Swayne's strongest characteristics.

"In the fine chapter of the Old Testament which describes the farewell of the aged Samuel to his people, ruler, priest, and judge though he was, he desires to know, before he parts with his power to Saul, if he has done wrong to any man, that he may then testify it. 'I am old and grey-headed,' says he, 'but behold here I am. Whose ox or whose ass have I taken? Whom have I defrauded? Whom have I oppressed? At whose hands have I received any bribes to blind mine eyes?' And the people answered: 'As God is our witness, there is no such man.' Sure am I that should the distinguished magistrate who retires from the Bench ask: 'Who is there that has stood before me to whom I have not striven to do equal and exact justice?' The answer would be like that of the Hebrew people to the Royal Judge of Israel: 'There is no such man.' The good wishes of all go with him in his honorable retirement, consoled by those literary studies which have long been his delight, and by the dearer comfort of friends and family. As he may look back to the life that is past without regret, so he may look forward with serenity and confidence.

"At a meeting of the Bar held this morning the resolutions which I read were unanimously passed.

"*Resolved*, That the members of the Bar have learned with deep regret, that, in the opinion of Mr. Justice Swayne, the time has arrived when he should retire from the labors and duties of the Bench, which he has so long adorned.

"*Resolved*, That at the conclusion of his long and honorable career, the Bar deem it alike their duty and their privilege to express their sentiments of sincere respect for Mr. Justice Swayne, which have been inspired by

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the large capacity, the full and accurate learning, the patient and persistent investigation, the anxious desire to do justice, the genial and benevolent courtesy he has uniformly accorded to the members of the Bar, which have distinguished him throughout the long period of his service on the Bench of the Supreme Court.

"*Resolved*, That the Attorney-General be requested to present these resolutions to the Court, and ask that they be entered on its minutes and communicated to Mr. Justice Swayne.

"The CHIEF JUSTICE replied as follows:

"The resolutions of the Bar and your remarks, Mr. Attorney-General, are no more than is due to the occasion, and we take pleasure in directing that they be entered on our minutes. Judge Swayne took his seat here at the beginning of the late civil war, when the Chief Justice was considerably more than eighty years of age and four of the five associates were bordering on seventy. He came fresh from a large and successful practice at the Bar, and brought with him an unusual familiarity with adjudged cases, and settled habits of labor and research. As might be expected he soon became one of the most useful members of the Court, and took an active and leading part in all its work. During the nineteen years of his judicial life, both public and constitutional law have been presented to the Court in great variety of phases and each successive term brought its new cases and its consequent new questions. What part he bore in this important service and how well he bore it, is best shown in the pages of the thirty-seven volumes of our Reports, which have been filled since he came on the Bench. Being favored with uninterrupted good health and great capacity for endurance, he has rarely been absent from his seat here or in the consultation room when required, and never except from necessity. His record as a judge is consequently the record of the Court during his service, and in his voluntary retirement he can have the satisfaction of feeling that his judgments here and elsewhere have been, as he believed to be, right. If at times he differed from his associates, he could always give a reason for what he did. His courtesy of manner on and off the Bench will never be forgotten, and he carries with him as he leaves the Court the esteem of every one of his associates.

"It has been his good fortune to be not only a student of the law, but of general literature as well. He has always been a welcome guest wherever he has gone, and we hope he may live long to enjoy the reputation he has won, the society of his family and friends, and the pleasure of his books."

A copy of these proceedings, taken from the journal of the Supreme Court, and certified by the clerk, were transmitted to Mr. Justice Swayne, with a letter from all the remaining justices. That letter was as follows:

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"WASHINGTON, *February* 24, 1881.

"DEAR BROTHER SWAYNE:

"Your retirement from the Bench at this time, when we are being deprived of the counsels of several other justices with whom we have had such long and pleasant association, is peculiarly trying to your brethren who remain.

"We not only heartily join in the expressions of respect and regret which are so well conceived in the address of the Attorney-General and Resolutions of the Bar, a copy of which accompanies this letter; but we desire to communicate to you our own personal sorrow at the severance of those pleasant and harmonious ties which have so long united us.

"We feel how greatly we shall miss the aid of your profound and various learning, ever ready at call, ever instructive and apposite to the discussion in hand; and shall equally miss the cheerful flow of your unfailing courtesy and spirits.

"Our earnest wish is, that you may long enjoy the happiness which justly comes to vigorous age adorned with the wealth and graces of literature, surrounded by the charms of appreciative companionship, and the object of devoted affection.

"Ever and sincerely, your friends,

(Signed) "M. R. WAITE.
"SAM. F. MILLER.
"STEPHEN J. FIELD.
"JOSEPH P. BRADLEY.
"WARD HUNT.
"JOHN M. HARLAN.
"W. B. WOODS.

"Hon. NOAH H. SWAYNE."

The sentiments of respect, esteem, and friendship thus expressed in the valedictory of his brethren are warmly reciprocated for each and all of them by Mr. Justice Swayne. His connection with the Court involved constant labor, but during all the time his health was perfect and he had no domestic sorrow. He will always regard it as the happiest period of his life.

A fuller biographical sketch may, perhaps, be prepared hereafter by another hand. The object of this brief publication is more to present the circumstances of his retirement from the Bench than for any other purpose.

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Such is the close of a laborious, well-spent, and not undistinguished public life, and one always free from the excitement of politics.

This is not the proper occasion to speak of his recollections of the many able men whom it has been the good fortune of Mr. Swayne intimately to know.

MAY 1, 1881.

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Dec 30, 1846. For the Cincinnati Chronicle.

KIT CARSON,

THE ROB ROY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY D. L. BROWN.

In perusing the journal of Lieut. Fremont I was much struck with some anecdotes relative to Carson and Gody, two members of that brave-hearted little band, which accompanied that admirable officer on his difficult and dangerous enterprise.

Both of these men I was well acquainted with, and I have no hesitation in saying, that two more daring and resolute spirits were never furnished to the world in the annals of restless adventure. Carson was particularly well known to me, having been in the same mess for twelve months, during which time we went through many scenes of a dangerous and romantic character. One incident out of many, that struck me forcibly at the time of its occurrence, I shall here relate.

We had started on what is called the 'Fall Hunt,' and were passing through the most dangerous trapping ground in the mountains—the centre of the Blackfeet country—when the party came suddenly and rather unexpectedly upon a fresh sign of Indians. This 'sign,' as the foot-prints, or any other unmistakeable evidence of the savages is termed by the mountain men, was in the shape of a large new 'lodge' or tent, which suddenly met our eyes in a clump of willows on the Madison Fork of the Missouri. We looked at this with some little awe, every moment expecting to have poured upon us a volley from the Indians that we had no doubt were in ambush somewhere in the vicinity. Nothing of the kind, however, took place. We proceeded about six miles, when convincing proof of the proximity of Indians became obvious. This was in the form of a dog, of a breed peculiar to this country, much resembling a wolf, and being, I have no doubt, this latter animal reclaimed from a state of nature, which joined our camp, having a bundle of dried meat and moccasins tied on his back. We immediately threw ourselves into a vast circular pile of rocks, which happened fortunately to be close at hand, and which, in case of attack, presented an admirable position of defence. Several of our men now pushed forward for the purpose of reconnoitering the country on our front.—Among these was Christopher or 'Kit' Carson.

From the pinnacles of these rocks we could command an extensive range of coun-

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try, and with the aid of a glass belonging to Mr. James Bridges, our leader, we could see distinctly the proceedings of our men, as they wended their way through the level prairie, which stretched along in unbroken smoothness to the distance of at least fifteen miles in our front. We could see them halt at the distance of some five miles, on the summit of a bluff overhanging the river to the height of above two hundred feet. Shortly after, we distinctly saw the smoke issue from their guns, but were at too great a distance to hear the report. In the space of a few minutes from the discharge we could perceive our men to mount their horses, and start in full speed in a direction towards us. A large body of mounted Indians were now seen in close pursuit of the little party. This was an exciting and anxious moment to all of us in camp. We watched with intense interest and anxiety the progress of the furious chase. Several times we gave them up for lost, as the savages were seen to overtake them, and both parties to become mingled, an occasional shot flashing out from the canopy of smoke and dust in which both parties were enveloped. As they neared us, however, our men were perceived to be ahead of their savage foe, who followed at full speed, close in their rear. As our men came up, and took refuge within rifle-range of our huge battlement of rocks, we poured upon the pursuing Blackfeet a hail-storm of bullets, knocking up the dust in all directions around them, and having the effect of making them suddenly sheer off in another direction.

In the course of half an hour the prairie around us was alive with savages, shouting and yelling as if possessed with demons.—After careering about for the purpose, apparently, of showing off their horsemanship, they threw themselves into a range of rocks contiguous to those we were in possession of, and opened a brisk fire upon our party. This we returned with interest; but neither appeared to do much execution, as both parties fired from under cover, in true Indian fashion. This mode of fighting was kept up for about two hours, when some of our hunters, getting tired of a mode of fighting so resultless and inconclusive, determined on bringing matters to an issue. Accordingly, fifteen of our bravest and best men issued from the rocks, and succeeded in reaching a point unharmed, within twenty-five or thirty yards of the long range of rocks occupied by the savages. Among this 'forlorn hope' were two Indians of the Irroquois tribe, who were

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especially anxious to come to close quarters with our assailants, and both of whom were free trappers belonging to our camp. One of these men was of gigantic proportions, great strength, and unwavering courage. He had stripped himself perfectly naked, as is customary with Indians when going into action, with the exception—which was a small one—of his 'breech cloth;' his face dyed to a blood-red hue with vermillion paint, presenting a very striking picture of an Indian warrior in his 'battle array.'

With no very definite intention on my part, I found myself a member of this little band, determined to have a dash at the Blackfeet, if such should turn out to be the object in view. The stopping place we had selected was in a deep ravine or hollow, running past, at right angles, the masses or lines of rocks in which the savages had taken up their position.

It may be as well to remark here, that all the principal tribes of Indians in the Western wilderness are in possession of fusils or long single-barreled guns, which throw ball with considerable precision, and to a much greater distance than a rifle. These they procure from the American and Hudson Bay Companies' trading posts in exchange for their peltries. They are only used by the savages in fighting their enemies, their bows and arrows serving to kill buffaloes and other game.

After we had remained a short time, sheltered from the shot of the Blackfeet by the brow of the ravine, it was proposed by Pierre —the Irroquois Indian already described—to charge the enemy in his strong-hold. This was unanimously agreed to; and as we raised the brow of the hill, and became apparent to the savages, we were greeted by a storm of balls, which fortunately left us all uninjured. At this moment, the Irroquois thundered out, "let us charge, boys! their guns are empty." Never was a command of Napoleon himself obeyed with a more joyful alacrity; for we were burning to be avenged upon these cruel and treacherous savages, for the many cowardly and remorseless murders they had perpetrated upon lonely and unoffending trappers. We dashed in upon them at full speed, clearing the distance between the brow of the ravine and the rocks in a few seconds of time; thus taking them completely by surprise, and leaving them hardly an instant of time for concert of action or deliberation. Now the rifle, in the hands of our excited and determined hunters, did its deadly office. In the

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space of a few minutes, nine Blackfeet were killed outright, and many more mortally wounded, who were borne away in the arms of their companions. Our men retaliated upon the Indians their own barbarities, by scalping every one that had fallen. The savages, who were now driven completely out of the rocks, fled with the greatest precipitation.

In the sudden panic with which they were seized, they came very near leaving one of their women, who had come along, it is probable, for the purpose of holding her husband's or lover's horse during the engagement; and who was on the point of being made a prisoner by our men, when a fine looking Indian, mounted upon a superb black horse, dashed up to the place where she stood, when, not having time to mount behind him, she grasped the animal by the tail; and he, giving it the whip, she was dragged, or rather flew behind him for some two hundred yards at full speed, without relaxing her hold. Our men, in admiration of this heroic exploit, ceased firing upon the retreating foe, fearful of wounding the Indian maiden and her gallant rescuer.

I had almost omitted to mention that among the brave little band which made this attack was a gentleman named Newell, a native of Cincinnati, who highly distinguished himself in the encounter. During the affair, I was assailed by a powerful savage, who started out suddenly from behind a rock, and fired, his ball piercing my cap, and inflicting a slight wound upon my head. As I returned his fire, a rifle was discharged almost at the same instant with my own; and turning round, I discovered my friend Newell, who had just fired his piece with fatal precision. The Indian jumped into the air several feet, and fell on his face, pierced by two balls. Both of our shots had taken effect. Newell scalped the Blackfeet as dexterously and neatly as if he had been accustomed to it all his life, having first stabbed him several times with his hunting knife, to make sure of life being extinct. I shall not attempt to justify this action, thinking as I do, with Cooper's Deer-slayer, that Indian and white men ought each to act according to his gifts; and I do not think it a white man's gift to scalp, but can only state in extenuation, that circumstances of the kind when they do occur—which is but seldom—are in some measure palliated by the perfidiousness and unrelenting cruelty of these savages. The following circumstances were related to me by Carson, after the fight:

After leaving the main body of the hunters, as was related in the beginning of this sketch,

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he and his companions rode about five or six miles along the side of Madison River, and after ascending a high bluff, on looking below, they suddenly discovered a large party of Blackfeet, who were just in the act of raising Camp. The men and women of the savages were scattered about, some on horseback, some packing up their little movable property, and all in a state of unsuspecting security, unconscious of the presence of a foe. Carson, in whose breast burned a deep and inextinguishable hatred of this tribe, called out for each of the party to select a man, pointing at the same time to the Indian he had chosen as a victim, who was the Chief of the band. Taking deliberate aim, they fired and killed four of the savages. The panic amongst the Blackfeet was tremendous. They were stricken as if by a bolt from heaven. The screaming of women and children, the yells of the savages, the howling of dogs and confusion that ensued, were described by Carson as frightful in the extreme. They very soon, however, discovered the paucity of the force that had the temerity to attack them in the very midst of their women and children; and maddened with rage, and burning with an eager desire of vengeance, they dashed upon Carson and his companions, who only saved themselves by the fleetness of their horses and their close proximity to our encampment.

This is a very imperfect sketch of one of the many adventures which have come under the personal observation of the writer; and which, from their daring and romantic character, have procured for Christopher Carson the well merited *nom de guerre* of "The Rob Roy of the Rocky Mountains."

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Art. IV.—F. H. JACOBI.

Nothing is quite so real to an animal as the food he eats and the bed he sleeps upon. We are all animals and something more, but there is a popular tendency among us to cherish the grossness of the animal, and to smother and starve the heaven-born part that struggles for recognition through perceptions more ethereal than the animal knows, and longings that the animal cannot feel and that material things can never satisfy.

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Assured that the meat by which man really grows is not that which nourishes the body, we do well to sit at the feet of those masters who offer to guide us out of this thralldom to the physical, and open our eyes upon the less palpable, but no less real, world in the midst of which we so unconsciously walk; for

> "The spirit world is not locked up;
> Thy feelings are closed, thy heart is dead."
>
> —GOETHE'S FAUST.

Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi stands foremost among those who were quite as sure of their spiritual vision as of their physical sight, and many has he helped to a better assurance of spiritual things.

He was a son of a Düsseldorf merchant, and in his early training was prepared, as far as possible, to assist and succeed his father. In 1759, at the age of sixteen, he was sent to Frankfort-on-the-Main to further pursue his mercantile education. All outward forces thus far drew him toward material pursuits; but an irrepressible force within prevailed over the constraint imposed by the elder Jacobi, and kept the young merchant busier with his meditations than he was with his accounts. This struggle between material interest and inclination continued for several years, even after his father had committed to his charge a valuable business and left a large estate for him to administer.

He had already, during a three-years' residence in Geneva, acquired a remarkable familiarity with the French language and literature, which added a prominent qualification for a literary life. The conscientiousness, also, which marked his whole life had appeared very early, and had cost him some ridicule from his fellow-students, because he could not tolerate the most common tricks and immoralities of business and of society. His developing mind seized upon the profoundest truths with a resolution that would leave nothing unmastered, so that, as the tradition runs, when he made the vain attempt to comprehend *infinity*, he fell fainting to the floor.

The inevitable abandonment of mercantile for literary pursuits was favored by the political appointments which he received from the government, first as councilor of finance of the cities of Berg and Juliers, and afterward as privy councilor

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at Munich. In the latter office he exposed the abuses of the Bavarian system of customs, and advocated greater liberty of commerce, thus bringing upon himself such bitter hostility that it soon drove him into retirement at Pempelfort, his country-seat near Düsseldorf. Here he devoted himself at last to philosophy, hospitality and epistolary communion with the most learned men of his age. With the help of his beautiful and intellectual wife, Jacobi made his home a literary center, second only to Weimar and the university towns. Among the guests at Pempelfort Goethe occasionally appeared, where he formed a strong and intimate attachment to his host, of whom he writes: "Jacobi's original and constitutional direction toward the inscrutable was in the highest degree welcóme and genial. . . . At night, after we had already parted and withdrawn to our sleeping apartments, I would seek him again. The moonshine trembled on the broad Rhine; and we, standing at the window, reveled in the fullness of reciprocal giving and receiving." Again he writes, "And so we parted at last, with the blessed feeling of eternal union."

Jacobi has left us his impressions of Goethe at the same period: "From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he was all genius, power, and strength, a spirit of fire with the wings of an eagle, . . . to whom it is allowed in scarcely any event to act otherwise than involuntarily."

A similarity is noticeable between the minds of these two remarkable men in respect to their extraordinary power of intuition; and Goethe himself confesses to some surprise that their "striving should take opposite directions."

Jacobi returned to Munich in 1804, upon the invitation of the newly founded academy of sciences in that city, of which, three years later, he was made president. This office he adorned for a few years, and then retired for a quiet, but literary evening of life at his country-seat. He died in 1819, having completed threescore and sixteen years

The writings of Jacobi were very opportune, since, like most great souls, he was so in communion with the spirit of his age, that his own contributions to the world's thought were what the world then needed. He found men contending about the sources of knowledge and the elements of certainty. The problem thus prepared had great interest for him, and no less

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difficulty. It involved the foundation of all religious faith, and thus the weal of the race. Impelled at once by profound piety and ardent philanthropy, Jacobi addressed himself to this great philosophical question of the day. Giving the problem his deliberate study, he evolved a psychological theory no less profound than bold, which conflicted with leading doctrines of both Kant and Hume. Eminently practical was his every thought; it contemplated the nature of man, and aimed to satisfy the wants of his heart. No consideration stood before this, and every product of his formal thinking in solitude had to be sacrificed in the world's arena if found to conflict with the interests of humanity. Thus he established an equivocal name, as an atheist, a theist, and a mystic. It may be only partially the fault of his interpreters that before the general public he still bears the same unjust reputation. In general, however, it must be confessed that Jacobi has fared remarkably well at the hands of his critics. His spirit disarms hostility, and his name is almost invariably linked with terms of the greatest respect.

Jacobi's works are not voluminous or very systematic. "Never was it my aim," he declares, "to set up a system for the schools. My writings proceeded out of my inmost life. . . . I wrote them, so to speak, not myself, of my own free will, but urged on by a higher power which I could not resist." It may not be remarkable, since he wrote under such a conscious impulse from without, that his works lack the unity of plan which belongs to continuous effort. Yet this does not interfere with his conscious identity, or the permanence of his convictions. It was the same man who, as he confessed, was "a heathen in his understanding and a Christian in his feelings."

Jacobi's earliest works were "Edward Allwill's Correspondence," and "Woldemar," which contain many of his philosophical views incorporated in such romance as suited the taste and intelligence of the period. He has been severely criticised for allowing himself to sugar-coat his philosophy with sensational fiction of questionable moral tone. "Woldemar" especially has been criticised and applauded with equal zeal. A literary critic in the "Edinburgh Review" (1847) finds it even more astonishing that such a work should have come from the pen of "a serene and virtuous philosopher," than that it should have

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been so eagerly read, which latter he would otherwise consider the most astonishing thing in the world. The reviewer referred to, though he seems to base his criticism upon sound principles, may have overlooked the important fact that Jacobi aimed to establish in that work an argument against mere conventionalities, in favor of higher moral obligations and rights of the individual. Mrs. Sarah Austen, whom Macaulay calls "an interpreter between the mind of Germany and the mind of Britain," praises the literary character of Jacobi's fiction as "distinguished for vigorous painting; admirable delineation of nature and the human heart; warmth and depth of feeling; and a lively, bold, yet correct turn of expression." Professor Chalybaeus, with equal ardor, declares that "Jacobi's style, as remote from scholastic stiffness as from the superficial character of polite literature, will ever hold good as a model."

Works more exclusively philosophical and argumentative are the "Letters to Moses Mendelssohn," "David Hume on Faith; or, Idealism and Realism," and "Divine Things and their Revelation."

The first of these regards the doctrines of Spinoza, and the views of Lessing concerning them, Jacobi maintaining that, in a conversation with him, Lessing had confessed an inclination to accept the doctrines of Spinoza. Mendelssohn and some others claimed that in these letters Jacobi had attributed to Lessing a stronger devotion to Spinoza than was consistent with his published views, which so distinctly adopt the dualism of Descartes and Leibnitz that their author cannot be thought seriously to have entertained the pantheistic monism which Leibnitz chiefly controverted. But more important than this dispute about Lessing's views are the views advocated by the author of the work himself. These are, in brief, that all philosophical demonstration must end in Spinozism, which is fatalism and atheism, and that, to escape these evils, we must abandon demonstration and accept faith.

The work on "Idealism and Realism" convicted Kant of a radical defect in his "Critique of Pure Reason;" for, since Spinozism was essentially atheistic, Jacobi was eager to correct the errors of this popular Kantian philosophy, which system was perfectly compatible with his religious belief. He found, in Kant, that it is at once both indispensable and impossible

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that things in themselves should affect our sentient organisms. This contradiction is fatal to all that is built upon it. In his theoretical philosophy Kant admitted, however reluctantly, that unaided sensation yields no knowledge of the transcendental, but merely a multiplicity of impressions. In spite of this concession, he assumed, and ever maintained, the dualism of subject and object, while neither is the product of any visibly connected cause. Jacobi has, then, the distinguished merit of establishing against Kant the following point: The "Critique of Pure Reason" denies that any causal nexus can be found between thinking and any noumenal object or subject, while the "Critique of Practical Reason," ignoring the principle already laid down, boldly assumes the transcendental as revealed by the phenomenal. Kant attempted to find some impossible demonstration for that which is undeniable and needs none, and thus threw a character of uncertainty upon the most positive knowledge that we have.

The work entitled, "Divine Things and their Revelation," was Jacobi's last, and probably contains the best exposition of his distinguishing doctrines, especially his "faith-philosophy." For this philosophy its author never claimed a place beside other systems, but, perhaps even too hastily and modestly, granted the argument to philosophers whose conclusions were revolting to him, but whose methods seemed to him valid. He thus occupied an anomalous position, which must be explained in one of these two ways; namely, either Jacobi was in error in supposing that the head positively demanded pantheism and the heart Christianity, or we are constituted with a cruel and irreconcilable antinomy, waging perpetual war in the center of our being, and setting one member against another in a manner for which no development theory can account, and of which no beneficent Creator could be guilty. This is the most important error of which Jacobi can be convicted, as he himself clearly saw. He was fully aware that his doctrines must break into two opposed systems, one of which must be false, by the most positive principles of logical opposition.

An antinomy may well lie under the suspicion of being nothing more than a convenient name under which to cover the shortsightedness of men. Can God's laws conflict? or can it really be that both the affirmative and negative of any given

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proposition can be supported with equally strong proofs. By any given man, perhaps they may. In a boys' debating club they often are; but even the boys usually think that, if they knew all, the scale would promptly turn to one side or the other. With what reason, then, do men talk of antinomies as soon as the *pros* and *cons* seem to balance? It is clear that the data upon which rests one of the conflicting judgments must be either inaccurate or inadequate, unless there is a fallacy in the logic.

A supposed conflict of laws is sometimes attributed to the error of applying reason to matters beyond its sphere, as though there were spheres where reason could mislead, or where it were better, forsooth, to be unreasonable. Both Locke, in his "Essay Concerning the Human Understanding," and Kant, in his "Critique of Pure Reason," have given expression to views of which this would be a bald, but perhaps not altogether unfair, statement. Not the excess, but the deficiency, of reason leads to error; and laws which really conflict must be human. The Creator of the macrocosm created also the microcosm, and "I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs." Rob the world of the faith that all things fit into the harmonious plan of the Author of all, and the philosophy of history, and the grand system of correlated sciences, which thrill us with enthusiastic delight as they unfold before us, would, like bright dreams or punctured bubbles, vanish from the earth. All forms of matter, and all the faculties of the mind, must be supposed to be governed by harmonious laws, and enter, as coordinate elements, into the plan of the universe; else we impeach either the power, wisdom, or goodness of God.

Jacobi's philosophical creed developed at a time when the prevailing philosophy was Kant's, with all the admiration that belonged to its freshest triumphs. No other theme was so prominent as that to which, a century earlier, Locke had drawn very general attention—the question of the powers and limitations of the human understanding. After making experience the basis of all our knowledge, Locke was so unfortunate in his explanation of the origin of our ideas that Cousin easily convicted him of laying an excellent foundation for that sensationalism for which Hobbes and Condillac acknowledged their indebtedness to him, however distasteful such thanks might be.

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It may not seem unnatural that Hobbes should derive from Locke's representative theory of perception his subtile corporeal spirit to replace the second member of Descartes' dualism, but it is far more startling to find Bishop Berkeley, with "every virtue under heaven," establishing upon the same basis a thorough-going idealism, and successfully maintaining his ground against the whole sensational school. To exhaust the strange possibilities of the case, Hume, again, accepting both Locke and Berkeley, advanced one fatal but inevitable step further, and, consigning mind to the same fate that matter had suffered at the hands of Berkeley, established a skeptical nihilism, which no subsequent philosopher has been able to refute without revising the whole foundation of the system upon which it rested. This task called for the genius of a Kant. He was able to reconstruct the principles of knowledge upon the ruins to which Locke's system had been reduced by the twofold *reductio ad absurdum* of Berkeley and Hume. In doing so, however, though he gained the foremost place among the metaphysicians of his age, he committed an error hardly inferior to Locke's, and quite as difficult to throw off. Locke perceived only images of things, that, so far as he could show, might have no corresponding external objects behind them. Kant, on the other hand, perceived only phenomena, and knew nothing of the things in themselves, which are manifest only in the phenomena. For both alike objects were implied as the originals of the images of the one, and as the principals behind the phenomena of the other. Both alike have furnished a basis upon which logical minds have built up systems that have violated the plainest dicta of common sense. Every body but a few philosophers thinks he knows that he walks in an actual physical world, and among other men like himself, while, according to Locke and Kant, pure reason teaches nothing of the sort; but rather that the world which we see is within us, and that we may be dreaming as truly in our waking as in our sleeping hours. Goethe appreciates this situation very well when he makes Faust say that this philosophy leaves him "as great a fool as he was before;" and then, in despair of knowing any thing, turn to the sensual enjoyments of the world.

From the particular error of Locke philosophy has largely, but not altogether, recovered; and from Kant's it is slowly re-

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covering. To this end Jacobi has contributed the earliest and best assistance, by showing that sensation testifies not more positively of the so-called secondary qualities of bodies than of their objective actuality, as will be more fully shown in the proper connection.

But Fichte contributed toward the correction of Kant's error in a way similar to that in which Berkeley had exposed the weakness of Locke. Fichte inquired whether it was true that an actual objective world caused the subjective phenomena, as Kant evidently assumed. In his investigation of this problem he found in his consciousness the sensations, and from these inferred the objective, not in the relation of cause, but as the effect or product of the active mind. He accordingly gave a confident negative to his own query, and adopted the full consequence of the error in the central doctrine of his philosophy —that "all cognition is a self-activity which perceives only its own self-activity."

When Schelling replied to Fichte's reasoning, that we might with equal propriety reverse his process, and suppose the subjective to result from the objective, then the claims of both to priority were recognized as equal; and both Fichte, in his latter days, and Schelling, admitted that an absolute existence underlies all phenomena.

A very important further modification of the philosophy of knowledge was achieved by Hegel, and still attracts great attention. He united the subjective and the objective into such a union that the latter was implied in the former. The phenomena which we perceive were regarded as having the same character objectively as subjectively. "The ground of their being," said Hegel, "is not an unknown essence immediately behind the phenomena, but the absolute idea." Thus constituted, absolute idealism makes a radical contrast with the subjective idealism of Fichte.

This system of Hegel, first offered for publication in Jena during the bombardment of that city by Napoleon, is a little later in its origin than the faith-philosophy of Jacobi; nevertheless, Jacobi is, in a certain sense, the representative of an elementary form of the latest philosophic thought. What the philosophy of the future is to be, no man can confidently tell; but it may not be too bold to predict that what Jacobi felt, but

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dared not say he knew, will yet find many to recognize its philosophical validity.

The chief claim of Jacobi to recognition among philosophers rests upon his doctrine that we have a direct intuitive knowledge of the suprasensible—that we see it with the "reason" as truly as we see physical objects with the eye. This doctrine has usually been regarded as enthusiastic, and its author sometimes set down among the Mystics of Germany. The degree of reproach implied in the terms *enthusiastic* and *mystic* varies with the persons who use them. When enthusiasm is charged as equivalent to fanaticism, and mysticism as implying obscurity and error, they simply beg the question at issue. A legitimate enthusiasm is what Jacobi claimed; and if we translate the Greek elements of the word (ἐν Θεός) as "God within," the meaning is rescued from all implication of error. Fanaticism is as far from the best sense of enthusiasm as rage from anger—to borrow a simile from Voltaire.

The quest of philosophy has ever been, before all else, for the efficient cause of nature. This cause does not appear in the nebular hypothesis, or in the atomic theory; for science cannot account for the first movements of either. Locke did not find it, for he had no secure hold upon any thing objective. Kant did not find it in the pure reason, for pure reason could know nothing of any thing in itself. Jacobi found a first cause, he was sure, but only in his heart—there was not quite room enough for it in his head. He claimed that this, together with some other knowledge, is impressed upon the soul without the intervention, in any way, of physical organs. The philosophy of Locke does not willingly admit any impressions upon the *tabula rasa* of the mind apart from the products of sensation and their combinations. Jacobi's claims must, accordingly, be positively refused, or some of the principles abandoned which have been maintained, or tacitly admitted, by a multitude of philosophers. The *tabula-rasa* simile has been convicted of fault in the implication that the mind is a cold and dead slate, that simply holds, without addition or change, whatever is committed to it. If this were so, there would be for us no external world—all primary qualities of matter would be forever shut out of the mind, for no sensation ever resembled any one of them. Secondary qualities are purely subjective. They not

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only do not resemble in the least their immediate physical causes, but even these do not reside in the bodies to which we refer the qualities as by instinct, while the inferred concause, which *is* in the body, is beyond the reach of our investigation. It must be, then, that we are indebted to certain original energies of the mind for all that we know of the external world, even after sensation has revealed all that in the nature of the case is possible.

Kant insists upon the testimony of sensation as essential to the validity of mental products. Jacobi insists that he sees a light, which to the physical eye is invisible. Is he mistaken? or is Kant's requirement unessential?

A sensation is a feeling awakened in the mind through the medium of an organ of sense. This sensation becomes a perception when referred to the external object which occasioned it; thus do we acquire all our knowledge of the outward world. What, then, are the essential elements in the formation of any perception? Before all, something must be impressed upon the consciousness. Sensations depend solely upon the nerves to convey them to the conscious subject. Any interruption of their career toward the brain puts an end to them, or rather, there being no sensation in the consciousness, none exists anywhere. If, therefore, sensation is essential to perception, then nerves are likewise essential. But nerves are only the menial organ which serves mysteriously to convey impressions to the mind, without, in ordinary perceptions, revealing themselves to the consciousness. Some perceptions, moreover, such as the perception of relations, are generally recognized as being independent of all sensation. So, too, causation, time, and identity, must be perceived, if at all, without the help of any mechanism, since in their nature they are impalpable. No particular character in the object, therefore, can be pronounced essential to mental perception; immaterial principles are perceived as clearly as granite hills.

It thus appears that the practical objective conditions which now limit perception may be purely casual. Only two elements remain which can be shown to be essential in the perception of all things objective. These are feeling and reflection; feeling, because it is the condition of both sensation and consciousness, and whatever is not felt in either of these ways

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cannot in any manner make itself known; and reflection, because feeling is not thought, and no knowledge can result from feeling simply as feeling, any more than we can become cognizant of a present physical object without looking upon it to discover its qualities. Reflection interprets feeling into terms of thought. This is done spontaneously, to be sure, and seems to attend rather than follow the feeling—what obviously follows being inference rather than intuition.

Both these essential conditions being met, the source or cause of the feeling does not affect the validity of the consequent perception. The feeling itself is sufficient evidence of the *actuality* of its cause; its *nature* is a distinct problem. "Whoever says he knows," observes Jacobi, "we properly ask him whence he knows. He must then depend at last upon one of these two things, either upon sensation or upon soul-feeling." All knowledge resting on the latter Jacobi denominated "faith," and he doubtless enjoyed the same assurance of his "faith" as of his material possessions. Yet it was Jacobi who cast upon this assurance the reproach of being unphilosophical. That reproach commends the modesty of the philosopher more than his logical powers. It must be set down as his weakness that he dared not maintain as legitimate the firmest convictions of his soul, simply because the method by which he reached them was not philosophically orthodox in his day.

The best use of philosophy is, doubtless, to regulate human conduct; and that which is unphilosophical should accordingly be abandoned. Why not, then, abandon every thing which is given us by the intuition of reason and from no better source? Why not give up the notion of an external world? Simply because the universal conviction of the race makes it impossible. Men do not wait for the formal decisions of philosophers upon questions which find uniform answers in their own clearest intuitions. No contradiction of this decision would command their respect. Again, why not abandon the notion of a First Cause presiding over the universe, and governing it according to the intelligent determinations of an unrestrained volition? The answer is to the same effect as the former, Because all races and tribes under the sun hold some faith in a god to whom they are responsible and expect to give account. The argu-

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ment from common consent must not be despised. Philosophy cannot ignore it without itself being rejected. It rests upon intuitions which are universal and necessary, and which no authority is competent to gainsay.

Jacobi allows a logical validity to the pantheism of Spinoza, but it affords no satisfaction to the desires of his soul. His spirit rejects pantheism, while his reason accepts the demonstration on which it rests. His spirit, on the other hand, clings to the "faith," which his understanding cannot approve. Fully conscious of this paradox, Jacobi declared, "There is light in my heart, but when I attempt to bring it into my understanding, it goes out." What loyalty to the conclusions of a syllogism built upon false premises and doing violence to the strongest and purest intuitions of the soul! A weaker "faith" would have surrendered to so strong a conviction of the demands of the understanding. A stronger logical faculty would have scorned the ambiguous position which Jacobi under protest occupied. It may not be evident which was the weaker, his "faith" or his reason, but his preference between the horns of his dilemma was unmistakable and strong. The sphere of the simple understanding he plainly calls inferior, since it sadly disappoints the highest aspirations of which we are capable. These are satisfied in the intuitions of the divine, in which Jacobi realizes the highest of all possible objective revelations. To rescue these intuitions from the fatal monism of Spinoza Jacobi deliberately sacrificed his philosophy, such as it was, in favor of his faith. From that moment he formed a marked contrast with Spinoza. The latter knew no personal God; Jacobi ever felt his presence and heard his voice. Spinoza knew no causes except as immanent in matter and necessary; Jacobi recognized a Final Cause, and was conscious of his own freedom, and of his own accountability. Spinoza consequently enjoys a passionless repose, fearing nothing and hoping nothing, and witnessing the dissolution of his body with a stolid resignation, regarding his decay as another proof of his brotherhood with the clod. Jacobi, however, quick with the pulsations of an endless life, stretching eagerly forward to catch glimpses of the dawning of the bright to-morrow of his soul's desire, is by no means satisfied with the realizations of this life, but is more than satisfied with its hopes.

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With Fichte and his ideal projection of subjective images Jacobi felt considerable sympathy. Fichte's soul was quick to recognize the spiritual forces of the universe, but he did not perceive their objective character. At this point Jacobi resists again an apparently valid conclusion in the clear light of his own intuitions. He was sure he saw, in the moral order of the world, a Father's hand; Fichte saw only a reflection of his own volitional activity. Such intolerable consequences of the reasoning of his metaphysical contemporaries, Jacobi escaped by resorting to the oracles of a higher authority. "There dwells within us," he said, "a spirit sent immediately from God, constituting the most essential part of our human nature. As this spirit is present to man in his highest, deepest, and most personal consciousness, so the Giver of this spirit, God himself, is present to man through his heart just as nature is present to him through his senses. No sensible object can so seize upon the mind and irresistibly prove itself real, as those absolute objects, the true, the good, the beautiful, and the sublime, which can be seen with the eye of the spirit. We venture the bold speech that we believe in God because we see him, although he cannot be seen with the eye of this body." This spiritual vision is quite as clear as the physical; it is attended with no less feeling immediately produced in the soul, than comes to the soul through the office of the outward eye. It is not the eye that sees, but the soul by means of the eye. Such seeing is mediate, while Jacobi, if he sees God at all, must see him immediately, with no Moses and no organ of sense to stand between. Actual perception is not denied to sensation when it is referred to its cause. Who shall dispute that this intuition of an invisible Deity possesses at least as high claims to the character of a real perception as the sensations, exposed as they are to the defects of the physical body? May not the intuition even have some advantage, in the certainty of the objective existence over mediate knowledge, at least to the subject of it?

Sir William Hamilton maintains that in intuition cognition is given unconditionally as a fact, while, in all representative perception the cognition is problematical. Should it be objected that Hamilton assumed, in the intuition of which he speaks, that the mind is conscious of only its own modification without relation to any object beyond the sphere of conscious-

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ness, it ought to be sufficient to show that Jacobi's claims find ample room for realization under the careful definitions of this most astute philosopher. We do not understand Jacobi to claim that his intuitions reach to a cause, which, as perceived, is outside of himself, but rather that this knowledge is simple, and contains in it, as Hamilton himself says, "nothing beyond the mere consciousness, by that which knows, of that which is known." This consciousness of necessity cannot reach out and take hold of the external; but if the external be spiritual in its nature, as it cannot impress itself upon any physical sense, so no physical barrier can obstruct its approach to the center of thought and feeling. Accordingly, Jacobi can say that "God himself is present to man in the heart," and that the human spirit contains "a shadow of the divine knowledge and will."

In this light we can understand our philosopher's meaning when he maintains that man reveals God, while nature conceals him:

> But is it unreasonable to confess that we believe in God, not by reason of the nature which conceals him, but by reason of the supernatural in man, which alone reveals and proves him to exist? *Nature conceals God;* for through her whole domain nature reveals only fate, only an indissoluble chain of mere efficient causes without beginning and without end, excluding with equal necessity both providence and chance. . . . *Man reveals God;* for man, by his intelligence, rises above nature, and in virtue of this intelligence is conscious of himself as a power not only independent of but opposed to nature, and capable of resisting, conquering, and controlling her. As man has a living faith in this power, superior to nature, which dwells in him; so has he a belief in God, a feeling, an experience of his existence.

This doctrine is perfectly consistent, as Jacobi claims, with the criticism of Kant, though it cannot be harmonized with the doctrines of Spinoza. Indeed, Kant's demonstration that the pure reason finds no certainty in practical things, not only admitted but even called for Jacobi's doctrine of a direct intuitive cognition of things-in-themselves. This intuition tramples upon the mechanism theory of the universe, and, rising above the defects of demonstration, gazes boldly upon the revealed face of the one great Cause that reason had long ago declared to be immanent in all forms of being and becoming.

This noblest function of the soul Jacobi did not uniformly

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denominate "faith," especially in his later writings. This term was too liable to be understood to imply a blind, irrational belief on the mere authority of others. To avoid so great a misconception of his doctrine Jacobi used the term "reason," (*Vernunft*,) meaning, not the logical faculty, but the power to perceive directly in contrast with the understanding which is confined to the range of the demonstrable. The term "faith," therefore, when used by Jacobi, implied the surest possible kind of knowledge, but a knowledge which in its very nature cannot be communicated to another by a syllogistic method. This is why the light in the heart was quenched when brought into the understanding. That light conveyed the divine image, which in the order of nature must be felt in order to be known. We cannot always describe what we have seen with our natural vision; much less can we expect to impart to another the first-fruits of our spiritual seeing. The Apostle Paul said it was not lawful to utter the things which were revealed to him when "caught up into paradise." Similarly, doubtless, is it unlawful—*impossible* on account of the disabilities of our nature—for a man to formulate and communicate to another all of the religious experiences of his heart, even after they have so entered into his being that torture and death cannot induce him to deny them. This is the philosophy of the believer's testimony, daily declared in the sanctuary and daily disputed in the mart, "I *know* that my Redeemer liveth."

Owing to a lack of this experience the unbelieving naturally question the legitimateness of this faith, or at least ask the believer to prove a necessary connection between the mental phenomena on which he rests his faith and any objective cause. Suppose we make a similar demand of themselves. Can they show any necessary connection between the best established facts in science and any objective cause? All knowledge hangs upon a chain, some links of which are hidden, so that, without the exercise of a large practical faith, no science would be possible. When we trace the phenomena involved in a single perception of an outward object through the eye, we are charmed with the delicate offices of different parts of that organ; but when the light, in obedience to optical laws, has painted a beautiful inverted image of the object on the fine tissue of the

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retina, the physical phenomena of vision can be traced no further; they cease or disappear as motion, or physical change, and re-appear at once as intellectual perception—something which bears no discoverable resemblance to any of the physical phenomena of seeing. The chain of causes in all perceptions goes out of sight, some links are hidden.

According to Lotze,* "We shall never be able to prove that it lies in the nature of any motion . . . of itself to cease as motion and be reproduced as illuminating brilliancy, as sound, or as sweetness of taste." The motion here referred to is the sensible or physical part of the phenomena of sensation. The causal nexus between a wave, whether in the eye or in the air, and the mental conception of light, no man has ever discovered, but the scientist and the philosopher alike, together with universal humanity, accept with a practical assurance that cannot be shaken the testimony of their consciousness to the objective reality of the things perceived through any organ of sense. In unscientific terms, then, we may say that we know the things within reach of our senses because we *feel* them.

Feeling is the function of all the afferent nerves, and in some mysterious way we hear, taste, see, etc., by feeling. All the mechanism of our organs of sense is necessary to bring the physical within the grasp of the spiritual. By the aid of this mechanism we feel, as science insists, not the object, but some quality of the object appropriate to the sense in exercise. The universal consciousness, however, will have it that we feel *a body* thus and thus conditioned or qualified. Science says we feel the broad waves of light, or, practically, the redness of a physical body. Consciousness maintains that we see *a red body.* It is hazardous to quarrel with universal consciousness. Moreover, it would be unreasonable to reject, concerning the character of the phenomena, the testimony of the only authority by which its actuality had been, or could be, established. We *dare* not, therefore, banish the physical universe from our philosophy; we *cannot* banish it from our consciousness. God himself, in fashioning us so that we are thus compelled to recognize in our daily lives an objective universe, has involved his own veracity in the validity of these intuitions of our consciousness.

*Mikrokosmus, vol. i, p. 161; Leipzig. 1856.

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If we admit, as we seem forced to, that mind and matter can communicate, while their natures are so very unlike, much less should it be thought incredible that mind should be able to convey thought to another mind of the same nature. No mechanism can simplify or explain the perception of the physical; it simply makes it mysteriously possible. The same intuitional power that magically reveals to us a physical universe and enforces its acceptance may similarly discover the Cause of the universe and enforce a belief in that Cause. This it does, and no human race is known that has not some notion of God.

Clearer and more full than this universal faith are the direct revelations to the spiritually minded, who, like Socrates and Jacobi, seem to have found a shorter way to the knowledge of God than through the regularly accredited prophets. This personal inspiration seems to resemble, in the strength of the conviction which it carries, that instinct which Kant has denominated "the voice of God." Brute instinct is concerned with nothing but what is essential to the well-being of the species. All this it fails not to supply. Birds know how to build nests, but they do not know how they know, or what principles require them to build as they do. Men know no more about the instincts that supplement reason in their own species. God supplies whatever is out of reach that is essential to any of his creatures. In endowing man with a soul God fixed upon him another necessity quite as urgent as the preservation of his body, namely, the preservation of his soul. The Creator is, then, under an equal, or still greater, obligation to supply whatever is demanded by the interests of our spiritual nature.. It is not unreasonable, therefore, that we should listen for the voice of God in a new revelation. Jacobi and millions more say they hear it. They find revealed in it the Almighty and an endless life. They *touch*, as it were, the suprasensible, and *know* it by a sort of spiritual empiricism. They are profoundly convinced. The demonstrations of the spirit are irresistible, but if denied, they can no more be forced upon a skeptic than the axioms of geometry.

We cannot too highly applaud the opinion of Victor Cousin, that "the error of Jacobi's school was not to see that this truth-speaking enthusiasm is only a purer and higher application of reason, in such manner that faith has its root in reason." This

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"enthusiasm," in the mouth of Cousin, suggests no reproach, but rather implies a reason which flies while the syllogism creeps. It must be conceded also that this slower method is, by its very nature, debarred from ever demonstrating the infinite, and thus solving the most essential problems of religion and philosophy; for by the syllogism we can advance to no conclusion except through a more general conception. The term which must thus be included under another cannot contain the Deity, or satisfy the conditions of monotheism. The Highest, therefore, cannot possibly be reached through formal reasoning, and some other resource must be depended upon for this necessity of the soul. Nothing but Jacobi's intuitive cognition can yield the personal apocalypse of God.

When the clear testimony of consciousness is universally recognized as valid, then not only will Jacobi command an unqualified respect among philosophers; but objective science, as well as religion, will find a rational foundation, and, according to the claim of Drobisch, we shall realize in the philosophy of religion "the key-stone of the philosophical arch."

NOTE.—Further expression and some modification of Jacobi's views will be found in the writings of J. G. Hamann and Jacob Fries, as well as those of Herder, Schleiermacher and Hamilton. Compare also Wesley and Mansel, who have much in common with these doctrines.

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MADISON DEMOCRAT.

City Department.

THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1879.

12

MADAME BONAPARTE.

A Story of Real Life that Reads Like a Romance.

Almost every one is in some measure familiar with the main details of Elizabeth Patterson's marriage to the brother of the great Napoleon, and the prominent facts of her subsequent career; but there are many facts touching her life as girl and woman that do not appear in the biographies. She first met Capt Jerome Bonaparte at the Baltimore races in the autumn of 1803. He had left his ship, which was returning from a cruise in the West Indies, and was on a brief visit to Capt. Barney, of Baltimore. It is said that Miss Patterson, the most beautiful and attractive woman of her time in Baltimore, expressed a wish to go to the races, with the hope of meeting the young officer there. The old merchant, a practical, plodding man of business, bade her put such nonsense out of her head. He would not allow his daughter, he said, "to run after foreign upstarts." But Miss Patterson appears to have had a will of her own then, as she certainly had in later years, and went out to the race course in spite of her father's opposition. Mr. Patterson was at that time living at his country seat near Baltimore—now embraced within the limits of the city—and spent the day at his business in town, returning at night. His daughter took advantage of this, mounted one of the horses on the day set for the races, and, accompanied by her younger brother, galloped out to the meeting.

Jerome Bonaparte was already on the grounds, surrounded by many distinguished Americans and a bevy of beautiful women from Washington, New York, and Baltimore. When Miss Patterson rode up his attention was at once attracted to her, and as she dismounted, he asked one of the gentlemen near for an introduction. The conquest begun by her beauty, was soon completed by her wit. He seemed in love with her from the first, and with-

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in a very short time asked her hand in marriage.

Mr. Patterson belonged to that shrewd Scotch Irish race, which has acted so conspicuous a part in the commerce of this and other countries. He was not dazzled by the prospect of his daughter marrying a first consul's brother—especially as the young man was a minor, entirely dependent upon the brother who had recently shown his displeasure toward Lucien for marrying the widow of a merchant, when it was desired that he should marry a German princess. Mr. Patterson knew that his daughter would run a great risk in marrying a Frenchman without the consent of his mother, and without the consent of the government, whose officer he was. So he opposed the match vigorously from the first. But in spite of her father's entreaties and remonstrances, Miss Patterson determined to marry, saying she "would rather be the wife of Jerome Bonaparte for one hour than the wife of any other man for life." Finding all his efforts to prevent the marriage useless, Mr. Patterson at length gave a reluctant consent.

The marriage was celebrated on Christmas eve, 1803, by the Right Rev. John Carroll, Bishop of Baltimore, who was afterward the first Archbishop of that see, and Primate of the Catholic Church in the United States. A gentleman who was present on the occasion said: "All the clothes worn by the bride might have been put in my pocket. Her dress was of muslin, richly embroidered, of extremely fine texture. Beneath her dress she wore but a single garment."

What followed is a matter of history. Young Mr. Robert Patterson, a brother of the bride, and then in Europe, visited Mr. Robert Livingstone, American Minister to France, and through him met the First Consul and other members of Jerome's family, but apparently without at all reconciling them to the marriage. Mme. Letitia Bonaparte, Jerome's mother, entered a legal protest against the marriage, and Napoleon communicated to M. Pichon, Consul-General of France, at New York, an order instructing him to withhold Jerome's supplies, and prohibiting the commanders of French vessels from receiving on board "the young person to whom he has attached himself." Jerome and his wife, after various attempts to secure passage on other vessels, at last sailed in one of Mr. Pattersons own, the Erin, for Lisbon. Off the port they were met by a French man-of-war,

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whose commander forbade Mme. Bonaparte to land, but put no obstacle in the way of Jerome's doing so. Jerome decided to go ashore, with the hope that a personal interview with his brother might result in reconciling him to the marriage, and his young wife proceeded to Amsterdam, where another man-of-war covered the Erin with its guns, and the unhappy lady, soon to become a mother, was landed the next day at Dover, England being at war with France.

She saw her husband only once again, if ever—a story being current that he met her for a moment after in Florence. Her child, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, was born at Camberwelle, England, July 7, 1805, and her husband, yielding to his brother's command, was married to the Princess Catherine, of Wurtemburg, in March, 1807, the French Senate, immediately after the Baltimore marriage, having passed a decree by which any registry was prohibited in France "of the act of the celebration of a pretended marriage that Jerome Bonaparte had contracted in a strange country during the age of minority, without the consent of his mother, and without previous publication in the land of his nativity. Napoleon declared the marriage null and void and the offspring illegitimate. Jerome was afterward made King of Wurtemburg, and had three children by his second wife—one, the well-known Prince "Plou Plon." After the birth of her child the young wife—then only 20 years old—was advised by Jerome to return to the United States, Napoleon directing him to write that on condition that she did return, and would not assume the name of Bonaparte, he would allow her a pension during her life of 60,000 francs a year. Still with the hope that her husband would prove faithful she sailed for America three months after the birth of her son, and reached Baltimore after a voyage of thirty-two days. It does not appear that she ever called herself anything but Mme. Bonaparte, but the pension was regularly paid and received by her until the fall of the emperor. She received about $100,000 in all, and this was the beginning of her large fortune, for her father left her in his will only a few small houses and the wines in his cellar, the value of the property being not over $10,000 in all. This remarkable passage was inserted by Mr. Patterson in his will: "The conduct of my daughter Betsey, has through life been

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so disobedient that in no instance has she ever consulted my opinion or feelings; indeed, she has caused me more trouble and anxiety than all my other children put together. Her folly and misconduct have occasioned me a train of experience that, first to last, has cost me much money." Almost immediately upon her return to Baltimore, Mme. Bonaparte began the economical, almost niggardly habits of life that with increasing intensity—especially after the second marriage of her husband abused her indomitable spirit to provide her son with the means to prosecute his claims to recognition—were maintained to the day of her death. Her savings were regularly invested, not in risky stocks or wild speculations, which offered large dividends and high rates of interest, but in United States bonds and other securities, which were perfectly safe. She was satisfied with six per cent., and as a consequence was never carried away by alluring speculations which promised splendid returns, but generally ended, as she said, "in smoke." As examples of her extreme penuriousness, it may be mentioned that while abroad in 1820 she discontinued corresponding with one of her dearest friends—in fact, one of her very few friends—in Baltimore in order to save the expense of foreign postage. While living in the society of princes and nobles, she wrote notes on the backs of letters to save the price of paper, suffered from cold in order to economize in fuel, and lived on plain fare in order to avoid the expense of luxurious food. But she always declared that she thus stinted herself in order to promote her ambitious views for her son—his marriage into some one of the influential European families. For this purpose she lived in a boarding house in Paris and in lodgings at Rome. For this purpose she gave her son the best education that this country could bestow. Economical in all else, she spared no money where the advancement of his future was in question. She wished him to make a figure in the world—to shine in society—to marry into that high circle which she believed belonged to the son of a king and the nephew of an emperor.

After Jerome had completed his education at Harvard, she took him to Europe, where he was well received by all the members of his father's family, particularly Mme. Letitia and Pauline Bonaparte, who was at that time living in

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great splendor at Rome at the Princess Borghese's. Jerome was now a handsome, tall young man, about 22 years of age. But he loved America better than Europe, and was very glad to return to his mother's home in Baltimore after about two years' absence; and soon after his return he married Miss Susan May Williams, the daughter of a merchant who had moved to Baltimore from Newburyport, Mass. Her fortune was large for that period, and has made Jerome's sons independently rich, not counting what they will receive from their grandmother.

Mme. Bonaparte returned to the United States in 1834, after nearly ten year's absence. She had never had many friends in the home of her childhood, and those few were either dead, dispersed, or estranged. Occasionally she might be seen at the opera, where her beauty and her diamonds always made her the most notable present. At the age of 50 she was still one of the most beautiful women in America, and even to the last years of her life her eyes still retained the brilliant expression that was once their greatest charm.

Until recently Mme. Bonaparte was in the habit of visiting the White Sulphur Springs, Va., every summer. She carried her jewel box and her wardrobe in one modest trunk, and although she did not take part in the gayety of the ball room, she kept a crowd around her by the sharpness of her wit and the cleverness of her satire. She delighted to talk of her early life, her romantic marriage, her European experience—of her distinguised friends, Gortchakoff, Demidoff, the duke of Tuscany, Princess Galitzen, Lady Morgan, the Countess of Donegal, the Earl of Normandy, and other celebrities with whom she had lived on terms of intimacy. Although Napoleon had treated her with so much harshness she always spoke of him as the greatest man that ever lived, while of her husband she had a proper contempt.

Several efforts were made by the Baltimore Bonapartes to have their legitimacy recognized in France after Louis Napoleon became emperor. This was bitterly opposed by Jerome and his son, Prince Napoleon. In 1860 Jerome died, and in 1861 Mme. Bonaparte made a last attempt to be restored to her rights and to have her son acknowledged as an imperial prince, but without success.

Mme. Bonaparte's last years have been

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passed in Baltimore, and she has experienced two grievous disappointments. Her grandson, Col. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte—a graduate of West Point—after distinguishing himself in the Crimean war, where he was rewarded for his bravery by several gold medals, and in the late Franco-Prussian war, in which his conduct caused his promotion to the colonelcy, returned to America, and, in opposition to the wishes of his grandmother, in the summer of 1871, at Newport, R. I., married Catharine Le Roy Appleton, widow of Newbald Edger, and the granddaughter of Daniel Webster. Five years later, her second grandson, Charles Joseph, at the same place, married Miss Ellen Channing Day, of Massachusetts. So, not only her son, but both of her grandsons, married American woman, contrary to her expressed wishes.

Both of these grandsons have in a very marked degree the physical characteristics of the family, except that Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte is probably the handsomest Bonaparte that the family has produced. He is a splendid looking fellow, soldierly, gallant, and debonnair in his bearing, forty-nine years of age, but does not look it; and is one of the jolliest companions that ever smoked a pipe at a Crimean camp fire, or ate a canvas back duck at the Maryland Club in Baltimore. For all that he possesses in such degree the qualities of a beau sabreus, his intimates have not suspected him of any deep complicity with Messieurs Cassagnac, Bouher, and the rest; and if he ever contemplated the possibility of the decadence of the young gentleman of Chiselhurst, who has just gone to Africa after a second baptism of fire, he, with great good sense kept it to himself. For many years Mme. Bonaparte has lived in a Baltimore boarding house, and when long past 90 could be seen in the business parts of the city collecting dividends, and managing all her affairs with great shrewdness. She loved society to the last. She conversed freely, often with vivacity, and frequently with bitterness. In her talks with young girls she laughed at the idea of love in marriage, and treated the institution as one of convenience. She thonght sentiment a weakness, and did not hesitate to say she married for position. Her costume was extravagant and ancient, consisting of a black velvet cloak and bonnet, with orange colored feather of a fashion of twenty years ago.

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In a conversation on the subject of religion, with the late Mrs. John Eager Howard of Baltimore, Mme. Bonaparte said if she adopted any religion it would be the Catholic, because at least "that was a religion of kings—a royal religion." Her niece, who was present, exclaimed: "Oh! aunt, how can you say such a thing; you would not give up Presbyterianism?" To which Mme. Bonaparte responded: "The only reason I would not is, that I should not like to give up the stool my ancestors had sat upon."

The property of Mme. Bonaparte, both personal and real, is valued at about $1,000,000. The personal estate consists of bonds, principally government and state. By a recent decision of the court of appeals of Maryland the bonds of other states held by Mme. Bonaparte were declared taxable, and this decision, it is believed hastened her death.

The property to which she was most attached was the building on the east side of South street. This is the lot where, until twelve years ago, stood the family mansion of her father, William Patterson, and in which Mme. Bonaparte was born. The present building was built by her son, the late Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte. This property was left her by Mr. Patterson. It was entailed and would have descended to her son had he survived her. Her ground rent investments amounted to $12.000 per annum. Her real estate has been a burden to Mme. Bonaparte, being a sort of expense rather than revenue. Her real wealth consists of her personal investments which have rapidly accumulated, her expenses being only a trifle, comparatively, less than $1,000 per annum.

By a will made some time ago Mme. Bonaparte left nothing to her grandson, Col. Bonaparte, on account of the offence he had given her by his marriage. This breach was, however, healed about eight months ago and the will was altered, dividing her property equally between her two grandsons, the personal effects of her residue going to Charles. There are no other legacies. The will, as it now stands, has not been opened, but it is believed that Col. Bonaparte's share on his death will go to his two children, but will exclude from its benefits his wife and her children by her former marriage.

Mme. Bonaparte's diary, which she had kept for half a century, and for which she was offered $10,000 by a pub-

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lishing house a few years ago, will go to Charles, her grandson, she having refused the offer on the ground that this grandson could make better use of it after her death.

Interesting Reminiscences of the Late Mme. Bonaparte.

Apr 18/1879. Chicago

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

It may seem strange to your readers to receive news from Baltimore via San Francisco, but one of the most intimate friends of the late Mme. Patterson-Bonaparte is at present here on a visit, and has favored me with some details of her life which may probably prove interesting. The old lady lived of late years in a fashionable boarding-house on Cathedral street, where she saw but few persons, but busied herself actively with her memoirs. She lived for the most part in the past, hated to go out in a crowd, was afraid of horses, and hence scarcely ever drove. Contrary to general belief, she was by no means proud, but rather broad in her views both as regards social equality and other matters. On one occasion an actress took up her abode in the boarding-house, at which the other boarders, taking offense, resolved to snub the interloper. This

GREATLY DISPLEASED MME. BONAPARTE,

and she welcomed the actress, and told her fellow-boarders that the new-comer was as good as any of them. She was a brilliant talker, her vivacious disposition and pungent wit charming all except the victims of her sarcasm. A lady with whom she was acquainted one day introduced her daughter, a young lady of prepossessing appearance, with the exception of her nose, which was abnormally large. "Ah," exclaimed the fond mother, "my daughter has the face of a Madonna." "Yes," murmured Mme. Bonaparte softly to her neighbor, "of a Madonna—with a beak." She was extremely fond of the society of young peo[illegible]om she loved to see dan[illegible] enjoying themselves. Old people, on the contrary, bored her, and she made no scruples about letting them feel this. She was a skeptic on religious matters, fond of literature and music, and had at one time been something of a musician, but, as she herself expressed it, "I was not going to lug a piano on my back wherever I went, and so I dropped it."

ROBERT PATTERSON,

her wealthy father, although bitterly opposed to her marriage with King Jerome, nevertheless left "that disobedient girl Betsey" a handsome fortune, and, as she was very penurious in her habits, this fortune doubtless increased in her hands. She always deeply lamented not having met the First Napoleon, and would sometimes, with a sad and weary look overshadowing her fine face, exclaim, "Ah! if I had only met him, all might have been different." Her memory was good to the last, and she would converse with her intimates about Talleyrand, Mme. de Stael, Lady Jersey, Mme. Recamier, Lady Ellenborough, Prince Gortschakoff, and other of her friends of former days. Married at the very opening of this century, she believed herself destined to

OUTLIVE ALL HER CONTEMPORARIES,

and, with the remnants of that strong will which had borne her through so many trials and diffi-

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culties, she exclaimed only a few months ago, "I shall live to celebrate my hundreth birthday; I will live, I say, to gratify my friends and to spite my enemies." Although frequently solicited to marry again, she steadfastly refused all offers, and on one occasion cried out, "How could I sacrifice my glory and pride for the sake of becoming plain Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Brown? I was not born to 'suckle fools and chronicle small beer.' No, never could I be induced to drag that great name in the dust." Her small figure, hazel eyes, and false front teeth were a familiar sight until quite recently in the streets of Baltimore, and she will be mourned by many, not only for herself, but also as a connecting link with the far-off past, which is now severed forever. C. H. H.

Chez. Bib. & All. 18, 1879.

BONAPARTE MARRIAGES. — A curious fact is, that Jerome Bonaparte, on the whole, had made the best match ever seen in his family up to that time. Miss Patterson, after all, was the accomplished daughter of a wealthy and highly-respected merchant, while every one of the brothers or sisters of her husband had married persons of low birth or doubtful respectability. Thus, Joseph Bonaparte had married the daughter of a soap merchant at Marseilles; Napoleon himself had married the former mistress of Barras; Lucien, an ex chambermaid at an inn in St. Maximin, near Toulon; Eliza, the son of a coffee-waiter and billiard maker (Bacciocchi); Matilda, an ex-hostler (Murat) at an inn three miles from Cahors; Paulina (Borghese), the bastard son of an itinerant wool dealer (Leclerc), whose brother had been hanged for robbery. Supposing Jerome to have acted in good faith, and to have privately debated the subject with his brothers, he might indeed have made a case against them.—*London Truth.*

Over—

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—The death of Madame Elizabeth Bonaparte, in Baltimore, aged ninety-four, closed a romantic history, some parts of which are yet to be made public in her memoirs. The romance lacks tenderness. The novelist or poet can not well improve on the history of her life as it is. What it lacks in romanticism, it gains in individuality. The success of this Elizabeth Patterson, who galloped out to the race-course at Baltimore to see and capture a distinguished foreigner, will suggest possibilities to the present and future generations of American girls; and the visits of Grand Dukes and subordinate Princes will always cause a flutter in the ambitious hearts of beautiful women. In 1803, the Baltimore belle was necessarily of a different type from the girl of this period, yet we may conceive of the dash of this woman when her arm was at its plumpest, and her beauty at its ripest, from the description of her marriage costume by a gentleman present on the occasion: "All the clothes worn by the bride might have been put in my pocket. Her dress was of muslin, richly embroidered, of extremely fine texture. Beneath her dress she wore but a single garment." The romance of this beautiful woman is not impaired by the fact that as she grew old she became penurious and lived in a dingy room, uncarpeted, and antique in all its appointments. Perhaps, indeed, her ancient attire and all were essential to the romance. In her talks with young girls, she laughed at the idea of love in marriage, and treated the institution as one of convenience. She thought sentiment a weakness, and did not hesitate to say she married for position. Her father objected to her marriage to Jerome Bonaparte, and very wisely; she never regretted the events of her life, and lived happily on her memories, feeding on visions of thrones, and hoping for fortunate marriages of her son and grandsons to princesses; they disobeyed her and married after their own inclinations, and happily. Thus for three generations there is character and romance. To begin with, ambition laughed at common-sense, and to end with love mocked at ambition. It is not a very lovely character, that of the old woman, with the wisdom of ninety years that looked at you from an eye of unabated lustre. But her penuriousness can not destroy the romance, when she has $1,000,000 in bonds; and bothering with her tenants can not impair the dignity of a woman who had for friends Gorchakoff, Demidoff, the Duke of Tuscany, Lady Morgan, the Countess of Donegal, the Earl of Normandy, and others of such glittering kind. Hers was a nature after its own fashion; she represented one type of American, and her individuality is the better part of her romance. Louisville Age, Apl. 12, 1879.

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A MEMORIAL

OF

William Henry Odenheimer, D.D.

AT THE

SERVICE IN COMMEMORATION OF THIS FAITHFUL SERVANT OF GOD,

IN

GRACE CHURCH, NEWARK, SEPT. 4, 1879:

BY

Wm. Croswell Doane, Bishop of Albany.

PREACHED AND PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE STANDING COMMITTEE OF THE DIOCESE.

NEWARK, N. J.:
ADVERTISER STEAM PRINTING HOUSE,
1879.

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IN MEMORIAM.

William Henry Odenheimer, D.D.

BORN IN PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 11, 1817.

ORDERED DEACON, SEPTEMBER 2, 1837.

ORDAINED PRIEST, OCTOBER 3, 1841.

RECTOR OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, 1839–59.

CONSECRATED BISHOP OF NEW JERSEY, OCT. 13, 1859.

BISHOP OF NORTHERN NEW JERSEY, 1874.

DIED, AUGUST 14, 1879.

In : labours : most : abundant + resting : from : his : labours.

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MEMORIAL.

Coming here to discharge a duty which, in all its sadness, is a grateful labor of love, I am tempted first to express my thanks to those who laid the labor on me, quickened to positive pleasure, as I know that the Standing Committee has expressed the wish of the lonely widow whose mourning is tempered, while it is deepened, by the memories of forty years of closest companionship with the man whose memorial we are to make, with sorrowing hearts, to-day.

It was a strange coincidence that brought me, in the providence of God, to commit to the keeping of the "faithful Creator and merciful Saviour" all that was mortal of my father's life-long friend and last successor in office. There was a wealth of sorrow in the world that Monday, with the weeping skies and the drenched earth, that seemed in harmony with those who gathered there; and told still more of storms and sorrows, out of which the Lord had delivered the soul of His servant into rest and peace. And out of the memories which that day awoke I come, not to pretend that your bishop was a faultless man; but in the assurance of our common sorrow, to leave his faults where they have been forgiven and where they may well be forgotten, and to think of the merits which were his, through and because of his share and trust in the merits of his Master

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and ours. Medical autopsy has for its avowed purpose the discovery of the disease of which a man has died. A memorial sketch like this seeks rather to trace out the graces in which, and *the Grace* by which, he lived.

It is, in my judgment, not a part of any preacher's duty to apologize for the shortcomings of such a sermon as this, but this much I may say, that the necessity of making this record, at brief notice and away from home, has left me no time to weave a careful wreath of chosen leaves for that most honored grave. I could only gather here and there a branch of willow and of cypress and of laurel, as my heart went back and wandered through the forests of earlier memories, of which he made so large a part.

It has not seemed to me amiss, thinking, with that sort of sharp and sudden intentness which quick recollections bring, of your late bishop's life and death, to recall, as the thread on which to string my words, the language of the great apostle, who was, I think, alike in doctrine and in character, largely his pattern and ideal: "I labored more abundantly than they all, yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me."

Circumstances, therefore, have given the only shape they could take to the loving words of sympathy I have to speak to you to-day, since time and possibilities were wanting to gather more fitting records of a brief but busy life. And in this holy house, whose holiness none reverenced more profoundly than he, and gathering at the Holy Feast, whose manifold offices none more than he keenly felt and devoutly loved, it is more in keeping with what my old bishop would have wished, to lay aside the thought of either the sharp and accurate pencil of biography, or the warm and glowing brush of eulogy, and learn the leading lessons of his most honorable life.

There are not many earlier memories of my youth than those which gather about Dr. Odenheimer as the rector of St. Peter's church, Philadelphia. The old life at Riverside,

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in my father's time, was bright with all that goes to make a happy home. But his coming always brightened even its sunshine, and no more welcome guest ever entered its wide-open door. It is a touching tribute to him, of which I only heard since his death, and of which I must speak in passing, that my mother, in distant Italy, where she is sleeping now, spoke of him as the person whom, rather than any other, she would prefer to see in my father's place. Of his character in his earlier life, I can only say that, with all its genial and gracious attractiveness, he impressed me, as a boy, with the intensest realization of the priestly office. His dress was truly the *habit* of his life, and no one could be with him often, without feeling the atmospheric presence and the atmospheric pressure of his personal religious life and of his ministerial office. I have suggested St. Paul as the ideal of his life, and truly to "magnify his office" was the necessity of his nature. I speak of it as a solemn legacy of his example. Nowhere and never may the ordained man be or do what may make men mistake his calling; and yet it is too much the fashion of our day, growing with younger men, to lay aside the clerical character at times; to feel that vacations are to be taken from the restraints and limitations of the priesthood; to forget the indelibility of orders in the desire to find recreations, amusements, pastimes in the intervals of work; and inevitably this unclericalness creeps back into the daily life, as full tides drive poisonous gases back into our homes. It lowers the estimate men have of the office, and deteriorates the spirituality of the man. It is a common and a humiliating sight to see the priest playing layman. Dr. Odenheimer never, as priest or bishop, laid aside the dress or the demeanor of an ambassador of Christ. A favorite of men, the friend of women, the companion of boys, he was always the representative of his Master. Partly the outcome of a nature, which his boyhood's friends remember as pure, like a woman's, as "ingenuous not only,

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but innocent," it was the stamp of his ordination, set, not like a vestment upon his shoulders, but like a seal into his soul. His pastoral character, in its lower function as a priest, and in its higher exercise as a bishop, was an outgrowth from within. It was the grace, the gift, of orders which are far more than the "authority to minister in holy things." I can fancy that to smaller men a character like this may have seemed arrogant with personal pride. But to those who were about him and knew the sweetness and simplicity of his nature, the humility of his constant dependence upon God, the freedom of his intercourse with men, his lowliness with the poor, his childlikeness with children, it was only the recognition of the reality of his orders, the "magnifying of his office." No one knew more than he that the "treasure" was in "earthen vessels," that "the excellency of the power was of God." But he knew, too, the richness of the "treasure" and "the excellency of the power." "Least among the apostles" he would have owned himself, and yet he knew himself *an apostle;* not the elected superintendent of certain congregations or the chosen president of an assembly, or the executive officer of a convention to do its bidding and its will; but an ambassador of Christ, an *apostolos*, one "sent out" and "thrust out," commissioned, enabled, authorized to act for Him; holding the highest and most awful honor to which man can be called, a "bishop in the Church of God." It was his full sense of this position which gave him strength to stand in quiet firmness, far in advance of his time, in the early freshness of his pastoral life, against the accusation of disturbing the settled system of the venerable parish where he spent all his parochial life. When the daily service and the weekly Eucharist, the very oldest antiquities of Christendom, were introduced into St. Peter's church, Philadelphia, an honored friend, whose idea of ecclesiastical age reached at the utmost no further than the English reformation, remonstrated with him upon the

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impropriety of so *young* a man introducing "novelties" into so old a parish. To whom he quietly replied, "But I am 1841 years old!" A prominent priest, who paid this tribute to the bishop in a farewell sermon to his congregation, "I learned my theology, when little more than a child, from the rector of St. Peter's, Philadelphia; with no additions to please modern fancy, and no abatements to suit modern prejudice," writes thus since his death: "It is astonishing what obloquy, reproach, and positive persecution he underwent in establishing the daily service. The very triumph he won is scarcely recognized, because it was so complete. But few now think of disputing what he contended for. His answer, when asked whether he was not sometimes discouraged at the smallness of the congregation in the week, was grand, 'I never look.'" His feeling about the episcopate was strongly set forth in the sermon which he so kindly preached at my own consecration, that "the stars," which are "the angels of the churches," are in "the right hand" of Him who is "the First and the Last, that liveth, was dead, and is alive forever more."

It may be fitting here to say a word of the position which my dear brother occupied in the various conflicts and changes of opinions in the American Church, not in detail, but in general statement. Coming to the exercise of his ministry in 1838, just when the minds and souls of men were stirred with the mighty movement by which God, the Holy Ghost, roused the Church of England to a realization of her duties and her powers, he stood with very few people upon the great principles of the Oxford men. It is to be remembered that they were *principles then* of doctrine, of order, of liturgical devoutness. He was a man of the minority at that time, and greatly in advance of his generation. Young as he was, he had so thoroughly the clearness and the courage of his convictions, and in the three years of his diaconate had won so completely the confidence of his parishioners, that he established, among the very first

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in America, the daily service of Morning and Evening Prayer, and the celebration of the Holy Communion on every Lord's day and holy day. I believe St. Peter's was for years the only parish church in America that kept the Octaves. The bitterness of outside attacks only led him to make plain the groundwork of his principles in the three books published in the first years of his priesthood. The copies, which I have before me as I write, of these three books, "The Origin and Compilation of the Prayer Book," "The True Catholic No Romanist," and "The Young Churchman Catechised," bear date, the latest of them, more than thirty years ago. It was when men were first beginning to stand in the old ways and ask for the old paths. And the same feet which years later walked with such reverent tread over the ground the Master's feet had made "the Holy Land" were among the first in England or America to walk about Zion, "telling her towers" and "marking well her bulwarks" of apostolic order, of evangelical truth, of liturgical purity, that he might "tell them which come after." Full of careful and original research, written with a concise force which breaks at times into very eloquent beauty, they are to-day the very best tracts I know of to refresh the recollections of candidates and clergy as to "the first principles" of the doctrine and discipline of Christ. And no candidates for confirmation ought to be without the knowledge which they contain, in a most complete and attractive form. Their republication and recirculation would tend to correct what is to-day the most threatening evil to the American Church, the transfer of its control from Churchmen bred and born into the hands of a laity uncatechised in childhood, who have chosen the Church instead of being chosen by her, and know her only as the Church of their choice, æsthetic, political, or social; who are impatient simply because they are ignorant of distinctive doctrine or of definite truth. If I had the choice of a memorial to-day of the late Bishop

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of Northern New Jersey by which his memory might live and grow, I would make it in a large reprint for perpetual use and wide distribution of these three books, as an antidote to sentimentalism in religion, to spurious catholicity, and to the easy-going looseness of the license that passes for liberality. This was the work of the young man who signed himself at first "Diaconus Catholicus." And while his character deepened intensely as the years went on, and his convictions strengthened; while his constant studies led him to enlarge and enrich his religious sympathies, he stood through the whole of his episcopate where he stood in the first years of his ministry. Men came up to him till his early principles became popular and powerful; and men went beyond him, not in a straight line, however, and not always in advance. But, if the long reverence of my boyhood and the closer companionship of my priestly life, and the tender tie which no man not a bishop knows, that held us together in the episcopate, give me any warrant to speak, I believe that Bishop Odenheimer was side by side with his predecessor in the doctrines and practices, whose advocacy my father began as early as 1826, and which were carried out and crystalized in the well-known teachings and Churchmanship of New Jersey. As years go on, and I compare my father from new standpoints with the men of his time and my own, my loving and reverent admiration for him grows every day. And Dr. De Lancey, whom Dr. Odenheimer succeeded in St. Peter's church, was certainly "a prince and a great man" among the American bishops. It fell to the lot of your bishop to stand in and to *fill* the footprints of two such men. I am the more moved to say this here and now because twenty years ago personal circumstances and personal convictions, which the dear bishop knew and accepted at the time, led me to prefer another's election to his own. The first year of his episcopate convinced me that in sympathy and similarity of aim and purpose, in comprehension of the foundations which

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had been laid by a wise master-builder, and in ability to build on them, he was fitted, as few men could have been, "to sit in my father's seat." However others may interpret this, I shall, at least, be understood in this presence to mean, out of my filial pride and love, only the warmest praise.

I have not the data, and if I had, it would be useless for me here to enlarge upon the records and results of Bishop Odenheimer's admirable administration of the undivided Diocese of New Jersey. He was, I remember, in the first days of his episcopate, intensely interested in reviving the old parishes and missions, which changing populations and poverty of missionary funds had left, in many instances, almost to die. And his familiarity with Holy Scripture, partly the result of his continuous studies, partly the blessed heritage of any man who carries out the Church's rule of the daily offices in public or in private—his familiarity with Holy Scripture furnished him, in his first Address, I think, with one of those illustrations which is in itself an argument: "And Isaac digged again the wells of water which they had digged in the days of Abraham, his father." His labor for the Church's extension in the diocese and outside of it was untiring. The vision of his ascending Lord, widening till it passed from Jerusalem to Judea, and to "the uttermost parts of the earth," was the governing principle of his missionary zeal. As he settled down to the fuller knowledge and easier administration of his diocesan work, he came fully to realize the value and importance of the New Jersey Church schools, and he grew, year by year, more important and essential to them. Strangely different in temperament from my father, far more careful to avoid or to disarm opposition, and coming to the work, not to create and carry it through and over all resistance, but to smooth the advance which had become irresistible, he began from the first a policy of conciliation, which lessened, perhaps, the intensity of individual follow-

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ings and friendships, but widened and increased his influence. He asserted very boldly a principle, which needs, I think, qualification to be acted on with safety, that in the transitoriness of the parochial ministry, owing to the practical itinerancy of the clergy, the *bishop* and the *laymen* should be considered the only permanent factors of the diocese. In practice I believe that he included, as I should, in the statement of the case, the clergy in the bishop, as being, by their orders, *one* with him.

With all the untiring energy of his parochial work, his incessant rounds of pastoral visits, his continuous services, and his constant sermons as a parish priest; through all the exits and the entrances of his laborious visitations of his diocese as a bishop he made the time for close and accurate study always in the divine science of theology. The massive and masterly learning of his first Charge to his Convention, "The sacred Scriptures the inspired record of the glory of the Holy Trinity," bears evidence to his rare power of exegesis, his familiarity with the original text of the Old Testament, and to that double gift, so essential to an expounder of the Holy Word, the scientific *insight* which *digs* with deep and devout hands among the roots, and the poetic power which recognizes and revels in the sweet beauty of the flowers, of inspired language. To this day there remains fresh in my mind the memory of a morning in the old library at Riverside, when he talked with me of his thought, fresh and full of force, and I believe true, of a revelation of the Holy Trinity in the Hebrew of Genesis iii. 8, "The *Word* of the Lord God walking in the garden, *with the Spirit of the Day.*" I recall, too, as if it were yesterday, the volume of the Hebrew Psalter, rich with his annotations, which was his constant companion in the Holy Land; and I remember well the delight with which, just before his Eastern journey in 1853, he refreshed his knowledge of the sacred language. And while probably not ever to take rank among the first contemporaneous

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theologians of the Church in America, with Whittingham and Williams, two things are eminently true of him, beside the absolutely balanced soundness of his theology: first, the conscientious accuracy and carefulness of his writings; and secondly, the freshness and freedom with which he loved to *talk* theology, to advance new ideas of interpretation, and with a real mightiness in the Scriptures to illustrate and elucidate their rich depths of meaning. His earlier writings, of which I have already spoken, his "Clergyman's Assistant in Reading the Liturgy," and the card of pronunciation of the "proper names of Holy Scripture," are fair illustrations of his accurate scholarship; which lives more freshly still in the hearts and minds of those who have been privileged, as candidates or clergy, or in the congregations, to listen to his teachings. And we have in permanent preservation his lectures on Jerusalem, which set forth admirably his reverence and his richness of knowledge in holy things, which so well furnished him for a religious teacher. I cannot pass by the title and the whole argument of his second Charge, in whose words one can hear still the clearness and positiveness of his voice and manner, "the old evangelical theology and practice, not new machinery, the want of the Church in the latter days." It sounds so like him, in his constant determination to rescue that good word "evangelical" from any narrowness of party prostitution; and it is sufficient proof, if proof were needed, that he stood firmly, among passing fashions, upon the principles and practices of his earliest ministry.

From these more public and more widely known and recognized features of your bishop's work one turns with no little hesitation to speak of his private history and life. That such a character could have been formed but by full gifts of the divine Grace working upon a rare and lovely nature needs not to be said. And that these gifts came to one who lived very near to God, who was instant in prayer, and constant in the use of all the appointed means of grace,

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is as true as it is inevitable. He was eminently a man of prayer all his life through, not merely in the habitual observance, for forty-four years at least, of the daily public services of the Church, but, I believe, in the keeping of the Hours when he could; and I know, from the one who only could know it, beside God, in filling "with silent prayer the short pauses in writing, reading, or speaking at the striking of each hour." And the outcome of this was the strength of which St. Paul's humble trustfulness speaks: "I labored more abundantly than they all, yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me."

It was not long after his consecration that he met with the first accident which disabled him from the full physical activity and strength that had been part of the beauty and honor of his manly dignity. It was truly a "thorn in the flesh," from which even *his* prayers could bring him only the relief they brought the great apostle, of "grace sufficient," and of "strength made perfect in weakness." That any man, used to incessant labors, and with a demand for even larger exercises of strength, could have submitted with entire patience and uncomplaining resignation to such a visitation of God, and that, in spite of all physical infirmity, he should have carried on the laborious duties of visitations, of confirmations, of preachings, of correspondence, uninterruptedly, almost to the last, is the simple record of this repeated truth, "*Not I*, but the grace of God which was with me." Measuring work by amount, and by the difficulty of its accomplishment, never were labors more abundant than his. I was instantly and constantly with him after the first accident, and learned a deeper love and admiration for him than I had before. When for a second time he fractured the *patella*, he said to the faithful priest, almost his son, who hastened to his side, "It is all right; it is God's will." And after the accident "he was driven ten miles, with the limb unset, to meet an appointment at South Amboy, where he confirmed twelve persons before he

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took the special train to Burlington, reaching home at midnight, to place himself under the surgical treatment so bravely delayed for duty's sake." The hampering of this physical disability, increased by the attack of mortal disease years before he died, was a sore sorrow to such a man. It drew to him the tenderness of everybody, who hastened to help him, and were all overpaid by the gracious gratitude of his smile and his words. But even *it* was as nothing to the sorrows that broke his large and loving heart in its tenderest place, his great love for his children. One after another, till only two are left, they were taken from him. Those knew, who knew him, how the iron entered, rusted with tears and roughened with the added pang of suddenness, into his very soul. And yet he came out from these deserts, into which "the Lord took him aside," with the spring gone, and the blush of full happiness taken away, strong in the true and tender human love that was left to him and is so desolate now; stronger in the divine Love, on which he leaned; brave, gentle, faithful, constant to duty, piteously patient, and with a heroism, not of endurance only, nor of resignation, but of ready acceptance of the will of God, that was simply and supremely sublime. "Patient in tribulation," the tribulation that ground out and cast away the chaff and left the wheat, which God has garnered now—"patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer," she writes me, who knew him best, "might be most fitly graven in granite to tell the story of his life."

Partly, perhaps, because of the blinding light, but partly because men are busy through the day, and the sun busier still about its gracious task of shedding light and warmth upon the world, it comes to pass that few take much note of the sun itself in the broad day-time, however they may rejoice in its sweet influences. But when the evening falls, and the sun sinks behind the little horizon of our narrow sight to shine on other worlds; and when the poor trifles that

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we call our work are over, we have time to look and wonder at the sunsets. And some are dull and leaden, like a life that dies out in blank despair. And some are lowering and stormy, like the struggle of a penitent for rest. And some are hidden behind clouds, like the sad ends of men who "die and leave no sign." And some are merely yellow glares of shadeless light, fading unnoticed into gray, as common lives sink insignificantly out of sight. But the gorgeous and the glorious sunsets that live in memory and defy the artist's highest skill to catch on canvas—the gorgeous and the glorious sunsets are those which gathered clouds break loose from, that they may borrow of their glowing colors to make the dying hour sublime. And these clouds that make the sunset beautiful, these clouds transfigured with robes and gems of splendor, are the types and tokens of God's use at the last, and of God's lesson at the last, of the tears and toils and trials through which His children pass in their allotted place of duty; till the time comes when they shall reflect in lustrous brilliancy the lives, and transfigure into foretastes of reward the deaths, of "His sons brought unto glory," as was the Captain of their salvation, being "made perfect through sufferings." So I have seen the life of my dear brother, in the composure of the calmest courage, work out its duty through the clouds that gathered about him when the noon had passed, irradiating every one, till, when the evening time drew on, sorrows and sufferings passed from him, made beautiful by the clear faith and the heroic patience of his character, and lingering in celestial colors as the Nimbus, "the bright cloud, about his sainted head."

It cannot be forgotten that we are commemorating here not merely the ending of a single life, not only the death of an individual bishop, but the close of a period in the ecclesiastical history of this State. It is part of the honor of my brother's life that God so blessed his abundant labors as to make needful the doubling of the bishops in the diocese.

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But while we pray God to speed the Bishop of the new New Jersey and the new Bishop of Northern New Jersey that is to be, we remember, too, that the episcopal succession of the *undivided* diocese is ended now beyond the danger of dimming or depreciation. The last Bishop of the old New Jersey that my father loved is dead; the last who will ever make dear old Burlington, beyond all other cities in America, a cathedral town; the last who ever will dignify its episcopate with the glory of the academic interest and influence of the schools; the last to whom the simple spaciousness of Riverside will furnish the fitting place for a bishop to live in and to die in; the last to fill the throne that made dear old St. Mary's, to all practical intents, a cathedral; the last to be borne of right to rest in sweet St. Mary's church-yard, twice a shrine now for pilgrim feet, and hearts that stay at home, to wander to. The last Bishop of the old New Jersey is dead; dead in Riverside; sleeping near my father's grave; his only successor: "Oh, Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect, I thank thee for the good examples of these thy servants who have finished their course in faith and do now rest from their labors."

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THOMAS CARLYLE.

Translated by T. O. Russell from the French of G. Valbert in the Revue des Deux Mondes of March, 1881.

PART I.

On the 6th of February, 1881, there died at Chelsea, in the suburbs of London, an English, or rather a Scotch, writer who had entered his 86th year. His task had been long completed. Some men of genius possess the gift of immortal youth, the precious faculty of metamorphoses and of unexpected development; experience makes them wise; they ripen without becoming old, and thus as it were change their lives many times. Thomas Carlyle exhibited his full powers in his first books, and since then he has scarcely added to the stock of ideas which he acquired in his youth. It may be said that he outlived his genius, and that nothing would be deducted from his fame if the writing of his later years were entirely suppressed. Still his death has created a sensation in England; his splendid services are remembered, as are also the influence of his character and the purity of his life. He has been lamented as if in the beginning of his career. But latterly that once eloquent tongue spoke only to repeat itself; and it generally happens that in repeating a thought it is either strained or spoiled; yet it is right that the people should honor the man who has honored them, and in consideration of past services to pardon the errors of old age.

From 1835 to 1860 there was not a more remarkable literary man in England than Carlyle; none possessed more influence or empire over men's minds. He was at the same time a writer, a historian, and a thinker; as a writer he was admired and held sway; as a historian he was largely read; he was the centre of a literary circle, and his disciples regarded him as an oracle. But if it be true that an author ought to have as many different styles as he has subjects, Carlyle was certainly not a great writer. His style was always the same; it belonged solely to himself; it was simply Carlyle's. He brought into every subject the same style and tone; even the same accent and oratorical gesture, for he gesticulated much. He was prodigal of exclamation and absurd figures of speech. No matter what he spoke about he mounted the rostrum; he ranted, and, with forehead enveloped in a cloud out of which shot lightnings,—full of the god that agitated him, he stamped and stormed like a sybil. When one has read a good deal of Carlyle, it is a relief to read three or four pages of Voltaire; the sylls are frequently admirable, but they affect us too much and we soon tire of their gesticulating eloquence.

Neither was Carlyle a great historian. One cannot study his "Cromwell," his "History of the French Revolution," or his "Frederick the Great," without gaining a great deal of profit; but that which constitutes the historian is the desire to understand all,

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and to be void of prejudice; but Carlyle cared less to understand than to laud whatever he loved, and to paint in darkest hue whatever he disliked. He has not given the history of Cromwell, he has defined him; he has not explained the French Revolution, he has sung it on his lyre, and has introduced a brazen chord that emits diabolical sounds. When we get crazed with this music, sometimes heavenly and sometimes infernal, which flies to the head and attacks the nerves, we experience a singular pleasure in reading a few chapters of Thucydides; it is a salutary both that calms the senses and sets the mind at rest. Whatever may have been the vigor and liberality of his ideas, Carlyle was not a great thinker. He proclaimed great truths, but often made nonsense of them; in his reasoning and in his nonsense there was a lack of method. Among the English he was the first to discover the greatness of Germany in literature, and the discovery filled him with enthusiasm,—plunged him into long transports of joy. He imagined that profound and sublime thoughts were like current coins in the country that had produced Schiller, Goethe, Fichte, and Hegel, and that one had only to stoop to gather them. On arriving at a village in Eldorado, Candid saw boys playing quoits, and noticed with surprise that their quoits were topazes, rubies, and emeralds; he was still more surprised to learn that these emeralds and rubies were used for paving the country roads. Carlyle was as much astonished as Candid, and brought into England some of the precious stones which he had gathered in his peregrinations through Germany. He set them and enshrined them beautifully, and they were greatly admired. But if he borrowed from German philosophers some of their most seductive thoughts, some of their most subtle theories, he failed to learn from them that art of which they are masters, and which consists in tracing from principles all their consequences, in deducing ideas from one another with mathematical precision, and out of which to form a system. He had a kind of fragmenatry and *bizarre* genius; his speculations consisted of pieces and fragments, and he was never only a second-rate dialectician. Whoever, after having thought of *Sartor Resartus* or *Heroes and Hero-worship*, would take the trouble to read a page of Spinoza or Kant, would soon perceive the difference there can be between a philosopher and a mere *dilettante* in philosophy.

If Carlyle cannot be classed amongst the great prose writers, nor amongst the great historians or thinkers, it must be admitted that he had in him the materials for a great poet; and we have to accuse Nature for having gifted him with the most brilliant imagination, and not having given him the faculty of rhyme or measure. There are people who put in verse what hardly merits being put in prose, but Carlyle passed his life in saying in prose what should have been said in verse. He was born to write poems and odes; his histories are epic poems: his philosophical dissertations are elegies or psalms.

The abstractions about which he speaks are to him real animated beings; they have faces, eyes, and mouths; they cry and they laugh; he speaks with them; he questions them; he apostrophises them; he blesses and curses them. They are his heroes or his sweethearts, his Achilles or his Tancred, his Lisbia or his Clorinda; and in order to show

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them how far he considers them flesh and blood, he always takes care to write their names with a big capital letter. Certain phrases are often repeated by him; he speaks everlastingly of the "heart of things," and he appears to have all his life imagined that things had a "heart," which appears to us to be extremely difficult of proof. But he never tried to disbelieve it, although a Greek poet has said that it is useless to speak either harshly or tenderly to things seeing that they don't care.

Carlyle had not only the imagination of a poet, but he had also the temperament, the character, the dislocated nerves, the joys, the sorrows, the timidity, and the boldness of a poet. All who saw him were struck with the earnestness of his impressions, the energy and even violence of his sentiments. His wrinkled, grim face with, its irregular features and deeply-furrowed lines betrayed by its changing expression the inquietude of his temperament. The light that blazed in his eye told of an ardent soul to which nothing could be indifferent. As soon as one had got the better of his natural wildness, when one had gained his confidence, and as soon as he would consent to confide in one, he would break out into magnificent bursts of eloquence; but he seldom argued; his word should be believed; prophets are not supposed to be obliged to explain themselves. The admiration which he inspired was mingled with a sort of pity; one saw in him some hidden suffering spirit that was too proud to complain. It may be that he suffered on account of having missed his path in life. A poet that has made no verses, a romancer that has written no romances, are very unfortunate people; they cannot get rid of the demon that devours them. It is like measles that won't break out, or like a tooth that can't cut the gum, and the results are serious disorders, quick pulse, chills and fever.

Poets are people of sentiment; they judge of things with their hearts and nerves; they see everything in the light of their own loves or hates. Carlyle had love and enthusiasm which became infatuation; he had also insurmountable aversions. He had little admiration for ordinary people; he despised second-class genius and second-class men; those who had in their heads only the ideas picked up by chance; those who regulated their conduct by hear-say; those who sacrificed to *cant;* those who allowed themselves to be governed by their opinions without knowing where those opinions came from or what they were worth,—all such displeased him. He also hated mockery, jeering, laughers, doubters; and skepticism he looked upon as spiritual paralysis. He detested above all the clever ones who know well what they desire and what they do, but who, in order to advance themselves, artfully find out the doubts and opinions of others. He has said that the most unpleasing of human beings are those who are like a fox, with a pointed nose, pernicious, full of resources, subtlety, and grace, but "whose knowledge consists only in knowing where the geese are to be found, and in strangling them properly." He wished to purge the earth of geese and foxes; but he is dead, and geese and foxes are still to be found, and will be to the end of the world. At whatever time of day or night the end of the world comes, we may rest assured that the curtain will fall on a fox strangling a goose.

Carlyle held also in aversion the votaries of Bentham,—all those who consider interest

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as the motive of all actions, general utility the best principle of government, and mental calculation the most noble exercise of the human mind. He also detested the philosophers who look on the world as a machine, who dare say that everything in it moved by weights and springs, who see everywhere levers, pullies, tackles, cords, and strings. He accused them of profaning the work of God, of committing a real intellectual crime, an outrage on the Majesty of the universe. Perhaps it was because of his repugnance to mechanics that he disliked constitutional government. It possessed, he thought, too much wheel work artificially adjusted, and he hoped for nothing from it for the benefit of humanity. He believed that the best constitution was a capable man whom it would not be permitted to gainsay, and who should be allowed to do what he chose; but he has not told us how we shall procure those capable men when we havn't them on hand. Besides, must it follow that genius is infallible, and that it never has any foolish and costly fantasies? Distrust is the soul of parliamentary government; nations will always do well to distrust one another a little, and to prefer a system of guarantee to a system of carte blanche. Besides, if Carlyle had only little respect for the House of Commons, one cannot see very clearly how he would propose to organize that ideal society of which he dreamed continually. It appears clearly that he wished the literary men to govern it, but he has only explained himself timidly on this subject by way of insinuation. He doubtless feared the explanation would shock his readers. If the most devoted and most devout of his disciples had reason to believe that one day or another they would be in danger of being governed by him there would be a general stampede. In certain cases fear has wings.

Carlyle hated charlatans, clever people, and the foxes of society; but was disposed to pardon all who were sincere in spirit. That was to him the first of virtues, and he always practiced it; it is it that caused his writings to live, and that beautified his memory. Sincerity was not enough for him; he desired that candor should be joined with it. He loved the stars because they could find their way in the immensity of space without appearing to have sought it; he loved roses because they blossomed without knowing it or why; and amongst human beings he loved above all those who were simple and unconscious as the roses or stars; those who resemble a power of Nature; those who know not the secret of their destiny; who have instinct instead of calculation, and judgment by inspiration,—in a word, heroes and poets. Great deeds charmed him, as did also great works; but he preferred song to speech. Song he considered of divine origin. "A musical thought can only be expressed by him who has penetrated into the soul of things, who has grasped its familiar mystery, for in everything there is a secret melody,—a hidden harmony which is its soul. All profound thoughts are harmonious; there is music everywhere; song is one essence; the rest is only envelope and drapery."

If he thought song more divine than speech, silence, especially when it was written with a capital letter, seemed still more divine to him than song, and if he were to make musicians he would think that the silent ones were the best. "Silence is the element in which all great

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designs are formed, where all great thoughts ripe, that are destined to take possession of the world and govern it. Wo to him who has nothing in him that cannot be uttered! Silence is a treasure, and of all riches the most precious in these noisy times." He maintained that the taciturn, lovers of darkness and night, who are never mentioned in a morning newspaper, are the salt of the earth,—that a country where such do not exist is like a forest in which the trees have no roots, it is all leaves and branches, and never will be a real forest. "O Silence, O grand empire of Silence," he says in another place, "higher than the stars, deeper than the kingdom of the dead, thou alone art great, all the rest is little." Thus he exhorted the English and the Scotch to cultivate with care their great talent for silence, —not to envy the lot of those people who love to mount the rostrum, to harangue, to display their gifts before the whole world, and who for want of knowing how to be silent become "forests without roots." It can be easily conceived that he never had but lukewarm sympathy for the Latin nations, especially the French. He accused them of not knowing how to "swallow their own smoke." Perhaps in the secret of his heart he knew that they had great taste for clear ideas, and did not sufficiently perceive the great worth and charm of a well-placed initial capital letter that might mean "a million of words."

Whether he wrote as a historian or a philosopher, Carlyle was a poet, and the poet was a mystic. This is why himself and his works created a furore in England, for in spite of her grand talent for silence, England is, of all countries in the world, the one least inclined to mysticism, the one that has the most desire for positive truth, and the greatest aptitude for compound interest; the country that has produced the most quacks and the most utilitarians; the country where we meet the most people inclined to consider the world a machine. The English think so much of mechanism that they introduce a little of it in their religion, and have voluntarily reduced it to practices, routines, forms, and formulas. Carlyle was a rebel, and played the part of an emancipator. He braved prejudices, he combated received ideas, and he made a big breach in the walls of the old Zion. This bold man did not fear to disclose to his countrymen that a *fetish* in which one believes with his whole heart is a less despicable idol than a formula of which we believe only the half. England was moved when she heard the voice of a hermit crying: "What! more churches, more altars, more liturgies, more symbols, more priests! What will be left us? Be calm. Is not the universe of God a symbol? Is not space a temple? Is not man's history a gospel? If you regret the music of the organ, listen to the song of the morning stars." Yes, England was astonished at having produced a man who taught the young to believe that forms are of little worth, that formulas can be done without, that there are truths hidden in all religions, that we must venerate Apollo and Odin as well as God and Mahomet, that if Jeremiah and St. John were great prophets, Eschylus and Shakspeare were also inspired, and that if Christ opened the eyes of the blind and made the lame walk, all great men have miraculously opened blind eyes and have put motion into limbs that moved not, and

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that all ages, as well as all countries, have accomplished great things. Many Bishops became pale with fright at this, and the ashes of Wesley and Whitfield stirred in their graves.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Translated by T. O. Russell from the French of G. Valbert in the Revue des Deux Mondes of March 1, 1881.

SECOND PART.

Mysticism declares war on underhand dealings, on antique formulas, on worm-eaten idols; it works for the enfranchisement of the human mind, but it can procure for it only semi-liberty. It is the enemy of superstition; but it accommodates itself with difficulty to pure reason, and it fears science. Science seeks to explain everything by bringing everything under the power of law; but mysticism has a holy horror of explanations; it sees mystery everywhere, and professes to believe that full knowledge of things is an impossibity. Men of most rigidly orthodox belief have excelled in science. They thought that Divine omnipotence had in olden times reserved to itself an insignificant mountainous country in order to work miracles in it, and that the sun did stand arrested on Mount Gibeon and the moon on Ajolon. They confined and bounded miracles to a certain space of time, and a certain part of the earth; they gave miracles their place, but they admitted that in the rest of the universe all is governed by eternal laws in accord with common sense. Newton believed in Revelation with his whole soul, and it did not prevent him from discovering the law of universal attraction, or from inventing the calculus. Carlyle maintained that nature is supernatural, and that when it is not Divine it is diabolical. No chemist ever found either God or Satan in his crucible; Carlyle therefore disliked the chemists as much as the utilitarians; he speaks with disdain about their alambics and reactives, their presumptuous ignorance, which hopes to solve the mystery of Life by explanations which explain nothing. "Thou pretendist," says in *Sartor Resartus*, ' to go through the world by means of that pale luminary which thou callest Truth, or of that pocket-lantern which I call attorney's logic, and explain everything, give an account of everything, and believe nothing but what thou seest. Whoever bows down before the unfathomable realm of Mystery, which is everywhere under our feet, and which we can touch with our fingers; whoever allows himself to believe that the universe is an oracle and a temple, as well as a kitchen and a stable, thou treatest him as a delirious mystic. Does not thy cow bring forth? and thou thyself, art thou not born, and must thou not die? Explain all this to me, or, if not, do either of two things: go back to thy house, and keep thy foolish babbling to thyself, or renounce thy folly, repent for having said that the reign of miracle is past, and that God's world is changed into vile prose, and know that thou hast been until to-day nothing but a *dilettante* and a dim-sighted pedant." He adds: "The man who cannot wonder, the man who is not in the habit of wondering, were he President of innumerable Royal Societies, were he to carry in his head the whole of 'Laplace's Mechanism of the Heavens,' all the philosophy of Hegel, and a summary of all the discoveries that are made in all the laboratories and in all the observatories on earth, is only a pair of spectacles, behind which there are no eyes. Let him consent to borrow eyes from those who can see, and we will find means to make use of his spectacles."

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Aristotle has said that wonder is the first word of science, Carlyle wished it to be the last. He condemns us to perpetual admiration. If Lavoisier had been satisfied to wonder and admire chemistry would not have been discovered. One sees how true it is to say that this genial Scotchman only procured for his disciples a semi-liberty, which could not suffice them long. It is said that a poor monk was so accustomed to perform miracles that the Prior was obliged to reprimand him for his indiscreet zeal, and forbid him the exercise of his talent. The monk obeyed, not without chagrin, but seeing a poor slater fall from the top of a roof, he found himself in a dilema between a desire to save the man's life and obedience to the commands of his superior. In order to conciliate every one, he suspended the slater in the air until he could refer to the Prior, who it appears permitted him to accomplish his miracle on the condition that he never would perform any more. If England had had no guide but the author of "Sartor Resartus" she should have always been suspended between dogma and science, between tradition and doubt. He would have no injunction that he deemed sufficient to ask the Priors leave to finish his miracle. The slater would have found himself in the air, and Carlyle would have thought that it was the most agreeable position possible, and would have liked it himself. But the slater would not have agreed with him, and without waiting to know whether he was permitted or not, he would have tried to regain the ground even at the risk of injury to himself. Mysticism is a torment to those who have not a mystic temperament, and above all people the English are those who cannot without difficulty make up their minds to pass their lives between heaven and earth.

There are two sorts of mystics. One sort are as simple as doves and very respectable, the others are a little more refined; they delight in voluntary obscurities, and cannot resist the temptation of mingling some charlatanism with their spiritualities. The type of honest mystics was the German shoemaker, Jacob Boeheme, of whom Charles the First of England had such an exalted idea that he sent a savant to Woerlitz for the express purpose of examining and questioning him. Henry Heine remarks that the English savant was more happy than his Royal master, for while Charles lost his head by Cromwell's ax at Whitehall, the savant only lost his reason by questioning Boeheme at Woerlitz. A short time previous there lived another mystic called Paracelse, who was much better educated than Boehme, but a little more of a charlatan. He made real discoveries in chemistry; he studied mercury, arsenic, and antimony; he wore a scarlet coat and a red hat; he invented a panacea and an elixir of life; he made it a point to render his disciples immortal; he piqued himself on living on an intimate footing with the invisible spirits that animate nature, and boasted of being able to make every part of a *homoncule*.*

Carlyle was not a charlatan; no one was more honest than he, and he never manufactured *homoncules*. Besides, he was much better educated than Boeheme or Paracelse; he had read much, and had an open and cultivated mind; he understood the age in which he lived; he belonged to it by his culture, while at the same time he belonged to the past in his mode of thinking,—in his sorrows and in his dreams. He was thus a mass of contradictions, and we must not be astonished to find that his thoughts as well as his utterances were often hazy and confused. He was at the same time liberal and despotic, and alternately preached independence and submission. He boasted of the great emancipators, the overthrowers of idols, the Luthers and the Knoxes; and although he hated the eighteenth century as the age of incredulity and sneering. Although he recognized in the French Revolution the mask or the hand of the devil, he did not hesitate to declare that the eighteenth century had its mission, and that *sans culottism* had its cause of existence and a divine work to perform. But democracy inspired him with no enthusiasm; he saw in it only a provisional régime, a transition to something better. He hoped that the anarchy in

*Homoncule, literally a manikin or dwarf.

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which we live would end, and that a new divinity would turn men's minds to obedience. To serve with dignity and with the sentiments of a free man was his motto, and he hoped that the religion he invented would bring mankind to their duty, and regulate their desires and conduct. He maintained that if God reveals Himself in the stars and in the flowers He manifests Himself still more clearly in great men. He preached hero-worship even from the house-tops. "The worship of heroes," says he, "is the only one that can exist amongst the ruins with which the tempest of Revolution has covered the world; it is the only stone which can be saved out of the ruin, or rather it is the corner-stone which the Revolution has not tumbled down, and upon which we can rebuild. Nature is ever divine, heroes are always worthy of worship. That is all that is left us of religion."

When Carlyle speaks of heroes he is never cool; it is then indeed that he mounts the rostrum, that he breaks out into lyric transports and hosannas. It is then he trumpets. He reduced the history of the world to a certain number of biographies placed side by side, and he declares that we must despair of humanity if it produces no more heroes, or if it could do without them, or if it refused its homage and veneration to those it has already brought forth. It must be admitted that in this he is not entirely wrong. We can agree with him that those formidable and troublesome guests called great men are indispensable things for humanity, and that if it were necessary to choose between a state of society troubled by the dreams of genius, and a tranquil one in which one day would be the same as another, in which one head would be as high as another, in which every one would enjoy with pleasure the liberty of mediocrity, the true philosopher would soon make his choice. "I have seen," said the sage, "banks of oysters on the beach of the ocean; I was sensible of their happiness, but I did not envy them." We can agree with him also that those who slander heroes are generally stupid people, and that, if nobody is a hero to his valet, we must conclude, not that the heroes are not heroes, but that the valets are valets. Hegel had said it before Carlyle, and had laughed at those schoolmasters who taught their pupils that Alexander and Cæsar were mere ambitious men without morality, worked on by evil passions, from which it followed that the schoolmaster was a great deal better man than Cæsar or Alexander, because he was exempt from all evil passions, and proved it inasmuch as he had not tried to conquer Asia, or win the battle of Pharsalia. Hegel had also said that Thersites, the terrible despiser and insulter of Kings, is an eternal type of men, and that if he received no cudgeling during the lapse of centuries he can be left to the punishment of the jealousy that devours him, and of the never-dying worm that gnaws him.

But Hegel was a philosopher; he did not pretend to found a religion, and did not desire to canonize great men, who, after all, are made of the same clay that we are; the blood that runs in their veins is ours; there is nothing supernatural about them, and if they prepare the future they are a benefit to the age. What distinguishes them is having stronger wills than ordinary men, better disciplined minds, thoughts that flow so fast that it takes away our breath to follow them, a quickness of action that bewilders the slow ones, and possessing in a way unknown to common people that mysterious faculty called instinct, which is the sentiment of destiny. What their fellow-men seek for without finding they divine at once and utter aloud, and while working out their own happiness they open up a new career for mankind. But they are not infallible; the ideas they hold may be chimeras. This strife between fantasy and instinct, between Utopian ideas and their mission, forms the tragic phase of their existence; they retaliate after the manner of the little men they humiliate, and after having held their ground against every one, every one holds his ground against them, and they often end badly; and this is what consoles valets and schoolmasters, the Thersites included. Hegel says that nothing great is done in this world without passion; that

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passion is always egotistical; and that most great men are intensely personal. "Great men" says he, "are the instruments and tools of that search power which governs the world; by a divine artifice they employ their zeal to accomplish their designs on humanity, and humanity agrees to pay them all the cost of the first effort."

It was not thus that Carlyle understood the matter. Great men are not, according to him, people of their own age or time, but miraculous creations, gratuitous magnificent presents from Divine bounty; that they are not the greatest amongst us, but "beings apart, emanating from the heart of things, a visible representation of the invisible world, celestial ambassadors, charged with a message of life, and to reveal to earth the secrets of eternal Silence." He does not even admit that we should accept those only for what they are worth, but that we must accept them just as they are with all their belongings. Those sovereigns by the grace of God are sent from above to be obeyed by men. Neither does Carlyle admit that there is any alloy in them, or that they seek their own happiness in making mankind happy. They are Apostles, and wear on their brows the crowns of martyrs. It is false that Luther had sometimes sacrificed his conscience to his designs; it is false also what Voltaire says, that in the great game of life we commence as fools and end as knaves, and that Cromwell was an enthusiast that made even his fanaticism a help to his greatness. If it be true that the terrestrial Jupiters have their weaknesses and defects, they will cease to be adorable, and to whom we shall raise altars? But no matter with what admiration they inspire us, and no matter what Carlyle says, we should do wrong to worship heroes. There is nothing really adorable but absolutely disinterested charity, and very often it is not recognizable, for it hides itself; saints are conspirators who seek the protection of mystery. Of a truth, it is better to prefer the worship of stars to the worship of genius, for it is easier to believe in the disinterestedness of a star than in that of a hero. Let them call Luther or Cromwell as great as they please, they both mixed calculation with their enthusiasm and sought their own glory in their works. At one time or another, and in their own way, they both have said with one of Shakspeare's characters, "The world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open."

In spite of his glowing eloquence, in spite of his strong and picturesque language, Carlyle did not succeed in converting his countrymen either to mysticism or hero-worship. England has, officially, remained true to her formulas; and the thinking part of the English have followed a very different path from that traced for them by Carlyle. He lived too long, not for his fame, but for his happiness. He was respected and admired, but listened to no more. He saw his power over mind failing and passing into other hands, and his authority supplanted by rival influences which unmercifully destroyed everything he adored. The increasing influence of Darwin and Herbert Spencer caused him great annoyance, it was a thorn in his flesh. The new empiricism which they started was contrary to all his desires, wounded him to the heart, and he assisted sadly in its triumph. That philosophy, the "earth-to-earth" doctrines and cruelties of which he anathematized, played havoc not only with theosophy and mysticism but with metaphysics, and consigned them to the domain of chimeras; it finds in inevitable and gradual evolution, in insensible progress, in derived qualities, in the adaptation of the fittest, a sufficient cause for all things. It denies prophets, dissects heroes, and applies to moral science the method of natural sciences; it brings back everything to pure nature; and therefore it ought to make a prodigious effort of reasoning to explain not only the genius of a great man, but a simple act of honesty, or the most common of virtuous actions, nothing being more contrary to pure nature than not to take from one's neighbor either his ox or his ass, his wife or his purse, when we can do so without risking anything.

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CARLYLE'S WILL.

The Manner in Which the Great Iconoclast Disposed of His Property.

Dispatch to Cincinnati Gazette.

NEW YORK, April 20.—The will of Thomas Carlyle, which, like his grant to the University of Edinburg, is a holograph, has been published in full in London. It bears date Feb. 6, 1873, is a long document, and full of the quaint personality of the testator. Some important changes in its bequests, made by the death of the legatees or executors, are made in a codicil dated Nov. 8, 1878. The will was probated April 7, the personalty being sworn under £35,000. The executors, as they now stand, are his brother, Dr. John Aitken Carlyle, James Anthony Froude, and Sir James Fitzjames Stephen. To his "Dear and ever helpful brother, John A. Carlyle," he gives the leasehold messuage in Great Cheyne Row, where he resides, subject to the rents and covenant under which the testator held the same for his life, and the furniture, plate, linen, china, books, prints, and pictures not otherwise bequeathed. As he "has no need of money or help," after his death all these bequests revert to his niece, Mary Carlyle Aitken. "My poor and almost pathetic collection of books," with certain exceptions, he requests his brother John to "accept as a memento of me while he stays behind."

To his nephew Thomas, son of Alexander Carlyle, he gives his watch, "as a memorial of the affection I have for him, and of my thankful (and also hopeful) approval of all that I have ever got to know or surmise about him." "This watch," he says, "of all my outward possessions has become the dearest to me." It had been his wife's father's, and had "measured out nearly forty-seven years of his own existence, and still measures with an ever loving solemnity till time shall end with me, and may the new Thomas Carlyle fare no worse with it than his two predecessors have done."

In making his bequest to Harvard College he says: "Having with good reason ever since my first appearance in literature a variety of kind feelings, obligations, and regards toward New England, and, indeed, long before that, a hearty good will, real and steady, which still continues to America at large, and recognizing with gratitude how much of friendliness, of actually credible human love, I have had from that country, and what immensity of worth and capability I believe, and partly know to be lodged, especially in the silent classes there; I have now, after due consultation as to the feasibilities, the excusabilities of it, decided to fulfill a fond notion that has been hovering in my mind these many years, and I do, therefore, hereby bequeath the books (whatever of them I could not borrow, but had to buy and gather, that is, in general, whatever of them are still here), which I used in writing on Cromwell and Frederick, and which shall be accurately searched for and parted from my other books, to the President and fellows of Harvard College, City of Cambridge, State of Massachusetts, as a poor testi-

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mony of my respect for that alma mater of so many of my transatlantic friends, and a token of the feelings above indicated the great country of which Harvard is the chief school; in which sense I have reason to be confident that the Harvard authorities will please to accept this, my little bequest, and deal with it, and order and use it, as to their own good judgment and kind fidelity shall seem fittest. A certain symbolical value the bequest may have, but of intrinsic value as a collection of old books it can pretend to very little.

"If there should be any doubt as to any of the books coming within the category of this bequest, my dear brother John, if left behind me, as I always trust and hope, who already knows about this Harvard matter, and who possesses a catalog or list drawn up by me, of which the counterpart is in possession of the Harvard authorities, will see it for me in all points accurately done. In regard to this, and to all else in these final directions of mine, I wish him to be regarded as my second self, my surviving self."

His manuscript, "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," he leaves in charge of Mr. Froude, remarking that it is far from complete. He alludes to a large amount of autobiographical record in the notes to this manuscript on which he places no value, "except as subsidiary and elucidative of the text." "An express biography of me," he adds, "I had really rather there should be none."

He requests that Froude and John Forster (since dead) should "make an earnest survey" of the manuscript and notes, in respect to this as well as to its other bearings, and says: "Their utmost candor and impartiality, taking always James Anthony Froude practically along with it, will evidently furnish a better judgment than mine can be." He expresses confidence in Mr. Froude's practical qualities in regard to his other literary remains.

Much of his manuscript he thinks should have been burned. His copyrights and all of his estate not consisting of money or estates he leaves in trust to be converted into money and invested in securities, and the residue of his personal estate is to be divided into five parts among relatives absolutely, and the income from his estate previous to such conversion is to be applied in the same way. His attendants and old family servants are liberally remembered.

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POSTSCRIPT.

CHARACTER OF HUGH PETERS.

In the Christian Register of Sept. 26, 1829, a critical notice of the foregoing Lecture appeared. The writer of that notice having expressed in it some disapprobation of the political conduct of Hugh Peters, addressed a letter to the author of the Lecture, requesting him, if he thought that in this point the course of Mr. Peters could be justified, to communicate to him whatever facts or arguments tending to such justification, he might have in his possession. This request drew from the author of the Lecture the following Letters. They were published in the Christian Register; and were afterwards reprinted in the Salem Gazette.

Salem, Sept. 28th 1829.

Dear Sir,—

While writing the discourse, which you have noticed, I made a very careful and thorough investigation of the character of Hugh Peters in all points, and am still sanguine in the belief that I did not over-rate it. As you desire me to present to you, the arguments in favor of his character as a politician, I most readily comply with your request. You will find an interesting defence of his whole conduct in the London Monthly Repository Vol. 14. pp. 525, 602.

It seems, that the authority of Burnet leads you to doubt the accuracy of the view which I have given. It is true, as you observe in your letter, that 'Burnet was no tory,' and is in general a fair and candid historian; but it is remarkable that, for some cause, he is more implacable and vindictive towards the memory of Hugh Peters than any other writer except South. I will give you an instance.

It was evidently the purpose of the royal government to make Mr. Peters appear to disadvantage at his execution. He was dragged on a sledge through the streets of London, acccompanied, as I have observed in the Lecture, by Judge Cooke. The cousin of Judge Cooke, and the friend of Mr. Peters, Major General Thomas Harrison, had been executed three days before. His ghastly head, clotted with blood, and disfigured by the protracted pangs of a horrible death, was fixed upon a stake directly before their eyes. Compelled to look upon this dismal object, they were slowly drawn through the insulting crowd to the place of execution. Finding that their fortitude remained unshaken, and that Judge Cooke had passed through the whole dreadful scene without the least expression of fear or weakness, those who were appointed to preside over the execution, resorted with the most fiendlike perseverance and ingenuity to the discovery of some means of intimidating Mr. Peters. From the circumstance of his having been very much depressed immediately after his condemnation, they were confident of being able to overcome his fortitude in the hour of death. The executioner not only dipped his hands in the warm blood of Judge Cooke, but, by the order of Colonel Turnet, rubbed it on the face of Mr. Peters! But God seemed in reality to convert their cruelties, as the suffering object of them expressed it, into 'an ordinance for his strengthening and encouragement.' They could not shake his firmness, disturb his equanimity, or extort from him an angry, undignified, or revengeful word. They were disappointed of their expectation of reducing his influence by the manner of his death.—Goldsmith, if I mistake not, acknowledges, after relating the death of Mr. Peters, that 'the royal government did not gain anything by the execution of the Regicides.' In order to counteract the effect of their sublime deportment on the gallows and on the scaffold, the most false and ridiculously absurd tales and caricatures were circulated respecting their dying conduct and appearance.

Burnet however is the only English writer who has ventured to assert that *Hugh Peters died like a coward!* Even Dr. South surpassed him in candor, for he acknowledges that he died with courage; but he surpassed him also in malignity; for he goes so far as to say, that, *the reason why he exhibited so much fortitude was because he was* FOXED, that is, in more common phrase, *drunk!*

Facts like this rendered me doubtful of the authority of Burnet repecting Hugh Peters. I think that a somewhat curious explanation might be given of the reason why Burnet, a churchman and a Bishop, was so hostile to the memory of Peters. But I cannot enter upon it now.

These, in brief, are my reasons for thinking that Hugh Peters was not peculiarly vindictive towards the king or his party. First, his dying declaration that 'he had nothing to do in the death of the king;—and the following passage, among others in his dying

daughter only, in which he unbosoms himself without reserve, relating what he esteemed his worthy and his wrong actions with equal freedom, without the least disguise or appearance of art, and at a time, and under circumstances, when he could have had no motive to conceal or misrepresent), 'I had access to the king about my New England business; he used me civilly; I, in requittal, offered my poor thoughts three times for his safety; I never had hand in censuring or acting his death, as I am scandalized, but the contrary (to my mean power.) I was never in any council or cabal at any time, I hated it, and had no stowage for counsel, thinking all government should lie open to all; nor had a penny from any general, but lived in debt, as now I am; nor had means for my expenses: what I had, others shared in. I confess I did what I did strenuously, though with a weak head, being overlaid with my own and other's troubles; never was angry with any of the kings party, not any of them for being so; thought the Parliament authority lawful and never studied it much; have not had my hand in any man's blood, but served many in life and estate.' I confess that I cannot resist the conclusion, that testimony, given under these circumstances, while the witness was standing on the brink of his own grave and with no motive of falsehood, ought to be listened to with respect and with confidence.

Secondly, My opinion is corroborated by the examination of his trial. You will find it minutely reported in the second volume of 'State Trials.' It is evident to me that he was overborne and overwhelmed by false testimony. He refuted one of the charges, 'that he had been present and assisting at the death of the king,' by proving that he was confined on that day by sickness to his room. He produced certificates from the Marchioness of Worcester that he had endeavored to procure a pardon for her husband—he produced a seal presented to him by the Earl of Norwich for his successful exertions to save his life, but all was unavailing. He does not appear to have been provided with counsel. It is distressing to observe the sorrowful and compassionate amazement with which he listened to what he solemnly affirmed to be the innumerable false declarations made by the witnesses against him. He called but a single witness in his favor; and was so confounded at the unexpected charges brought against him, that he seems to have sunk in despair before them. 'It is impossible' said he, 'for me to bear down many witnessess; indeed, my Lord, I say this, they are marvellously uncharitable, and speak many false things. Their testimony is without control. I have no skill in the law, else I might have spoken for myself, I do not know what to say more, unless I had more time and counsel.' After the jury had brought in a verdict of guilty, and the usual question was put 'What hast thou to say for thyself why judgment should not pass against thee to die according to law?" his answer, referring as it does to a higher tribunal, at the same time that it is in keeping with his devout and exalted character as a Christian, demonstrates that he thought it vain to make any farther appeal to a world which had apparently deserted and turned against him, 'I will submit myself,' said he, 'to God, and if I have spoken anything against the gospel of Christ, I am heartily sorry.' There is other evidence, than I have here given, of his mildness and benevolence towards the Royalists. But I trust that enough has been produced to remove your doubts. Indeed, sir, I am entirely satisfied that the true cause of Mr. Peters' condemnation, and, it is probable, the true measure of his guilt, are contained in the following anecdote. It was often told, by the late Dr. Holyoke. He brought it down from, we may almost say, the century before the last; and it is, without doubt, the interpretation which the fathers o New England where wont to put upon the fate of Mr. Peters, whom they all honored and lamented. After the restoration of the Stuarts, Charles and several of his ministers and courtiers were sitting, one day, at their wine, regaling themselves with the thought of the recovery of their power, and making merry over the fate of the poor regicides and republicans. 'Well, we 've made cracking work with them,' said one, 'we 've hung lawyers, doctors, generals—we 've hung every thing but preachers.' 'What!' said Charles, hav'nt we hung a preacher?—that wont do, they were at the bottom of it; we *must* hang a preacher.' 'Well, who shall we hang?' said a third. 'Why, there's Hugh Peters,' said another. 'HANG HUGH PETERS,' said Charles. The order was executed.

As it respects the general political character of Mr. Peters, I am confident that abundant evidence could be brought to shew that he faithfully endeavored to promote peace and virtue, happiness and piety. In his speech before his judges he thus declares the principles of his public conduct. 'I have looked after three things, one was that there might be sound religion. The second was, that learning and laws might be maintained. The third, that the poor might be cared for. And I must confess that I have spent most of my time in these things, to this end and purpose.'

But I could go on forever, defending the memory and exhibiting the excellencies of this extraordinary and sublime character. He had, it is true, like all other men, his faults and failings; and in his letter to his daughter, he laments over them in the bitterness of sincere humility. But the flagrant charges which have been made upon him, whether by Burnet, by Hume, or by all others, are destitute, I verily believe, of foundation, are incredibly inconsistent with his general character, and, where they do not refute each other, can be traced to some strong bias, or virulent prejudice on the part of those who first uttered, and those who have since circulated them. I am, respectfully, &c.

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Salem, Oct. 5, 1829.

Dear Sir,—As the communication published in your paper of the 3d, prepared in compliance with a request contained in your letter of Sept. 26th, may have failed to satisfy others among its readers as well as yourself, I feel constrained, but with extreme reluctance, in justice to my own assertions, and to the memory of one of our early New England ministers, a great benefactor of America and an ardent friend of civil and religious liberty, again to undertake the defence of the character of Hugh Peters, as a patriot.

The charges against him, on this point, are the two following; vindictiveness towards the Royalists, and cruelty towards the king.

To refute the first I offer the following facts.

He made successful exertions to save the life of the Earl of Norwich; and that nobleman, in token of gratitude for his generous and benevolent services, presented to him his seal, which he produced upon his trial. The Marquis of Worcester had been Mr. Peters' enemy, but notwithstanding this, he found in him, at a time when he stood in need of his interposition, an active and compassionate friend. And when in the changes of fortune, Mr. Peters was himself brought to trial, he produced a certificate from the widow of the Marquis testifying to his kindness to her husband. 'Through all his sufferings,' said she, 'Mr. Peters was my greatest friend.' In like manner Sir John Hotham declared publicly, on the scaffold, just before his execution, his grateful sense of his friendly services to him.

But there is one case which, while it exhibits the energetic virtue and strong principles of Mr. Peters, places beyond all doubt not only his willingness to befriend the Royalists in their misfortunes, but his readiness to expose himself to danger in doing it. On the 9th February, 1648, James Duke of Hamilton, and Earl of Cambridge, a native and subject of Scotland, was arraigned before the high Court of Justice, the Judicial body established by the Parliament, on the charge of High Treason, being accused of having levied war to assist the king against the kingdom and people of England. A minute report of his trial, drawn up by a political friend of the Duke, and of course, a political enemy of Hugh Peters, is now before me. It seems that the following were the circumstances of the capture of the Duke.

The Parliament army had invested him so closely that it was next to impossible for him to escape. It was the design of Cromwell to compel him to surrender at discretion, that he might be enabled to dispose of him as he should see fit. In the mean time it became rumored abroad that the Duke was proposing to make terms with Gen. Lambert, one of the Parliament commanders. Immediately upon hearing this, Cromwell sent orders to Lord Grey, another of his generals, not to permit the negociation to proceed, to break it off instantly and to surrender whatever to the Duke of Hamilton. In obedience to these orders, Lord Grey despatched a Col. Wayte and Hugh Peters to inform the Duke that he must not surrender himself to Gen. Lambert, or to any other officer than Lord Grey. Upon reaching him, however, they found that the articles of capitulation had already been signed by the respectively appointed commissioners, and that hostages had been interchanged between the Duke and Gen. Lambert. By these articles the life of the prisoner, and the safety of his person were secured to him.

Upon this capitulation the Duke of Hamilton mainly rested his defence. The whole influence of Cromwell, of the Parliament, and of the army was brought to bear against him at his trial. It was evidently their purpose to have him convicted. But Hugh Peters became deeply interested in his favor. He stood forth alone, in opposition to his party and all his interest, the firm and fearless friend of the accused. Col. Wayte, his colleague, permitting himself to be operated upon by the prevailing feeling against the prisoner, testified that when he and Mr. Peters reached him, although he had previously consented to the articles agreed upon with the commissioners of Gen. Lambert, he declared that he preferred to surrender to Lord Grey, and that he wished to be considered as his prisoner. Hugh Peters could not sit in silence and hear such false testimony. He instantly rose in court, and with a deliberate and solemn voice exclaimed 'He lyes, he lyes;' and while on the spot, summoned witnesses who proved that the testimony of Col. Wayte was altogether untrue.

The next attempt of the counsel for the Parliament was to define away the import of the articles of surrender. One of the commissioners employed on the side of General Lambert, named Lilburn, testified that the clause, securing to the Duke his life and the safety of his person, was intended merely to defend him from the violence of the soldiery, and not from the justice of Parliament! This pitiful evasion, this unprincipled shuffling on the part of the witness again aroused the moral sense of Mr. Peters. He arose, expressed his great abhorrence of Lilburn's gloss, and uttered these admirable sentiments. He said 'that much tenderness was to be used, where the life of so eminent a person was concerned; he had seen many articles of war, but had never heard of such ambiguity; and that it was clear that by those articles the Duke held his life secured, as well from the Parliament, as from the soldiers He wished to God, that, if their commissioners had meant otherwise, it had been so expressed in the articles, it being most necessary that articles, in a concerment of life, should be plain and certain.' But notwithstanding his expostulation against the extraordinary interpretation which Lilburn had put upon the articles, the other commissioners appeared soon after before the court, and seconded his evidence by testifying that

the time of signing them. The consequence was that the prisoner was condemned to death.

The Duke of Hamilton had resorted, during his trial, and before it came on, to every honorable expedient to save his life. Mr. Peters had aided him throughout; and even after his condemnation persevered in the most disinterested and magnanimous exertions on his behalf. The sentence was passed upon the Duke on the 6th of March.—The execution was ordered to take place on the 9th. His faithful friend resolved to make one bold and daring effort more to save him. You will find it recorded, if my authorities are correct, in 'Ormond's Papers,' Vol. I. p. 283. On the morning of the 8th of March, Hugh Peters, in the face of Cromwell, and in defiance of the irresistible power which he then wielded, appeared on the floor of Parliament, advanced to the chair of the speaker, and presented to him with his own hands a petition for the pardon of the Duke of Hamilton! It is hard to tell which shines forth most brightly in this noble act, his moral courage, or his benevolence. He hazarded his own security, and put at stake his whole influence, which was so great at that time that many believed, it is said, 'that Hamilton would at last escape' through his zealous and resolute interposition. But all was unavailing. The petition was negatived by the Parliament; and the Duke of Hamilton was beheaded on the following day.

This generous, and truly Christian conduct, towards a foreigner, a stranger, and an enemy, ought to have been remembered by the Royalists when, twelve years afterwards, Mr. Peters was brought to trial before them for his life. But none were found who had courage or gratitude enough to offer a plea in his favor. His services of benevolence were all forgotten. Such is human justice! What consolation there is in the assurance that, although the memory of our good deeds may be erased from the mind of man, they are recorded in bright and imperishable characters on high! It has been sufficient to sustain every innocent sufferer, in the midst of a cruel and ungrateful world.

These facts cannot fail to convince every one of the incorrectness of the imputation made upon Hugh Peters of vindicitiveness towards the *party* of the King.

In my next communication I shall consider the charge of cruelty towards the *person* of the King.

Salem, Oct. 12, 1829.

Dear Sir,—Before entering upon a particular examination of the conduct of Hugh Peters towards the king, it is proper in the first place to admit, that he was an ardent and active friend of the Republican cause. On his arrival from New England he found the country divided between the advocates of an extension of the royal prerogative, and the friends of popular rights, and he espoused without hesitation the principles of the latter. In his capacity as Chaplain of the army, and by his eloquence, genius, zeal, and energy, he unquestionably was of great service to the party that overturned the throne. In opening the prosecution against him, at his trial, the Solicitor General declared that the influence of Mr. Peters over that party was second only to that of Oliver Cromwell. He regarded the king as having violated and trampled upon the constitution of his country, and he looked to the Parliament and the Republican army, as to the only hope and last refuge of English liberty. There are probably few citizens of our republic who do not sympathize in these his sentiments. It is certain that, within a short time, there has been a great revolution on this subject in England itself. There is a strong and increasing inclination of all liberal and enlightened minds in that empire, to approve of the general principles of the Puritan party, at the time of its struggle with Charles I. The *Rebellion*, as it is called by the courtly historians, against that ill-advised and unfortunate king, breathed a spirit into the English people, which after having been smothered during the infamous reigns of his two sons, burst forth again, in all its strength and purity in the *glorious Revolution*, as the same discriminating writers term it, of 1688. During the ascendency of the Puritans, 'the land was sown', to use Mr. Peters' own words, 'with such seed that Popery, Prelacy, and what else is not of God, will come too late to root up.' I acknowledge therefore at the outset that Hugh Peters was a zealous advocate for the popular cause, and of the principles of civil and religious liberty.

But he is charged with personal cruelty towards the King. There is a prevalent idea that he was one of the King's Judges. This is a mistake. He was not a member of the Parliament, neither did he hold a seat in the High Court of Justice, which condemned Charles Stuart to death. He was not accused as such. The charge in his indictment was, that by his private influence he brought about the death of the King.

There can be no doubt that every thing which could possibly have been produced in proof of this charge was urged by the government at his trial. The extent of his guilt therefore, can be ascertained by examining the report of that trial.

He had been kept, as was the case with the Regicides, in close confinement for months. They had not been permitted to take the advice of legal, or of any other friends. Notice was not given them of their trial, until the evening before they were to be carried into court. They were arraigned on the 10th of October, 1660. Mr. Peters was brought to trial on the 13th, and executed on the 16th of the same month. None of them were permitted to employ or to consult with counsel. They were not allowed to speak a word but in the hearing of all in the court room. The prosecution was conducted by the first law officers of the realm. The Old Bailey was thronged by a crowd of un-

feeling persons continually jeering and ridiculing the prisoners at the bar. And, worse than all, it had been previously determined by the government who should be selected for suffering. Notwithstanding these discouraging and disadvantageous circumstances, many of them made a most animated and able defence.

The principal witness against Mr. Peters, was William Young, a physician. His testimony bears the marks of exaggeration, and of perversion of the truth, if not of direct perjury, on the face of it. He said, that about a year before the execution of King Charles, he was called to visit, in the way of his profession, a sick man on board of a ship which had just arrived in the harbor of Milford. On reaching the vessel he found that the patient was Hugh Peters. He was stretched out on the deck in a very sick condition. He had caught an infectious disease while praying over the body of a Captain in Cromwell's army. He was removed to the town, and lodgings were provided for him in the house of the witness. During the progress of his recovery a familiar intimacy grew up between them. In order to draw out his secret sentiments, Dr. Young, as he acknowledged while giving his testimony, exhibited a very great degree of zeal in the same cause in which Mr. Peters was engaged. And he boasted that by this artifice he extracted from him sundry treasonable sentiments and designs respecting the King.

In answer to him Mr. Peters said, that during his acquaintance with him, Dr. Young was a more violent Parliament man than himself. He shew how clearly it was the interest of the Dr. to testify as he did. He said that he could bring witnesses, if time were allowed him, from the part of the country in which Dr. Young resided, to prove that his evidence was not considered worthy of confidence by his neighbors. And he further said that when unwell, it was known to all his friends, that his head was subject to be disordered; and that he knew not what language he may have used in moments of delirium, during his extreme sickness when under Dr. Young's care; but he most solemnly denied ever having uttered the sentiments imputed to him in any sane moment of his life.

Indeed it is clear, that, if Mr. Peters did make the declarations imputed to him by this witness, he must have been insane at the time. For instance, Dr. Young testified that Mr. Peters told him that one of the objects for which the New England Colonists sent him over to England, nine years before, and which he was secretly instructed by them to promote, was to 'stirr up and drive on' the Rebellion against King Charles! Again he represented Mr. Peters as having boasted that he was instrumental in bringing the Duke of Hamilton to his death. Any one who may have read my previous communication will perceive how utterly impossible it is that Mr. Peters, in a sane state of mind, ever could have spoken in that

This witness, who acknowledged that he had acted the part of a spy and a traitor towards Mr. Peters, not only swore away his life, but, to destroy his reputation also, and to perpetuate the impression given by his evidence, published soon afterwards a most scurrilous book against him. To shew what sort of a creature this man was, and to explain why so much infamy has been attached to the name of Mr. Peters (for many such books were published and found a ready circulation among the Royalists,) I will describe the frontispiece of this production.—The title is 'The Life of Hugh Peters by William Young, M. D.' The frontispiece exhibits a full congregation. Mr. Peters is represented turning an hour glass—near him are these words, 'I know you are good fellows, stay and take another glass!'

A considerable part of the remaining testimony went to show that before the King's death Mr. Peters was known to have been much in the company of Cromwell, Ireton and others of that party. But this proved nothing, for it is possible that he may have been exerting his influence upon them in favor of the King. It is not only possible, it is highly probable; for there is documentary evidence that he did strive to the last to bring about a compromise between the King and Parliament.

One witness went on to relate, in the most circumstantial manner, how he saw Mr. Peters busily engaged upon the scaffold on the day of the King's execution, giving direction to the hangman, and co-operating with him before and after Charles was beheaded. Unprovided as he was with counsel or friends, and forbidden to speak a word except aloud to the Judges, Mr. Peters found means on the spot to produce a witness, as soon as the other had concluded his testimony, who proved that he had been confined to his house during the day, on which the King suffered, and he did not leave his room for a moment!

The only remaining testimony of any consequence against him was this. Several persons declared that they had heard him preach, not long before the King's death, very violent sermons against him. There is some slight discrepancy among them with respect to dates, &c. But the most serious objections to their testimony are these.—They impute to him language wholly different from any contained in his discourses published about that time. The testimony respecting expressions uttered in such seasons of excitement and confusion, and given after the lapse of twelve years, ought to have been received with great caution. The passages which the witnesses repeated were so long as to render it difficult to account for their having remembered them through such a period of years. Although composed of complicated clauses and scriptural allusions, they were marked with a minute resemblance that ought to have rendered them suspected. And it was a very bad circumstance for the veracity of the witnesses that they all re-

with reference to this part of the testimony, the quaint remark of the American biographer and namesake of Mr. Peters. 'Those witnesses' says he, 'had strong and long memories, and paid much more attention to sermons at that period than people now do.' And it is probable that he is correct also in affirming 'that if every word had been spoken which the witnesses swore to, they did not constitute treason by the English law.'* It is easy to imagine what a different aspect the report of his trial would have assumed, had Mr. Peters been allowed to procure the assistance of experienced and able counsel, or had he himself been a lawyer; had a reasonable notice been given him, that he might have summoned witnesses and collected testimony; and had a more close process of cross-examination been allowed. As it was, every one can judge whether a fair trial was afforded him. And whether there were sufficient grounds to condemn him to the cruel and shocking death which he suffered.

There can be no greater proof of the unjust influence of the Historians of the Government party, upon the opinions and sentiments of the English, and even of the American people, than the fact that we have been led to feel a deep interest and sympathy in the sufferings and death of Charles I.; and to look with entire indifference, if not with satisfaction, upon the punishment of the Regicides. Charles was beheaded in the usual manner; and his execution was accompanied by no circumstances of cruelty or indecency. But it was not so with Mr. Peters and the Regicides. They were treated with every kind of contumely and malignity.—Shocking as the relation is, it ought to be known, to what horrible tortures and protracted pangs they were subjected. On the way to the execution their persons were handled with great rudeness. At the place of their punishment a gallows was erected, a fire was kindled, and a block and axe were prepared. And there the following sentence was carried into effect:—"You ——— are to be drawn upon an hurdle to the place of execution, and there you shall be hanged by the neck, and being alive, shall be cut down, and your privy members to be cut off, your entrails to be taken out of your body, and (you living) the same to be burnt before your eyes, and your head to be cut off, your body to be divided into four quarters, and head and quarters to be disposed of at the pleasure of the King's Majesty; and the Lord have mercy upon your soul!" Thus were Hugh Peters and his co-patriots put to death 150 years ago in England! They were all advanced in years; many of them were quite aged; their frames were feeble, and their heads were covered with grey locks. They were learned and accomplished men, they were pure, conscientious and enlightened christians; and their crime was a political under the necessity of sanctioning, by a virtual repetition of it, in less than thirty years afterwards! If any one wishes to contemplate the triumphant power of christian fortitude and faith, and the most sublime and affecting exhibition of sincere patriotism, of holy courage, and of the tenderest and most expanded benevolence, let him open the "State Trials," and examine the interviews between General Harrison and his executioner, Judge Cooke and his heroic wife, and Colonel Axtell and his son; let him listen to the noble sentiments, and meditate upon the magnanimous principles uttered in their dying hour by all the venerable martyrs. What a contrast between them, and the profligate, licentious, and debauched Charles II., whose morning divertisement it was to witness the barbarous execution of the hoary patriots!

In opposition to the evidence against him, I would again present his solemn assertion, in the hour of death, of his innocence of the condemnation of the King; and his declaration, made to his daughter, in an unreserved communication only a few days before his execution, that instead of striving to bring on the King's death, he had endeavored to save his life.

There is before me a copy of a document which Hugh Peters, three times on his knees, implored King Charles to sign, and which, it has been said, he would have signed, had it not been for the interference of those around him. It concerned the church. And although it would have established a different form of ecclesiastical government from that now sustained by Great Britain, it would have been Episcopacy still—Episcopacy in its strict, and as Mr. Peters believed, in its primitive sense. If King Charles had signed it, the civil wars would have been composed, his life would have been saved, and the communion of the established church would ever after have been, what it has never yet been, a majority, a vast majority of the British people.

I might insist upon Mr. Peters' invariable benevolence and compassion (proved in my last communication) towards the *friends of the King*, as presumptive evidence of great force that he could not have been actuated by a feeling of malignity towards *the King himself*. But I waive it and proceed to the last argument I shall produce—his writings.

In none of them are there any indications of the vindictive spirit that has been imputed to him, but in all of them, which have come under my observation, there are throughout traces of a merciful and benignant disposition. I have just finished a repeated examination of a sermon, delivered on an occasion when such a spirit towards the King would have been most likely to shew itself. It was preached at a moment of great success over the royal cause, at the command of the Parliament, the army and the city of London, when the whole country 'from Edinburgh to the land's end in Cornwall' had

* A History of Hugh Peters, A. M. by Rev.

excitement of the warlike passions was heightened by the flush of triumph. It presents no signs of malice towards the King, neither does it exhibit the least desire or inclination to inflame still more the anger of the people towards him. On the contrary, it expresses the greatest abhorrence of the unnecessary shedding of blood, and invokes all who listen to observe the rules and principles of justice and benevolence and charity. As a specimen of intellect and oratory this discourse has few, if any, rivals in the language. There is, it is true, an athletic roughness occasionally in the style, but it is in harmony with the tempestuous character of the times, as well as with his own native energy. It is deformed with the elaborate conceits prevalent in his age. There are too frequent instances of coarse allusion and homely diction. But, while it makes near approaches to the classical richness and splendid abundance of Jeremy Taylor, it has, it seems to me, more variety, more originality, more brilliancy, and more liveliness of manner and thought, than even that great genius himself can boast.

In concluding my examination of the charge against Mr. Peters, of having taken an active part, in bringing on the death of the King, I will quote the opinion of Mr. Hallam, remarking, by the way, that the writings of Mr. Peters, which it is probable never arrested the attention of this judicious historian, entirely overthrow the imputation of his having been 'a very odious fanatic.' Speaking of the execution of the Regicides, the author of the 'Constitutional History' observes; 'There can be no reasonable ground for censuring either the King, or the Parliament for their punishment; except that Hugh Peters, though a very odious fanatic, was not so directly implicated in the death of the King as many who escaped; and the execution of Scroop, who had surrendered under the proclamation, was an inexcusable breach of faith.'

The dislike which Mr. Hallam betrays in this passage towards the personal character of Hugh Peters, places his opinion, that he ought to have been excepted from the punishment of the Regicides, above the reach of suspicion, and increases the weight of its authority.

In the remaining communication I shall consider the charge against Mr. Peters of his having been 'a very odious fanatic.'

Salem, Oct. 19, 1829.

Dear Sir,—In a quotation from Hallam's Constitutional History, near the close of my last communication, Hugh Peters is called 'a very odious fanatic.' It is probable that when the charges of cruelty, malignity, and wickedness have been shown to be destitute of foundation, this imputation of fanaticism will be the last resort of those who may be reluctant to reverse an opinion which they have long been accustomed to entertain.—In calling a person a fanatic, we mean that he is disposed to adopt wild notions—that in obeys the impulses of passion rather than the dictates of reason. I shall show that Mr. Peters was not such a person—that, although he was strenuous and energetic, he was accustomed to take clear and sober views of life, and to act upon rational and consistent principles—that, in those respects he was before his age; and is far more worthy of the distinguishing appellation of a *practical man*, than of a visionary and heated *enthusiast*. Let us appeal in the first place to his *conduct*.

When Mr. Peters came to America he found the colonists suffering from an entire depression of trade and business, and a great scarcity of money—a state of things resulting from the circumstance that they had nothing to export in return for supplies procured from the mother country. He instantly devised the remedy. He travelled through the settlements, producing, as Winthrop calls it, 'a public frame of spirit.' and raised by contribution, here and in England, a sum of money, by means of which the people were enabled to construct and fit out vessels, which by his direction were engaged, then for the first time, in the fishery; to erect mills, to establish suitable manufactories, to plant hemp, and to raise many articles before unthought of. He told them that when they had cured their fish, and sawed their timber, and perfected their fabrics, and gathered in their harvests, they must put all, that remained after their own wants were supplied, into their vessels, and send them to the Southern settlements, to the West Indies, and wherever else they might find a market. Thus, by the profits of these coasting and circuitous voyages, he enabled them to restore the balance of trade with the parent country—thus he brought back again the benefits of a circulating medium; and laid the foundations of the commercial, maritime, and internal prosperity of New England. He introduced the implements of several of the mechanic arts, and by extending the division of labor, multiplied the comforts and accelerated the refinement of society. This does not look like the enthusiasm of the fanatic. It exhibits the sober judgment of the wise citizen, the profound reflection of the practical statesman.

There was nothing of the fanatic, surely, in his deportment, during the few years of his pastoral connexion with the Salem church. His powerful influence upon the condition of religion in the place is exhibited in the uncommon number who were induced by him to give their attention to the subject, and to become members of the church. No preacher, it is probable, was ever more successful in awakening and keeping alive the interest of a congregation in spiritual concerns. But in doing this, he took precisely an opposite course from that adopted by many ministers in our day. He was the greatest *Revival-preacher* that was ever known in this part of the country; but there was nothing which he regarded with

commonly used, and the scenes frequently presented in the progress of a modern *revival*. Instead of multiplying the number of meetings for prayer and conference, he diminished them; he endeavored to reduce the occasions of public worship to those of the Sabbath day. The people had gradually fallen into the practice of assembling for religious services not only in the night time, but in the midst of the working days of the week. He recovered them from this dangerous habit. He well knew the causes that produce the too prevalent disposition to attend such public meetings. One is idleness.—'An hour's idleness is a sin' says he, 'as well as an hour's drunkenness. Few men's feet stand before Princes, because few men's hands are diligent. If *you* set not yourself on work, the *Devil* will.' Another is the habit of looking beyond the domestic circle for pleasure and excitement. 'Oh keep home, keep home,' said he to his daughter. 'Be not like the squirrel, leaping from tree to tree, and from bough to bough. Be much at home, and you will find work enough. How few lose any thing by quietness, and doing their own work? *Their sweet sleep commends it.*'—Another is a want of occupation for the faculties. 'If your fancy be not well fed, your thoughts, like millstones, will *grind themselves*. Spirits raised, and not employed, will torment the witch that raised them.' He did not endeavor to call people away from their industrious occupations, in order to engage them in religion, but he encouraged and stimulated them to a still greater industry. He did not denounce the active business of life, but he opened to labor and enterprise new channels of trade, and new avenues to profit. And his example proves that all this is by no means inconsistent with an earnest and solemn attention to the interests of the soul, and the requirements of religion.—One of the malignant books written against his reputation after his death, asserts that his preaching attracted the notice of giddy and superficial women only.—The Records of the Salem church enable us to prove the falsity of this assertion. Of the very large number who were induced by him to make a profession of religion, a great proportion, greater perhaps than can be found in the history of any other church, or the ministry of any other preacher, were males!

It is well known that in the age in which he lived, the doctrine of direct revelations from the divine to the human spirit, and of private illuminations was almost universally entertained. It is not wholly exploded even in our day. During Mr. Peter's residence in America, a woman was hung in Boston for murdering her child under the influence of a persuasion that it was revealed to her that its death was required at her hands. He attended her on the scaffold, and took occasion to address the immense throng of people assembled around the gallows to witness the execution. The object of his discourse was to warn them against the dangerous doctrines of private revelations of secret instructions and intimations from invisible beings, and all such notions! If Mr. Peters had been here sixty years afterwards, and had possessed the same influence, the dreadful scenes of the witchcraft illusion would probably have been prevented. At any rate it must be allowed that the sentiments, expressed by him at the execution of this poor deluded female, are strange sentiments for a fanatic to entertain and to circulate.

His whole deportment while in America, was that of a consistent, soberminded, rational and judicious citizen and Christian.

I shall select but one instance, in his conduct after returning to England, to shew how shamefully his best-intended and most worthy actions were misrepresented by his enemies. After the restoration of the Stuarts, it was found that many valuable articles were missing from the King's private cabinet or library. As it was the policy of the government to render Mr. Peters odious, he was forthwith charged with their embezzlement. While he was immured in prison, not long before his execution, Charles II. sent some commissioners to his cell to examine him on this point. The result of their investigation was, that instead of having committed depredations upon the establishment in question, he had contributed to its preservation. At a time when tumultuous and violent proceedings were breaking out in the parliamentary army, Mr. Peters, ever vigilant and circumspect, even in the most confused scenes, and turbulent seasons, procured the keys of the room in which the articles were kept, and guarded it against the irruption of the enraged and lawless soldiery. Beyond this he had no connexion whatever with that cabinet. You will find an account of this affair in the article 'Ashmole' in the 'Biographia Brittanica.' It certainly proves, that so far from being carried away by fanaticism, Mr. Peters possessed the rare faculty of keeping cool and thoughtful while in the midst of the wildest uproar and excitement.

I know of no specific and authenticated instance of fanaticism laid to his charge, from the time of his leaving America to the day of his death. Vague and sweeping imputations, such as that expressed by Mr. Hallam, have continually been cast upon him, but as far as my researches have been carried I can find no support for them in his public conduct, or in his manner of life.

It remains for me to consider the testimony which his *writings* bear to this point. Those which have come under my observation most clearly refute the charge of his having been 'a very odious fanatic.' They exhibit, on the contrary, evidence throughout that as a politician he was preeminently deserving of the character of a temperate, wise, and practical man. He urges the army to be circumspect in their demeanor, and to abstain from every act of violence, cruelty, injustice, or oppression towards prisoners and captured towns; and points out to them the benefits which will result to

their cause by the purity of their lives, the integrity of their conduct, and the humanity of their spirit. He advises the Parliament to exercise moderation with respect to religion, to consult and provide for the equal and easy distribution of justice, to promote the comfort, industry and improvement of the poor, and to befriend charitable institutions and designs. And he admonishes all parties to preserve a tolerant spirit, and to discountenance passion, bitterness and calumny.

One of his favorite objects as a statesman was to bring about an improvement in the administration of the laws. In his pursuit of it he exposed himself to much prejudice and odium on the part of his contemporaries.—Another was to provide employment for the poor. And another, which he had very near to his heart, was to grant liberty of preaching to men of all sentiments, and to distribute the appropriation made by the state to the church in such a manner, that the whole kingdom in its remotest and most obscure corners, and all its subjects of every persuasion might participate proportionably in its benefits.

The following extract shews what he thought respecting the administration of the laws. 'The third boon I beg is for men's estates. Justice exalteth a nation, but sin is a shame to any people. I would beseech all sorts whom it concerns, to speed justice; it were better for a man to die once than often. You, reverend fathers of the law, put in some help here; can there not yet be found out a shorter way to further justice? must that badge of conquests still lie upon us, the laws, I mean in French? Can there not an expedient be found out in plain English, whereby every one may soon come to his own?—May there not be two or three friend-makers set up in every parish, without whose labor and leave none should implead another? I crave pardon. There is one evil I have seen under the sun, a poor man kept in prison for debt, whereby his spirit is debaucht, and he utterly disabled to pay: it is not so abroad.' In another place he prays "that poor thieves may not be hanged for thirteen pence halfpenny; but that they may be employed on the river, or in draining lands."

The following passage indicates, with sufficient clearness, his views of the policy of providing preachers, not merely for the *orthodox*, or, as he, in a vein of the most delicate humor, describes it, the *dominant* party, but for the whole country. He is commending to the compassionate regard of the Parliament those who are destitute of the institutions of religion. 'I present you here the tears and cries of many thousands, in the countries we have conquered, who, poor souls, cry like prisoners at the grate, "Bread, bread, for the Lord's sake, bread! all you that passe by take pitty, pitty of us, we have lived upon husks, time out of minde." Men, brethren, and fathers, whilest we are *disputing* here, they are *perishing* there—by the *sword*, [illegible] be [illegible] the *word*, I say, the *word*, by which English Christians are made. In other countries *discipline* makes them so, drives them into a church together, and then dubs them Christians; you will find too much of this abroad, and hence it comes to passe that most of their religion lies in polemicks, which is the trade we are likely to drive, if God prevent not. I need not tell this assembly that every where the *greater* party is the *Orthodoxall*, and the *lesser* the *Hereticks*; so once the Arians afflicted the sound Christians, and they increasing requited it again to the Arians. I wish exceeding well to preaching above many things in this world, and wish my brethren were not under these Tithing temptations. Let poore people first know there is a God, and then teach them the way of worship.'

In another place he urges, 'that no magistrate, be permitted, in *matters of religion*, to meddle further than as a nursing father; then,' says he, '*all* children shall be fed, though they have different faces and shapes.'

He was an open enemy of priestcraft, and dreaded, above all things, ecclesiastical persecution. He was wont to speak plainly upon this subject, as will appear from the following curious passage addressed to the Assembly of Divines.—'My Reverend and Learned brethren, be not offended if I leave this caution with you, and let this charity begin at home amongst us; *for ever beware of a spirit of domination*; truly it is a spirit of Antichrist, and it was the first great quarrel the first three hundred years after Christ. When Constantine had been bountiful to the church at Rome, and after, was as noble to that of Byzantium (now Constantinople) a quarrell grew up among the two pastors of these churches, who should be called Papa! which introduced the proverb "Religion begot wealth, and the daughter devoured the mother." Remember the old complaints against Prelates, and how we filled Parliaments' eares with out-cries.—Let this be often with you (my dear brethren) that in all the cracks, flaws, and ruines of states, some priestly thing or other hath had the principall hand; minde it in a passage or two; Good *Jeremy* past through all guards, till he came to *Pushur* the *Priest*; the Nobility, Gentry, and others were easily entreated, Christ breaks upon the *Scribes* and Pharisees mainly.'

He looked with the deepest disapprobation upon an intolerant spirit. 'In all the loud cries about differences this toucheth my heart, that some men can trample a poor saint to the dust, and into the grave (if they might) *for a Piccadillo, a little distance in an opinion*.'

There was no office which it gave Mr. Peters more delight to discharge, than that of the friend and benefactor of the persecuted. In the year 1655, while the Puritans were in power, there was a dreadful massacre of the Protestants in the vallies of Piedmont. The immortal Milton, who was the

the command of Cromwell, wrote persuasive and pathetic letters" to every Court in Europe, in behalf of this suffering people. It should be mentioned, to the perpetual honor of the Protector, that he not only thus advocated the cause of the Waldenses in the continental cabinets, but ordered a collection to be taken for their relief throughout the realm of England. Mr. Peters, as might have been supposed, took the lead in this benevolent work. Ludlow says, "he was a diligent and earnest solicitor for the distressed Protestants of the valleys of Piedmont;" and by his cooperation and influence, nearly forty thousand pounds were procured for them. It was on this occasion that Milton wrote his beautiful Sonnet, beginning with these words—

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints."

What an interesting association does this incident present! We see the great republican Poet, and the great republican Orator, uniting the exertions of their genius, and benevolence, in the service of a people, whose early and faithful adherance—whose almost romantic devotion, to the cause of Protestant liberiy, has rendered their name dear to every lover of freedom, and every friend of christianity.

The following is his advice to the Parliament. It seems that, notwithstanding the efforts of the orthodox, and the legal restraints under which dissenters suffered, heretics were getting to be quite numerous. The dominant sect became alarmed, and were pressing the government to render the laws against heresy more severe.—'Since,' says Mr Peters, 'you are still buzzed in the ear with a desperate encrease of Errour, give me leave to offer this expedient by way of Quere. The wound seems to be in the understanding, and the cure must lie there. (Under favor) what if some convenient place or places in the city were set apart two or three times weekly, where godly and learned men appointed by yourselves, and the Leaders or Heads of those Errours (as they are termed) might have leave to come, and there, in a brotherly way, take and give satisfaction? For as conclaves have always been dangerous, so these poor erring mon cannot have the benefit to appear with boldness. And *reasonable* souls may sooner certainly be taught with Reason and Scripture, than with cudgels and blowes. *Tyrannus* had a School; and Christ disputed with the Doctors in *their Synagogue.*

Religio docenda est, non coercenda.

This I am sure, *Conviction should go before Punishment.* The Lord will not burn Sodom, *till he see whether the report be true.* I pray consider it.'

'Why (he used to exclaim) cannot christians differ and yet be friends? Why, why cannot men of different religions, like men of different nations, live together in peace?' He thus declares the great principle that guided his conduct as a member of the Church of Christ. 'Why, not anything, but is the Christian word.'

I trust that enough has been adduced to prove that Mr Peters was neither a *fanatic* nor a *bigot.* But after all, the question may still be asked, how is it possible, if they were not founded in truth, that so many and such gross charges could have received and retained for so long a time the general credence of the world? I answer that it can easily be explained. England was covered with a flood of the most scandalous books written against him immediately after his death. I have described the frontispiece of the one written by Dr Young in my last letter. Another represented him with a windmill on his head! another with the devil whispering in his ear! and another exhibited him trampling on the book of common prayer! No one dared to come forward to defend his memory, and it would have been wonderful indeed if the public mind had not been filled with prejudices against him. Mr Peters was accustomed to great plainness of speech, as the reader must have perceived in the passages of his life and writings which I have presented. The natural consequence was that he gave offence often and to many. The truly liberal doctrines which he inculcated, and the tolerant spirit he manifested, were suited to make him innumerable enemies in that bigoted and exclusive age His sentiments respecting ecclesiastical institutions and government, as they are drawn out in the paper which he was so anxious to have the King sign, were of a nature to forfeit the sectarian support of the Presbyterians and Independents, and to bring down upon him the wrath and vengeance of the restored church as it is established by law. He regarded the connexion between the King and the church as an abominable abuse, and looked upon Archbishops, metropolitan bishops, and suffragan bishops, as incumbrances to the church, and as holding offices and exercising powers that were derived from usurpation. Hence the malignant hostility of Burnet and all others who received their lordly mitres from a temporal ruler, and burned with ambition to reach a metropolitan chair, or to dwell in the palace at Lambeth! But he believed that local bishops, called in consequence of venerable age or superior attainments by the presbyters of a district to preside over and among them, occupied an office which was in existence in the primitive church and was intended to be transmitted on through all succeeding times. Hence the coldness and indifference of the Presbyterians and Independents, and their silent consent to all the calumnies that have been heaped upon his memory!

But in having been misrepresented thus far by the voice of fame, he has participated in the same lot which has fallen upon the other great and good men of his age and principles. The labors of Lingard, of Brodie and of others, are however working a thorough revolution in public sentiment with respect to the events and characters of English his-

tory. And when justice shall complete her work by establishing truth, the name of Mr. Peters will again become dear to all the lovers of genius, freedom, and humanity.

Notwithstanding all that has now been said concerning Mr. Peters, I can still repeat the declaration made in a note to p. 27, of the "Second Century Lecture," that a great many facts and circumstances illustrative of his virtues, in addition to those yet offered, are to be found in the existing records of his times; such as Ludlow's Memoirs, Harris's Life of Cromwell, Stubbe on the War, &c.

Many writers have already come forward in his favor in England. In America, we should be false to our Fathers, were we to refuse to yield to him our respect and admiration; for they always loved and honored him. The following lines were placed by them beneath his portrait, in an edition of his 'Legacy,' printed in Boston, A. D. 1717.

"Mark well his note, who like th' expiring swan
"Wisely presaging her approaching doom,
"Sings in soft charms her epicædium.
"Such, such are his: who was a living lamp
"Which though extinguishhd by a fatal damp;
"Yet his last breathings shall, like incense hurled
"On sacred altars, to perfume the world
"That the *next* will admire, and out of doubt
"Revere the Torch-light, which *this age* put out."

I would close this my last communication by expressing my gratitude for your kindness in enabling, and my approbation of your love of truth in prompting, me to place in the columns of the Register a defence of the character of a man, whose example is a strong appeal to every minister and every Christian in favor of active benevolence, and a spirit of toleration, charity, and catholicism. Yours respectfully,

CHARLES W. UPHAM.

From the Christian Register.

MR. UPHAM'S LETTERS ON THE CHARACTER OF HUGH PETERS.

With this paper is closed the series of letters, written by the Rev. Mr. Upham, of Salem, in vindication of the character of one of his predecessors, from the charges of virulence and fanaticism in his political career, which by cotemporary and other historians, have usually been ascribed to him. Our readers must have remarked the fullness and fidelity of investigation, with which the writer of the 'Second Century Lecture' has examined and repelled these charges. To many, we doubt not, they will appear to have been amply refuted. And they, who may still prefer to contemplate the character of Mr. Peters as an exemplary parent, citizen, and pastor, honorable for his private virtues and ministerial usefulness, rather than as a politician and statesman,—will readily grant, that he has not wanted in his successor an able and devoted advocate.

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MEMOIR

OF

TIMOTHY PITKIN:

BY

REV THOMAS C. PITKIN.

PREPARED AT THE REQUEST OF THE NEW ENGLAND HISTORIC GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY, AND PRIVATELY REPRINTED FROM THEIR VOLUME OF MEMOIRS.

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TIMOTHY PITKIN

Timothy Pitkin, born at Farmington, Connecticut, on the 21st of January, 1766, was the son of the Rev. Timothy Pitkin, Pastor of the Congregational Church in that town, and grandson of the Hon. William Pitkin, who was Governor of the Colony from 1766 to 1769. His mother, Temperance Clap, was daughter of the Rev. Thomas Clap, President, or, as then styled, Rector of Yale College. He was in direct descent from William Pitkin, founder of the family in this country, who came from London, England, and settled in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1657.

The family, in the first three generations, held many offices of trust. The first William Pitkin, made King's Attorney for the Colony in 1664, represented Hartford from 1675 to 1690, except during the period of Major Andros's usurpation; was member of the Colonial Council from 1690 till his death; became Treasurer of the Colony in 1676, and the same year was appointed, with Major Talcott, to negotiate a peace with the Narragansetts, and other Indian tribes. On the arrival of Governor Dongan at New York, in 1683, he was one of the deputies to settle the boundaries between the two Colonies; again, in 1693, when the Governor of New York claimed command of the militia of New England, and Governor Winthrop was despatched to England to lay the case before the King, Mr. Pitkin was selected to make terms with the Governor (Fletcher) respecting the militia till the King's pleasure

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should be further ascertained. For many years he represented Connecticut at the meeting of Commissioners of the Colonies to devise means against their common enemies.

The second William Pitkin, son of the foregoing, born 1664, was for twenty-six consecutive years one of the Council of the Colony; was one of the Commission to receive the Earl of Bellomont on his arrival in New York; was one of the Council of War in 1707; was Judge of the County Court, and also Probate Judge, from 1702 to 1711; was made Judge of the Court of Assistants in 1703, and upon the establishment of the Superior Court in 1711 was appointed Judge, and in 1713 Chief-Justice of this Court. His son, William Pitkin, born April 30, 1694, represented the town of Hartford in the General Assembly from 1728 to 1734, was Speaker of the House of Representatives from 1732 to 1734, when he was chosen Assistant. He presided as Judge of the County Court from 1735 to 1752, was made Judge of the Superior Court in 1741, and Chief-Justice, and also Deputy-Governor, in 1754. In this year, while Lieutenant-Governor, he was appointed to meet Commissioners from other Colonies at Albany, to form a plan of union among the Colonies, and was one of a committee of six, Benjamin Franklin being chairman, to prepare such a plan. The plan of this committee, though not adopted, was the germ of the old Articles of Confederation, and of the Constitution of the United States. He was chosen Governor in 1766, in the discharge of which office he died October 1, 1769.

Timothy Pitkin, son of the foregoing, born in 1727, after graduating at Yale College, studied theology, and became pastor of the Congregational Society in Farmington, which office he held till his death in 1812. He was one of the members of the Corporation of Yale College from 1777 to 1804. His son, the subject of this memoir, received the rudiments of his education in his native town. The only

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books then in use in the district schools were the Bible, Dilworth's Spelling-Book, and the New England Primer, but his teacher, who was in advance of his time, introduced Lowth's English Grammar. He prepared for Yale College under his father and his brother-in-law, the Rev. Nathan Perkins, of West Hartford, was admitted in 1781, and was graduated with the highest honors of his class. President Stiles, in a letter of introduction addressed to "Governor Jefferson, Secretary of State, Philadelphia," thus describes him in 1792: "There are some young characters so ingenious and inquisitive, and promising to rise into future figure in the political world, as to become worthy of the favor and patronage of those who have already arrived at the summit of human greatness in society, and who take pleasure in cherishing those who may in time, like themselves, ascend to the superior improvements in political life. Of this number is Timothy Pitkin, Esq., a son of one of the Fellows of this College, and grandson of the late President Clap, whose genius and literary abilities he inherits. Educated at this College, he became one of its most excellent scholars in the classics and the sciences, especially mathematics and natural philosophy and astronomy. Impelled by an ardent thirst for literature and by assiduous application, he has added to these a good knowledge of the belles lettres and history. He is a most promising, worthy young character, designed for the career of civil and political life. He is continually imbibing wisdom from observing human life and manners, and the spirit and genius of government. Should you condescend to honor him with a little literary notice, you would cherish an ingenious mind which in time may do honor to his patrons and to his country." During his college course Mr. Pitkin calculated and projected all the eclipses for each year up to 1800, and among these was the famous annular eclipse of the sun in 1790. He had afterwards the satisfaction of learning from actual observation that it had been calcu-

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lated with entire accuracy. He determined at an early period upon the profession of law, and after spending one year as an instructor of Latin and Greek at the academy at Plainfield, Connecticut, he put himself under the instruction of Oliver Ellsworth, Esq., of Windsor, in the winter of 1786–87, and afterwards under that of Major Judd, of Farmington. He was admitted to the bar in Hartford County in 1788. Mr. Ellsworth was distinguished as a statesman as well as a jurist; he had been a member of Congress during the great struggle for Independence, and from him Mr. Pitkin received that bias towards political action which influenced him through life. From him, also, he learned some of the secret political movements of that time, and particularly that in the early period of this struggle the Court of France encouraged the Americans to persevere, by furnishing them with military stores and money through its secret agent Beaumarchais, under the fictitious name of Hortales & Co. He availed himself of this information afterwards, when he was in Congress, in resisting what is known as the Beaumarchais claim. In 1790 he was chosen a representative from Farmington to the General Assembly of Connecticut, and from this time, being then twenty-four years old, he was fairly launched upon political life, representing, with few intermissions, his native town till the year 1805. During the latter part of this period he was several times Speaker of the House.

In 1805 he was elected one of the representatives in Congress, and continued in that capacity every year until 1819, when, in consequence of a change in the politics of the State, he and his colleagues were superseded. He was in Washington during the last four years of Jefferson's administration, the eight years of Madison's, and two years of that of Monroe. During this period he made himself conversant with the political transactions of the American government in relation to the non-importation

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law, the embargo, and non-intercourse systems, and the war against Great Britain which followed. He made it his business to collect public documents and state papers, and, with pen in hand, he made constant memoranda of passing events, especially of the confidential communications made to the House of Representatives by the Executive. As war was declared with closed doors, the opponents of the measure, of whom Mr. Pitkin was one, had no opportunity in debate of presenting to their constituents the reasons for their opposition, and they resolved, therefore, to address them directly on the subject. The Hon. Josiah Quincy prepared the draft of this address, but at his request Mr. Pitkin furnished that part of it which treated of the commerce which was allowed us by the French government, and whether it was worth a war in order to secure it, and whether it could be secured by war. This part was accordingly inserted in the address.

During the years 1816 and 1817 Mr. Pitkin published the first and second edition of the "Commercial Statistics of the United States." Of the second edition two hundred and fifty copies were taken by Congress for the use of the Government. After leaving Congress Mr. Pitkin was engaged in his professional pursuits, and in preparing a Political and Civil History of the United States from 1763 to 1797, or the close of the administration of Washington. This history was published in two volumes in 1828. In 1835 he published a third and enlarged edition of his Statistics, including some account of the banks and manufactures of the country. From the time of his leaving Congress he was annually chosen to the Connecticut Legislature from Farmington until 1830, when he was elected a Senator from District No. 3, established under an amendment of the Constitution. He was a member of the Convention which framed the new Constitution of the State. From 1830 he declined all public business, and soon after relinquishing his professional pursuits he devoted his time

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to a careful revision of his private papers and public documents, and in reviewing the writings and correspondence of Washington, Jefferson, Jay, and others, together with the diplomatic correspondence of the United States. In addition to this he prepared sketches of some of the political transactions during the administrations of the elder Adams, of Jefferson, and Madison. These sketches, which are in the form of letters to his sons, and are in fact a continuation of his Political and Civil History of the United States, have not been published.

Though retired from active life, he retained his interest in passing political events, and wrote occasional articles for the North American and American Quarterly Reviews. He was much excited by a statement that appeared in the "American Gallery of Portraits," reflecting on the life and character of his grandfather. The writer of a sketch of Jonathan Trumbull in the above-mentioned work had ventured the assertion that Trumbull had superseded Pitkin because the latter had grown old and timid, and had failed to meet the requirements of the times in resisting the Stamp Act. It is a sufficient answer to the statement that Governor Pitkin died in office; but Mr. Pitkin, entering with zeal into the defence of his grandfather, showed that Governor Pitkin owed his office as governor to his resistance of the Stamp Act. The act was passed in 1765, when Fitch was governor, Pitkin lieutenant-governor, and Trumbull a member of the Council of the State. Fitch and certain of the Council thought it their duty to take the oath required; but Pitkin, with certain others, including Trumbull, refused, and actually left the Council Chamber when the oath was taken by Fitch and those who agreed with him. At the next election, in 1766, Pitkin was chosen governor in place of Fitch, and Trumbull lieutenant-governor. At the death of Governor Pitkin in 1769, Trumbull succeeded him as Governor of Connecticut.

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Mr. Thurlow Weed, in a letter published in the "New York Tribune," August 31, 1878, writes as follows: "In 1835, sitting on the after deck of a New Haven steamboat, I found myself near an old gentleman with whom I entered into conversation. It required but a few minutes to show that I had made the acquaintance of a gentleman of more than ordinary acquirements and experience. Our conversation was interesting and protracted. When the subject of slavery was introduced, the gentleman said that, regarding it as a most important and embarrassing as well as a most alarming question, he had devoted much time and thought to its consideration; adding that he had a plan, which, if it could be fairly presented by the President or through Congress to the people, would accomplish the gradual extinction of slavery. 'We have,' the gentleman proceeded, 'extinguished the national debt with the surplus proceeds of the public domain. That surplus, for which we have no further use, is rapidly increasing, so rapidly as to occasion uneasiness in Washington. The public domain will prove an enduring and inexhaustible source of national wealth; it belongs to the whole people, and seems to have been providentially reserved to effect a great and beneficial purpose. My plan is to ask the legislatures of border slave States to pass laws authorizing the purchase of one day's freedom in each week of all slaves, their value to have been appraised by a disinterested tribunal; that, two years after, another day's freedom should be purchased in like manner; and that each following two years the purchase should be repeated, until their full freedom should have been effected. Congress, meanwhile, should pass a law appropriating so much of the surplus of the public domain as the emancipation thus effected called for.' The gentleman believed that Delaware, Maryland, and probably Kentucky would promptly and cheerfully consent to sell their slaves at a fair valuation, and that Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina

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would, erelong, follow; and that, ultimately, the Government would be able to offer compensation liberal enough to tempt even the cotton States. While this process was going on, he proposed that the Federal government should further assist emancipation by establishing commercial relations with Hayti and St. Domingo, and in planting colonies in Africa, for the development of her gold dust, ivory, and other resources, offering aid and facilities to such freedmen as might choose to accept it. Another and most important advantage of this scheme was, that in its progress partially ransomed slaves would gradually learn the value and uses of freedom, so that after twelve years of training they would be better qualified to enter on their new life. . . . The gentleman who conceived this idea was Timothy Pitkin, one of the many distinguished sons of Connecticut, who rendered important service to the country during the first half of the present century. . . . His plan for emancipation was broadly statesmanlike. It was alike just, wise, and practical. I first mentioned it to Mr. Seward, whose warm approval confirmed my own impressions. In the course of my conversation with Mr. Pitkin, he suggested Mr. Clay as not only the best man to introduce the subject to Congress, but the one who, from his known sentiments and sympathies, would be most likely to think favorably of it. I availed myself of an early opportunity to submit Mr. Pitkin's plan to Mr. Clay, who expressed his regret that it had not been suggested before the idea of distributing the surplus fund among the States had taken such a strong hold of the public mind. I conversed with Mr. Webster, Senator Mangum of North Carolina, Governor Clark of Kentucky, and John M. Clayton of Delaware, each of whom, but for the reason assigned by Mr. Clay, would have given his earnest support to Mr. Pitkin's project. Governor Seward was so strongly impressed, that, but for the circumstance that he was drawn into an exciting conflict with the Governor of Virginia

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upon the Fugitive Slave question, he would have made it the leading feature in his message to the Legislature of New York. The distribution of the surplus proceeds of the public domain, after a four years' struggle, was carried, in 1831, through Congress over General Jackson's veto. It took the form of a deposit to be repaid to the General Government, but no demand has ever been made for it. New York's quota alone would have purchased all the slaves in the State of Delaware and the District of Columbia. I assume, therefore, that if Timothy Pitkin had remained in Congress a few years longer, there would have been a peaceable solution of the slavery problem."

In 1801 Mr. Pitkin was married to Elizabeth Hubbard, daughter of the Rev. Bela Hubbard, D. D., who for more than forty years was Rector of Trinity Church, New Haven, Connecticut. He resided in his native town till the year 1840, when, giving up the cares of housekeeping, he divided his time between his daughter in Utica, New York, who was married to the Hon. Hiram Denio, for many years Judge of the Court of Appeals in the State of New York, and his son, the Rev. Thomas Clap Pitkin, D. D., at New Haven, who was associate-rector with the Rev. Harry Croswell, D. D., of the same church over which Dr. Hubbard had presided for so many years. He died at New Haven at his son's residence, December 18, 1847, and was buried from Trinity Church in that city, of which church he had been for some years a devout communicant. His religious opinions were pronounced and definite, but were held in a spirit of charity. Not long before his death he wrote as follows: "For several years past I have spent no inconsiderable portion of my time in the study of theology; and the more I have studied the Bible and the various commentaries upon it, the more am I convinced that it can be none other than the word of God, and that it is the only sure guide to happiness both here and hereafter."

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In 1837 Mr. Pitkin, at a general meeting of the "Société Française de Statistique Universelle," held at the Hôtel de Ville in Paris, was awarded a medal of honor, with a letter from the President, Le Duc de Montmorenci, acknowledging his valuable contributions to Statistical Science, and soon after received from Le Comte de Bussy, the Secretary, a diploma, making him a corresponding member of the same. On the 25th of May, 1847, he was admitted an honorary member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society.

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From the Elizabethtown Post & Gazette of 22d Sept., 1881.

Father Comstock and the Buckboard Again.

To the Editor of the Post and Gazette:—

Dr. Cutting's letter on Father Comstock's invention of the buck-board has excited much interest in the county.

I give below an extract from a letter received by me to-day from Dr. Lyman Barton of Willsboro, a physician widely known and respected. The connection between the venerable man's invention and the cause of his death, is certainly a fact worthy of preservation.

ELIZABETHTOWN, 19 Sept. 1881.

R. S. H.

* * * * *

"It may be interesting to know that Father Comstock came to his death by a fall from his favorite vehicle.

He had been visiting friends in the north part of the county, and on the 14th Oct. 1852, when driving alone from Esq. Levi Higby's at Port Kendall, reached the junction of the Port Kendall road with the old Willsboro' turnpike, five miles north of Willsboro' Falls. The two roads form a very acute angle, and as buck-board waggons, like Calvinistic ministers, do not take kindly to turning sharp corners, one wheel of the waggon passed quite out of the track and over a stump, throwing the old gentleman from his seat and fracturing the neck of his thigh-bone.

He was helped into a house near by and surgical aid was called, but at his great age nothing could be done for him except to palliate his sufferings. He was kindly cared for by his numerous friends and was visited by many clergymen of his acquaintance.

He remained at this place till the 6th Nov. when we improvised an ambulance on which he was carried to his home in Lewis with his step-son Mr. Franklin Barrows, where he died from the effect of his injuries 8th Jan. 1853. L. B.

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S. S. CUTTING.

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R. S. H.

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From the Elizabethtown Post & Gazette of Sept. 8, 1881.

"Father Comstock" and the "Buck-board."

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y. SEPT. 5. 1881.

To the Editor of the "*Post and Gazette:*"

By the grace of its author, the Reverend Dr. Cutting of Brooklyn, I am permitted to send you the following letter for publication.—It cannot fail to be of interest to many of your readers.

The modern "buck-board wagon" is known to most of our community as of Essex County origin. This was its original "habitat," from which it has spread and is rapidly spreading to most mountainous regions where civilization prevails. I just learn that it has come into use as a favorite, in Mt. Desert, that [illegible] and the most intolerable both to man and beast upon rough and mountainous paths. Dr. Hale remembers too the wide seat with a "top," named by Dr. Cutting as substituted by Father Comstock for the original "kitchen chairs;" and says that this seat was nothing more or less than the old chaise seat with its top, removed from its original substructure and its bottom squared and fastened to the springing plank.

Dr. Cutting alludes also to modern so called "improvements" which have departed from the primitive simplicity of the original design, and so have lost the peculiar merits of Father Comstock's invention. Foremost among these may be named the somewhat noted "Murray buck-board," the alleged invention of the late noted, (if not notorious,) pastor of the Park Street church, Boston. This is nothing more or less than the running gear of a common "buggy waggon" with short "reaches," stripped of its "body," for which is substituted a platform of boards supported on steel springs and in turn supporting the seat. It partakes of the simplicity and substantial merits of Father Comstock's invention, in about the same degree as the public and private career of its inventor would seem, by common report, to have resembled the pure, earnest and self-sacrificing life of "Father Comstock."

ROB: S. HALE.

ELIZABETHTOWN, ESSEX CO., N. Y.
SEPTEMBER. 1ST. 1881.

To HON. ROBERT S. HALE, LL.D.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—You have asked me to give what I understand to have been the genesis of the Comstock, now commonly called the buck-board wagon. The Rev. Cyrus Comstock of Lewis in this county, ("Father Comstock," as he was reverently called in my boyhood,) a venerable Congregational clergyman, was the inventor of the wagon, which for a while in this region bore his name; but for the materials used in his invention, we must go back to the "buck-board" of the lumber period of this county. We shall find in that "buck-board" the true genesis of the wagon, and the explanation of the displacement of his honored name.

In the days when on all our mountain streams were saw-mills converting the timber of our forests into boards and planks, then managed [illegible] vehicle has been [illegible]

How the name "Comstock Wagon." which at first was universal, came so soon to be displaced. I can explain only by the fact that the "buck-board" which had been copied, was so familiar in all this northern region that its name followed naturally into the new use. I think Father Comstock's invention had its origin about the year 1830.

Very truly yours.
S. S. CUTTING.

NOTE.—The Rev'd Cyrus Comstock was born at New Milford, Litchfield Co Conn., Dec. 3d. 1765, and died at Lewis, Essex Co. N. Y., Jan. 8th, 1853, in his 88th year. He lies buried in the burying-ground at Lewis Centre, within a few yards of the Congregational meeting-house where he labored and worshipped so long by the side of his wife, "Mrs. Molly Comstock," who died July 7th 1849. aged 77. The graves of both are marked by plain and simple grave-stones.

The Right Reverend Edgar Prindle Wadhams, Roman Catholic Bishop of Ogdensburgh, a native of Lewis, here for the consecration of St. Elizabeth's Church, which took place yesterday, has to-day related to me many of his early recollections of Father Comstock, and expressed his earnest appreciation of the life and character of the venerable man, to whom the Bishop ascribes his own earliest religious impressions. The tribute which he pays to Father Comstock's memory, coming from such a man, would honor the memory of the most eminent.

ELIZABETHTOWN Sept 8th, 1881.

R. S. H.

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Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay—died to 1630. It is mainly through his influence that in Essex County, New England Congregationalism has so far superseded the Presbyterianism generally prevailing in the Middle States.

But the very unworldliness and spirituality of his character would seem to have made the community in which he lived forgetful of the value of his contributions to their material and worldly well being. Aside from his invention of the buck-board, his wise foresight and liberal bestowal of his money and credit in saving from starvation many of the inhabitants of the Upper Ausable Valley during the noted "famine year," 1816, still traditional among a few of the elders of our county, entitle him to an honorable place among public benefactors in a merely materalistic view.

A few words of supplement may be added to Dr. Cutting's accurate and interesting statement of the origin of the modern "buck-board." Dr. Safford E. Hale of Elizabethtown, who came here in 1842, tells me that early in his residence here, Father Comstock related to him the circumstances of its invention, substantially as related by Dr. Cutting, and with the addition that the vehicle which he brought with him to Essex County, was the old-fashioned New England two-wheeled chaise, hung on "thorough-braces," and known to those familiar with it as the gentlest and easiest of conveyances over a smooth and level roadway, bounded over the stones and ruts, and it seemed as if monarc had so easy a drive as could be fo the lumberman's side.

This good Father Comstock saw and understood. He was closing the honorable service which he had rendered to the cause of his Divine Master in these new regions, and his old bones felt painfully the jar of the wagons of the time. "Why not a buck-board for me?" was his thought. So stripping the body from his one horse wagon, and extending the reach to proper length, he laid a strong and springy board from front to rear, and mounted upon it an old-fashioned rush-bottom chair.

But it was not good for man to be alone, and Madam Comstock, who had shared the hardships of his life, must share the comforts of his old age; and so two chairs, one behind the other were placed as near the middle of the board as possible. Thus the two saints were seen by their neighbors traversing the rough roads on their heavenly ministries.

The example was too good to be lost. The "Comstock wagon" immediately found copyists; and in Lewis, Elizabethtown and Essex, the central towns of the county, was in two or three years in very common use.

I have heard that Father Comstock improved on his original wagon, and had a double seat with a top; but this I never saw. Others certainly made improvements and introduced luxuries. I think as early as 1846, Mr. Francis H. Jackson of Boston, then living at Westport, had a two horse buck-board, elaborately finished, with cushioned seats and lamps. It is not necessary for me to say that manifold devices have been since resorted to for the improvement of the buck-board; but I think it will be found that when improvements have come into conflict with the primitive simplicity of the design, the

From the Elizabethtown Post & Gazette of Sept. 8, 1881.

"Father Comstock" and the "Buck-board."

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y. SEPT. 5. 1881.

To the Editor of the "*Post and Gazette*:"

By the grace of its author, the Reverend Dr. Cutting of Brooklyn, I am permitted to send you the following letter for publication.—It cannot fail to be of interest to many of your readers.

The modern "buck-board wagon" is known to most of our community as of Essex County origin. This was its original "habitat," from which it has spread and is rapidly spreading to most mountainous regions where civilization prevails. I just learn that it has come into use as a favorite, in Mt. Desert, that chosen resort of the favored citizens of "the Hub." For rough and mountainous roads, it has, substantially in its primitive form, no rival in respect of comfort, convenience and safety.

Few residents of Lewis, Elizabethtown and vicinity, whose memory goes back thirty-five to fifty years, can fail to recall with love and profound respect, the memory of Father Comstock. Saintliest and purest of men, he devoted his long and useful life—from the age of about 50—to the work of spreading the gospel among the scattered inhabitants of Essex County, where most of the Congregational churches, at least in the northern part of the county, were organized and strengthened by his labors. Combining the tenderness and love of the "beloved disciple" with the zeal and courage of Peter, (without his lapse,) and the firmness of that typical "Peter," the rock on which the church is founded, and tempering all with a retiring modesty and rare forgetfulness and sacrifice of self, no saint in the calender could be reckoned before him in the sweetness and purity of his Christian character.

Retired and secluded as he lived, a most glowing and [illegible] memory paid [illegible] the late [illegible] was [illegible] pure and sim[illegible] byterianism, in [illegible]

ELIZABETHTOWN, ESSEX CO., N. Y.
SEPTEMBER, 1ST, 1881.

To HON. ROBERT S. HALE, LL.D.

MY DEAR FRIEND :—You have asked me to give what I understand to have been the genesis of the Comstock, now commonly called the buck-board wagon. The Rev. Cyrus Comstock of Lewis in this county, ("Father Comstock," as he was reverently called in my boyhood,) a venerable Congregational clergyman, was the inventor of the wagon, which for a while in this region bore his name ; but for the materials used in his invention, we must go back to the "buck-board" of the lumber period of this county. We shall find in that "buck-board" the true genesis of the wagon, and the explanation of the displacement of his honored name.

In the days when on all our mountain streams were saw-mills converting the timber of our forests into boards and planks, the wagons used for transporting these products of the mills to the shores of Lake Champlain, on their way to market, were furnished with a fixture called a "buck-board." The sawed lumber had the uniform length of 13 feet, and of course the reach of the wagon must be of proper length to allow the ends of the lumber to rest securely on the bolsters over the two axletrees. It will readily be seen that in descending the steep hills of this mountain region, there would be always danger, without some protection, that the lumber would slip forward, and *buck*, that is to say, strike violently, the horses. To guard against this liability a plank of the full length of the lumber to be conveyed, was first placed on the skeleton wagon, and kept in position by passing the king-bolt through it. On the forward end of this plank was a frame-work, or rack, of nearly the width and height of the load to be conveyed, against which the forward end of the lumber was piled in loading. This frame-work was the effectual protection of the horses against being "bucked," and the whole contrivance, this solitary plank with its frame-work head, was called a "buck-board." To make the load more secure there was passed round it a chain, in which a twist was taken with a birch lever, and this lever was then drawn down tight and fastened.

The next step in this history takes us to the *modern* buck-board ; but before we take that step it is necessary to say that at the period of which we are speaking, [illegible] ft- [illegible] ods of this county

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MY OLD SCHOOL-MASTER.

By Professor TAYLER LEWIS, LL. D., L. H. D.,
of Union University.

A serious face it was, not stern to view;
I loved it well, for well the man I knew.

Goldsmith's picture was little applicable to him. His own idea of his office is best set forth in the language of the Bible, 2 Sam. xxiii. 3: "He that ruleth (be it over men or boys), must be just, ruling in the fear of God." Reverence was the origin of love; "the fear of the Lord was the beginning of wisdom." To his conception, God was a great and tremendous being — a sovereign supremely good, severely just, yet most loving, most merciful, ever maintaining the awful equilibrium of these sublime attributes, by making the one the measure of the other—the "Lord and governor of the universe" — "glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders" — the only source of all true law, of all true authority as exercised in Heaven and earth, in the church, in the state, in the family, in the school, in *foro conscientiae*, in the individual soul. In like manner, all truth was God's truth. Physical truth was His, because He made it; nature was simply what He had created to be and kept in being. Necessary truth, eternal truth — that, too, was His as essentially belonging to the divine mind, and as shining upon man, however faintly and finitely, from that divine mirror or image He had placed in the human soul. So, all *right* was his, not by arbitrary enactment, but as a like reflection of the eternal justice. He held to these, not as mystic transcendentalisms, for he was very far from that turn of mind, but as everlasting verities, never to be called in question, or regarded with the least misgiving. All truth was God's truth; in other words, all *truth* was *trust* — personal trust in an eternal personal being. All *right* was God's *righteousness*; any other *right*, any other morality with its "enlightened self-interest" was falsehood, and darkness, and rebellion. His definition of deity was drawn from the Westminster catechism: "God is a spirit, infinite, eternal, unchangeable, in His being, in His wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth."

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This might seem a description of a preacher rather than of a school-master, but no preaching that I have since heard ever produced such an impression as the maxims and doings of that revered teacher, although he was, in the main, a man of much reticence, and very unlike the studied moral haranguer. I will endeavor to sketch him under three aspects — as a teacher, as a moralist, as governor of a school. A brief outline under each is all that time will allow. In the first place, he made great use of that memoriter method, now so often caricatured as "words without ideas," or "learning by rote." This subject was fully discussed in a paper, read before this convocation eight years ago. I will, therefore, only touch upon it here, avoiding repetition as much as possible. "Good forms of sound words," right thinking as of more importance than thinking for oneself, authority first as the surest ground of mental independence afterward; these were ideas that entered into all his teaching. He was as far as any modern instructor from permitting the child to rest in mere sounds. The right language, however, the right rules, the perfect expression — these came first, as the foundation of all the right thinking and right doing that were to follow. These were the surest means of leading the child to think for himself in the most wholesome way, and with the most perfect material for thought, instead of the sham processes, and the delusive leading questions of what some would style the method of development. There was with him no parade of philosophizing, leaving the mind undeveloped, unformed, really barren of *ideas*, unless as this name is given to mere sense images. This he regarded as the true order of education — the older mind, whether of the individual or of the race, must furnish the vehicles of thought for the younger. When it has used these with docility, then may it add to the store, then may it think for itself. Without some such initial process as this, there is no true thinking at all. Even if the child "catches something," as the stupid pupil says in the Clouds of Aristophanes, he has no place to put the embryo thought — he has nothing wherewith to hold it. Or, to use another metaphor from a similar source, even though some sort of dim ideas may seem to be born in such a false method, they are but "wind eggs" after all, misshapen weaklings, that perish in their birth, or turn into monstrosities, because there is no clothing ready for the untimely things, no well-prepared swathing bands to give them shape, as well as strength and symmetry. Hence it is that with all our talk about "the philosophy of teaching," there should be so much of intellectual abortion.

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My old teacher had nothing of this. The chief merit I would claim for him was that of laborious, conscientious fidelity. He taught us the rules of arithmetic; he made us commit them to memory; he was very precise about every word as it was expressed in the book, never weakening the child's confidence in it by assuming to be wiser than the standard he had carefully selected. He would not listen to the plea that it made no difference about the words, and that it would even be better for a pupil to use his own language, provided he understood the *thing*. According to his view, the child did not understand the *thing* until he had the right *word*, and thus the *words* became very important *things*. On the same principle, he required the exact doing of every *sum*, as it was called, then that we should carefully prove them by the prescribed methods, and afterward write them fairly out in a copy-book provided for that purpose. And so in grammar. All Murray's rules and definitions had to be committed *verbatim et literatim;* then they were to be applied in parsing, the teacher correcting when we missed; and so the rationale in time entered the mind unsevered from the rules, or in that legitimate way which secured their correct practical application. In this way we did learn clearly and thoroughly. It is a gross libel on such old schools as I am describing, that they had mere parrot-like recitations.

The power of good words — the spirit that is in them — their self-revealing light when placed in their proper relations — the mystery of language which our keenest philologists fail to explain —the inseparable connection between it and the rational soul; there is something here, I am satisfied, that demands from educators more attention than has been given to it. The subject has a practical as well as a seemingly mystical side. Of how few words, comparatively, have we derived the meaning from the consultation of a dictionary! They have revealed themselves to us in their logical relations, and this not merely as the names of outward visible things defining each other, but as indicative of the most inward and abstract ideas, waiting for their true representatives. In other words, we have learned them from the light that is in them, from the spirit they have themselves derived from the formative intelligence of the human spirit, whether individual or generic.

The power of "good forms of sound words," for the child beginning to read, for the adult, for all minds however mature, this was my old school-master's *aurea regula*, not formally enunciated in its philosophy, as I have imperfectly attempted to do, but constituting the very soul of his method, if method it could be called.

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Not to beat the air here, I would present illustrations of this derived from the first reading lessons of Webster's spelling book. They were alluded to in the paper mentioned, but I hope my audience will excuse a little seeming repetition, as I now mention some of them again for a different purpose. Let it be pardoned, then, as an old man's prejudice, when I say that I know of nothing in early education to be compared to this old book *of* Noah Webster, and especially in the first reading lessons, so perfectly meeting the child's mind, without any loss of their innate sublimity — so *childlike*, I may say, yet never, *childish* — drawing up the young soul to their own height, without any lowering to a puerile standard, or to that flat nonsense presented in some modern specimens that might be cited as having the aim to lead a child to think for himself. Those first reading lessons of Webster's spelling book! — they are never to be forgotten. It is sixty-six years ago, but the scene comes up in all its freshness — the young class just standing upon the threshold of that mysterious art, that first introduction to words seen as well as heard — to words as objective things, bringing with them something of a higher spirit, or as representative of the universal intelligence. I see them again, those slender forms — their voices are in mine ears — the child's slow monotone, as he points his finger along the line, pronouncing each monosyllable with equal emphasis, and now and then looking up to the grave face bending over him, and so solemnly intent upon the momentous work in which he is engaged.

No-man-may-put-off-the-law-of-God.

That was the first line I ever read, and the second was like unto it:

My-joy-is-in-His-law-all-the-day.
O,-may-I-not-go-in-the-way-of-ill-men.
He-who-came-to-save-us-will-wash-us-from-all-sin.
I-will-be-glad-in-His-name.

It was the dawning of immortal truth. How much of precious meaning in these few words! How sublime they are! — how self-revealing! We *did* understand it. Men who caricature and talk about parrot-lessons, and words without ideas, may declaim as they will. We *did* understand it. The terms revealed themselves to us without the sham of object lessons, or any puerile illustrations. That word *law;* it is probable that it had never before fallen upon my ears. I may, perhaps, have heard men talk of "going to law," but it carried no intelligence. Surely, I had never before read it in a book or looked it up in a dictionary. But as then used in that

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living connection, I did understand it. It fell upon the mind with light and power. No clearer idea of it have I since received. God I had heard of; the great name was uttered in the recital of the oral infant catechism; it was connected with that mysterious question: Who made you? But this was a new revelation of Him. In the accompanying monosyllables, clearer than in many a sermon, revealed themselves the ideas of power, omnipotence, obligation, necessity: "No man may put it off." So the words that followed: "My joy is in His law all the day." There was a light, a light rational in them, as well as a joy. We truly yielded the approbation indicated. We "rejoiced in the law after the inward man." We "consented to the law that it was good," as human nature is compelled to do even after it feels the awakened "law of sin and death warring and ruling in its members." "O, let me not go in the way of ill men." This third line brought up the idea — the embryo idea it may be — of the great divergency — the two roads then beginning to part, but with their ends so immeasurably distant; the "way of virtue," and the "way of vice," the "upward toiling and the smooth downward path," to use the language of Hesiod's old picture, made so many centuries ago, or Solomon's way of life and way of death, or the still more vivid representation of our Saviour — the broad and narrow way — the way of righteousness and "the way of ill men," from which we were thus early taught to pray for deliverance, as the way of danger, or the one in which our feet might so easily incline to run. "He who came to save us." It was not a mere sound. We did attach a precious meaning to that name, and along with it came the closely suggested ideas of salvation, of cleansing, purity, deliverance from sin. As I have said, it may have been in their embryo state, but they were all there present to the soul in some spiritual form, and with some degree of spiritual power, when we said: "I will be glad in His name;" feeble and faint, indeed, but more precious, even in their dawning, than all the *practical* instruction of our later utilitarian school-books, with all their boasted freedom from dogma, and all their contempt for mere rote instruction.

Some teachers would have attempted illustrative comparisons, in order to make more clear these ideas of law and salvation. They would have done this in order to make it *understood*, as they say. They would have explained it, perhaps, from the physical world, by some talk of the animal, mineral or vegetable kingdoms. Or, to be very familiar, they might have taken examples from the rules of the

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play-ground; or, more ambitious still, have discoursed eloquently to these young immortals on the law of the land, the constitution of the state or the nation. My old school-master did nothing of the kind. He let the light shine — that light by which we see light. "The entrance of thy word giveth light" — the light that gives its significance to the lower things, instead of receiving light from them. The holy name of God was connected with the idea of law — *His* law as something which "cannot be put off." Our old teacher left it there. Not only confusion, but enduring falsehood might have entered had he attempted more. And so with that name, Saviour. It needed no illustration drawn from any common earthly peril. That would only have marred by limiting and belittling the idea. Better to be left in all its simple power and purity, as connected with that other precious thought of cleansing, washing, salvation from the most fearful outward doom accomplished alone through salvation from sin. That it is which brings the thought so near, which makes it so intelligible, and for which we should be "glad in His name." There is no time too young for the introduction of such ideas in their simple grandeur, unweakened by any foreign or lower association. They are now forbidden to be taught in the schools of Cincinnati, and in some other cities of our land. Such is our progress. Alas! alas! that so it should be.

I am mingling my two divisions together. Something must be briefly said of what may be called his more formal moral instruction. In its outward aspect, this consisted chiefly in the memoriter recitation of the Westminster catechism, to which there was devoted a portion of every Friday afternoon. That absurd, unmeaning, and utterly indefinable cry of sectarianism has long since banished this. It is now obsolete; but surely I may be pardoned for calling it up as an interesting relic of the past, and as having some bearing upon the general ideas of education. I do not believe that any child was ever morally or intellectually injured — that he has ever known less or thought less in consequence of learning that catechism. Its choice English, its most logical diction, if nothing else, would make it worthy of study. It is quite commonly said that it is not adapted to children. A distinguished preacher, who has also written a novel, endeavors to convey that impression. In this latter production, there is a burlesque representation of an attempt to get from a boy the answer to the question: "What is God?" His blunders are set forth in a very ludicrous manner. Still more of the same character is given to the efforts of the good aunt to counteract the perversity. The boy cannot understand it, and the impression evidently

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designed to be left on the reader's mind is hostile to any such method of religious instruction. But here is the spiritual or psychological wonder. This perverse youth, to whom his catechism is but an unintelligible mass of words, has no difficulty with the religion of nature. There is nothing hazy to him in the theology taught by the clouds or the sun-settings. He is represented as clearly understanding the revelations made by the flowers, the religious ideas that come from the evening cry of the whippoorwill; but the well-chosen words of the Westminster divines, poor boy, he cannot comprehend at all. It is simply *dogma*, *dogma*, unintelligible dogma, and nothing else. That sublime formula, "the chief end of man as living for the glory of God that he may enjoy him forever"—God as a spirit—the words, *eternal*, *unchangeable*, *wisdom*, *power*, *holiness*, *justice*, *truth*; these have to his mind no corresponding thought, no moral emotion; they fill him with no awe; they have no tendency even to draw him up to any higher sphere of contemplation; but the trees, the winds, the whippoorwill—they talk to him in an intelligible dialect. In our school, we might have been too obtuse for that—too plodding, perhaps, or having too little poetry to make much out of the clouds or the whippoorwill, but the Westminster catechism we *did* understand, in some way, and to some degree, for it made us tremble. We perceived *this*, at least, that, in the truths presented, we had a momentous, an eternal, and, young as we were, a deeply personal interest. We did have some understanding, some spiritual insight, of what was meant by the "chief end of man," and of "living for God's glory," in distinction from selfishness, pleasure, and the world. We understood the assertion that God was infinite power, in other words, that "He could do all things," as Job was brought at last to confess; that He was eternal, and would never die; that He was omniscient, that is, knowing all things, numbering the very hairs of our heads, omnipresent, every moment nearer to us than we were to ourselves. We had these ideas which Sir William Hamilton disclaims as belonging to the human mind. We failed, indeed, as that great philosopher failed, in bringing this awful thought eternity within the bounds of a sense conception, but the *idea* as distinguished from the baffling *conceptual* effort, we had as certain then as now, as awful then as now. Years, books, study, have added nothing to it. The young soul thinks more than is commonly supposed, especially when in close communion with the suggestive power of a deeply spiritual mind. It meditates more than it afterward remembers of itself when the world with its darkening ways and darkening cares has drawn a curtain before the

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exercises of that thoughtful, questioning, musing spirit which often characterizes even very early life. It is wonderful how readily the child receives the idea of *soul* as something distinct from the body, and of God as the author of its being; how it grasps them, as it were, as the infant stretches out its hand for the light. The question about their being innate, or *a priori* ideas, is very much of a logomachy; the facility with which it receives them shows that in some way the young mind claims them *as its own*. In after life, as has been already said, they become obscured. A wordly scepticism dims the mirror; a pretentious sense-philosophy bewilders us with the sheer impudence of its positiveness; science disturbs us with its peering microscope; we argue with it; we contend with it, until we receive spiritual hurt in the conflict. But there are times when the child's clearer vision comes back to us; soul is seen to be an easier idea than matter; God is more intelligible than nature; we wonder at our difficulties; we go to school again, and hear the humbling, yet strengthening, voice of the Great Teacher, the gently chiding Saviour, saying unto us: "O, ye of little faith, wherefore *did* ye doubt?"

It was to all of us an awfully solemn book, that shorter Westminster catechism, as taught by that grave and deeply religious man. Nothing else has ever produced so distinct and solemn an impression. No religious books for children, such as we now have in our Sunday-schools, no goody tales of good little boys and girls, ever so reached the moral consciousness. It might not have been so had we learned it under some other teacher, but in the hands of this old school-master it was indeed awful, not from any preaching accompaniment — for he was not a man given to commentary or alarming exhortation — but from the grave earnestness which showed that *he* thought, and which made *us* think, that this compendium was not a mere verbal exercise, but a body of truth connected with our highest destiny as accountable and immortal beings.

It is a libel on children, as well as on the catechism, to say that they cannot understand it. "Justification, adoption, sanctification," they have become by-words of caricature, they have been represented as mere parrot-sounds without ideas; but it was not so to us, because we were made to feel that we had a deep interest in the truths represented by them. As intelligible, says a ribald newspaper, as the old question and answer on "effectual calling." Of this, and things like it, the clerical novelist referred to attempts to make rare sport. But to us "effectual calling" was a very solemn thing. God called us; the Saviour called us; so we were told and believed, and

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sometimes felt; the world called us; pleasure called us; appetite called us — not only "the lusts of the flesh," but even then what Paul calls "the lusts of the mind," soul, sins, spiritual passion, pride, envy, hatred, anger, revenge; all these were calling us. Falsehood was early calling us with her syren voice; this we began to feel and know. Which calling should be "effectual?" The answer in the catechism brought us face to face with that great mystery we cannot begin to contemplate too early, though it may take an eternity for its perfect comprehension — that doctrine seemingly so harsh and humbling, that "dour Calvinism," as some ignorantly style it, though the serious Wesleyan holds it as truly as my old school-master, that doctrine of *grace*, of God's unmerited grace, not as a source of repulsive fear, but as the only hope of every one who truly says: Be merciful to me a sinner. Yes, we understood the question well; we were deeply moved when the old teacher prayed for us that the better calling, through God's powerful grace, might be indeed "effectual" in our souls.

I could say much on this old catechism and my old school-master's mode of teaching it, and of the effect produced by it on the minds of the serious men and women that school afterward sent forth to play their humble parts in the world; but the time of this University Convocation will not permit. Let us hasten, then, to my third division: His ideas of school government, and the practice to which they led.

"Respect thyself," is the motto of some educational reformers. They would have the child cultivate his self-esteem; they would appeal to "his higher nature," as something accidentally overlaid by a foreign evil. "Fear God," was the injunction of my old school-master. He had nothing to say of "manhood," and "self-respect." It would not have seemed to him to sound in harmony with the doctrines of the fall, the universal sinfulness, and of repentance as the first duty of all, whether young or old, who had in them the original taint, or who had gone in the way of actual transgression. The evil doer, the evil thinker, had no right to respect himself. It was wrong to tell him so. Perhaps this doctrine of self-respect might have been so presented as to have obtained from him some sort of acquiescence. Regarded as a true sense of one's dignity and responsibility as an immortal being, he might have seen in it some points of connection with the other and sterner view. Man's relation to the divine, his grand yet perilous rank above the mere sensual being, the awful risk, the danger of a world-surpassing loss as compared with the height of glory that may be *gained* —

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all this might have come in as an enforcement of the precept: "Fear God, for thou art fearfully and wonderfully constituted," in thy moral and spiritual as well as in thy physical relations. Even in the ruins of the fall, man has a true spirit-worthiness; even his sins shall give him consequence. But this is not the meaning of the maxim as now commonly used, and my old school-master was not much of an ethical or theological casuist. He was a plain man to whom scripture was all in all. The second answer in the catechism taught him, as he taught us, that this "was the only safe rule given to direct us how we might glorify God and enjoy him forever." "To fear God," it was therein plainly taught, was "the beginning of wisdom." To begin, therefore, with any thing else, was darkness, and folly, and sin.

In regard to his school discipline, he may be described as a man who never practiced *finesse*. There was with him no *acting* for present effect. He never flattered children. He rarely praised, or only when it was an impulsive expression called out by unmistakable well doing, and, therefore, all the more precious on that account. He never appealed to honor, or to any thing else that might become false by being put in the place of the prime idea of right — that is, the "law of God which no man may put off" for any other rule. The spirit of his judicial administration might ever be translated into the language of the Psalmist: "I will make mention of THY righteousness — THINE only." He never talked "goody" to children, or attempted to call out an artificial state of mind, or one in which the momentary desire to have the feeling that was commended, and because it was commended, may be so easily mistaken for the actual spiritual possession. Better the hardness and sterility of the desert, than any delusive mirage of unreal sentiment. Nothing is more injurious to a child than a forced and artificial goodness that may make him a false character all his life.

There are teachers who pride themselves in flattering arts of this kind. They are generally such as are opposed to all corporal punishment. They can get along without it, they say; and they do so get along, but at a great moral risk, and with the expense of much *immoral* "persuasion." It is a fact undoubtedly; a school can be governed, or rather *managed*, in that way. Order may be obtained, the teacher's ease may be secured, but at the sacrifice of something far more precious. Disciplinarians of this kind sometimes point with triumph to their apparent success. Look at us, they say; see how we get along without that relic of barbarism; we appeal to a boy's self-respect; to his manliness; we tell him what a fine fellow

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he is, and what a pity it is he did not better know and appreciate what is in him. Yes; see how they appeal to "his higher nature!" — they tell him he may become a millionaire, a railroad king, a member of congress; with such magnificent capacities, he should be above playing tricks and making uncouth noises in the school-room. It is wonderful, they say, how such a method operates, how much more pleasant, too, it is than your old system of harsh censure, or of brute force. Could my old teacher have comprehended this, he would have characterized it, not coarsely, but with righteous indignation for its practicers, and tender pity for its victims, as all from the devil — all lies and coming from the father of lies. And that is the true name for it. It is simply a lie — a process hollow and insincere on the part both of the teacher and the pupil. No good can come from it. The boy sees through it; he cannot help feeling it, at least, as an atmosphere of deceit, though pleased with it for the moment. Some grains of truth there may be in the mixture, but what an alloy of falsehood and false motive runs through it all, converting it into a deadly moral poison. The contagion of the finessing spirit is easily caught. It passes from the teacher to the pupil, and becomes, perhaps, predominant in all his after life. Such crops of tares are being rapidly sown; they are indeed successful; they are growing with a rank plentifulness; but O, the harvest they promise for generations to come. These managing teachers may boast of their management; but there are other indicia more unmistakable than what they call success. The seeds they have sown may be traced in the *managing* politician, the managing editor, the managing merchant, sometimes in the managing clergyman, or generally in the managing men of every kind who are giving such a taint of falseness to prominent financial and political transactions throughout our land. There is far more danger from this kind of progress than was ever to be feared from sectarianism and the Westminster catechism.

What we most need in early life is to live in the pervading presence of spiritual honesty. The human mind is early prone to deceit. From the birth, the Psalmist says, in language that we may deem hyperbolical. However much we may lament it, or characterize it as a dour assertion, children do easily and early learn falsehood. How important, then, that the first moral atmosphere which the youthful lungs inhale, should be of the purest kind,— the wholesome, bracing air of earnest, solemn truthfulness! How carefully should the dawning intellect be kept from all early contact with

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the finessing or the managing spirit. No knowledge can be a compensation for a deadly moral contagion so easily caught, and so fatally retained in after life. The rod is mercy compared with it.

I have remarked that, with my old teacher, all law, whether of the state, the family, or the school-room, was from one source — all divine in its sanctions, even with the admission of great imperfection in its human administrations. He himself, humble man that he was, and in his humble station, did not shrink from applying it to the school authority. He himself was the delegate of God, "the minister of God, to execute righteousness" within his own narrow dominions, and that in respect to all moral offences that became visible. School order was strictly maintained, although it might be said that in his regimen it held a subordinate place. In such a presence it almost maintained itself. The very saintliness of his character seemed to secure it. It could not be said of him as in Goldsmith's picture:

> Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee,
> At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.

The charge committed to him was too serious for any such relaxation. Neither did he seek to repress by any affected sternness. There could not be noise and frivolity in the presence of such a reverence-inspiring, and, at the same time, love-inspiring truthfulness. It was a different class of offences that most commonly invoked his penal discipline, or such as have been lately denied to be subjects of school punishment at all. I mean offences against the moral law which he regarded as falling within his jurisdiction, whether they did or did not involve any breach of the school peace. Within his small domain he had the power of the parent and the judge. The ten commandments, according to the exposition of the catechism, formed his code. He punished boys for profanity, whether in school or out of school, for unchaste and obscene language, for taking what was not their own, for telling lies, for covetous acts, for violent anger, for fighting. He would point out the commandments by whose letter or spirit they were severally forbidden. "He that hateth his brother is a murderer," was ever his scriptural exposition of the old Mosaic law. However stern it may seem, it was derived from the apostle of love.

Of course, my old school-master believed in corporal punishment; "he that spareth the rod loveth not the child." The very solemnity of its infliction, however, made it comparatively rare. When it did come, it was a time long to be remembered. It was no personal strife, no "scuffle of opposing wills," as has been lately said,

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no mere "revenge." The feeling of the culprit was like that of the man who hears sentence pronounced upon him in those higher human courts which carry most semblance of the divine — such as are presided over by a Hale, a Mansfield, or a Kent. The opposing personality of the judge disappears in the criminal's consciousness that he is surrounded by the invisible and irresistible power of law — that he is in the presence of something that represents the eternal justice in the heavens; and with this he cannot contend — cannot think of contending. But if there must be punishment, some would say, let it be in private, or after school. Not so my old teacher. Justice, he held, should be in *the presence of the sun.* These are the very words which Chancellor Kent once used to me in expressing his condemnation of private executions, with the morbid sensational evils of the *reported* scene appealing to the morbid imagination — evils greater than any that have been charged upon the public exhibition, whilst altogether destitute of its judicial dignity and moral power. So in the smaller sphere we are considering. Justice must not hide itself, nor treat sin as a nuisance to be covered in darkness.

The method of proceeding, and the scene as witnessed in the school-room, have left an indelible impression on the memory. The coming event showed itself in the premonitory signs of a hushed anxiety. It prepared us for the announcement that was to follow: "*The books will all be closed; a boy is to be punished; it is for the sin of lying.*" This was the offence he most severely condemned, as being most directly opposed to the truthfulness of the divine character. A name is called. The trembling culprit comes forth and takes the place assigned to him. "Let us pray;" this was the next thing heard, if it was a case of peculiar aggravation. And he *did* pray; it was no disguised preaching *in terrorem;* there was no *finessing* in this solemn business. One feeling pervaded his short and fervent supplication. It was the peril of an immortal soul going on its earthly way with sin unpunished — the present peril demanding the temporary pain, as, perhaps, a means of averting the eternal, or as a remembrance that might lead to a better life through a penitent faith in Him on whom "was laid the chastisement of our peace, and by whose stripes we are healed." And then the few words to the sobbing offender: "The evil doer must suffer; sin and pain inseparable; every sin a sin against God, and, therefore, however small in appearance, containing the seed of an infinite malignity." One thought was seldom omitted, with its peculiar expres-

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sion, of which the very words are well remembered: "If you tremble thus at the sight of this rod which I now hold in my hand, how will you bear it, my child, how *will* you bear it, when God shall lay his iron rod upon you at the last great day?"

There was no affectation of sentimental regret to mar the truthfulness of the moral effect, and yet there was no resisting the feeling that, at the bottom of all this severity, there lay the tenderest anxiety, the deepest love. The admonition, however, was more full of awe than the chastisement that was *sure* to follow. Sure I say, for it was no got up scene, no *in terrorem* prelude to be followed by an affected condoning, with a hollow promise of doing better in the future. The mode of punishment was by taking off the coat, and the application of a flexible rod, slender yet firm, producing a short, sharp, and stinging pain in the flesh, as an effectual remembrance that might sink, clearly and permanently, into the spirit. Care was taken that there should be no physical injury, though the marks of the stripes were left. In this proceeding, so removed from all angry passion, there was no smiting with heavy rulers, no beating or cuffing with fists, no unseemly altercation, nothing, in short, to detract from that spiritual lesson this necessary infliction of pain was designed to imprint.

A revolting picture, some will say. I am not concerned to defend my old school-master. The sketch is offered not as a model, but as a subject of thought for thoughtful men. He himself would have disclaimed, perhaps, the portraiture I have given of his saintly life; for he was the humblest of men. Perhaps, too, the picture has derived coloring or enlargement beyond the reality, from my own mind, or the vivid interest of an imagination that has often dwelt upon it. But I have endeavored to be honest, and think that the account given is truthful and sincere. He was an elderly man when he taught me to read. About twenty-five years ago, at a very advanced age, he departed to the land of reality, where "the shadows are gone and truth has come" — where "they who have turned men to righteousness shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars, forever and forever." It is easy to believe of him that he has heard that blessed salutation for which it is worth all of life to live: *Εὖ, δοῦλε, ἀγαθὲ καὶ πιστέ*—"Well done, servant good and faithful; thou hast been faithful over a few things — over little things — I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." His earthly remains have been sleeping these many years in the mountains of northern New York, where

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he long toiled as a laborious Presbyterian missionary. Whether any grave-stone marks their resting place I know not; but it has been to me a labor of love to give this imperfect monumental tribute to the MEMORY OF CYRUS COMSTOCK, humble name, unknown to earthly fame, but written, high up, it may be, in the Lamb's Book of Life. Let those who think so, regard him as having gone to the one extreme in his ideas of education and school government, there can be but little doubt that some views, now widely prevalent, are tending much too far in the other.

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MEMOIR OF THE REV. CYRUS COMSTOCK.

The paper to which this is annexed was designed to sketch some features in our earliest common school instruction that have now become, in great measure, obsolete. Some of the Regents and other members of the Convocation having expressed an interest in its principal subject, the following brief memoir may not be deemed out of place.

Cyrus Comstock was born in New Milford, Litchfield county, Connecticut, December 3, 1765. His parents were direct descendants of the Puritans, inheriting their deep and intelligent piety, their stern devotion to truth, doctrinal and practical, their love of that true social order which has its only secure foundation in the acknowledgment of God and religion. A Puritan parent, whether his wealth be great or small, must leave to his children the means of a livelihood. Early in life, therefore, Cyrus was taught the trade of a shoemaker, and this he would doubtless have followed, as the will of God respecting him, had not failing health turned his mind to another and higher field of usefulness. He became a student in the Academy of North Salem, Westchester county, New York. Here he was a classmate of Daniel D. Tompkins, and associated with him in an academical literary society. The fact was unknown, and would not have been noticed, had it not been for a slight memorial of it found among a few papers Mr. Comstock left behind him. Daniel D. Tompkins became afterward a judge of the Supreme Court, was nine years governor of the State of New York, and was then elected to the vice-presidency of the United States. Which was truly the higher man in the sight of God, the aspiring and successful politician, or the humble teacher and missionary, the great day of light can alone determine.

The parents of Mr. C. removed afterward to Hoosick, Rensselaer county, New York, where they died at an advanced age. At this period he became a school-master, and continued such for a number of years. Moreau and Northumberland, Saratoga county, New York, Kingsbury (or Sandy Hill), Washington county, and some other towns, were the principal scenes of his labors. In Northumberland he taught from 1807 to 1811. It was there I learned of him my first lessons in spelling and reading—receiving at that early

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day an impression of truth and goodness that has ever kept its unfading aspect in my memory. It was a neighborhood of plain people, far from wealthy, but of unusual intelligence. Their mental and moral worth is shown by their appreciation of Mr. Comstock, whom they kept as their teacher for nearly four years, continuing his services during the summer as well as the winter. This was quite unusual in those times, and rendered more striking by the fact that it was before any aid was received from the State. Of Mr. Comstock's strict religious instruction, nothing more need be said than is already expressed in the paper dedicated to his memory. One fact, however, deserves mention in connection with it. Although the neighborhood was mainly religious, there were a few who rather prided themselves on their free-thinking. But these men, at that time, never showed the least hostility to such a course. They would have been hurt had their own children been made exceptions — had they been left out at the opening prayer, or during the reading of the scriptures. "That catechism will never harm my child," said one of them, "and if Mr. Comstock can only make him as good a man as himself, I am willing that he should teach him any creed that may produce such a result." It was the homage rendered by unbelief to a deep religious life. This is mentioned as showing the change that has since taken place. An alarm would now be everywhere raised at such a proceeding. A fearful danger to our liberties would be detected in the mere idea of teaching a child that the sublime "end of his existence was to glorify God that he might enjoy him forever." The mischief has been done by the politician. Sensible sceptics would probably have made no opposition; they might even have preferred that their children should share in the religious instruction imparted to others, had not the demagogue, to gain their political favor, told them of the monstrous wrong thereby done to their consciences, and of their "inalienable" right to a veto upon any educational ideas predominant in a community, or however precious they might be to the consciences of other men. In an evil hour some one brought into our school laws that word "sectarian." It may have been meant for peace, but nothing has ever been more fruitful of strife, more fraught with that very evil which is indicated by this odious and almost unmeaning name.

At the close of his school-keeping life, Mr. Comstock was licensed to preach. His divinity studies were pursued with the Rev. Elisha Yale, of Kingsborough, Montgomery county (now Fulton). He was soon after ordained as an evangelist, thus adopting a line of ministerial duty that he ever persevered in from deliberate choice

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He preferred it to the charge of a congregation. To preach in school-houses, in remote settlements, to build up feeble churches, to seek the neglected sheep in the wilderness — it was in work like this that for many years he followed Christ, often, like his Master of old, "having no place where he might lay his head." I have heard reports of his sleeping in the rude log cabins of the mountain region where it was his delight to labor, and finding in the morning his bed whitened by the snow which the wintry wind had driven through the crevices. The thought has sometimes occurred what a pure abstract equity it would have been could some ecclesiastical power have transferred this rheumatic old man to the comfortable houses of our city clergy, and given them for a season his place in the wilderness. But God knows what is best for his servants, and both parties might, perhaps, have received moral detriment from the change. Mr. C. was just the man for the course of life to which he deemed himself called. In his preaching, as in his teaching, he had but one simple rule of conduct. It was to follow the will of God as revealed to him in the study of the scriptures and the leadings of the divine providence. Any other ambition was unknown to him, as it was unknown to Him whom he ever took for his model and guide.

During this evangelical period of his life, Mr. C. was under the care, first of the Berkshire and Columbia, and afterward of the American Home Missionary Society. As thus employed, he remained, laboring and preaching until he was past the age of eighty years.

In 1819, Mr. Comstock married the widow of Prentice Barrows, of Bridport, Vermont. A step-son, Franklin Barrows, Esq., of Springfield, Illinois, is the gentleman by whom these particulars of his earlier life are mainly furnished. It need only be added that, during his last years, Mr. C. resided on a farm he had been aided to purchase in the town of Lewis, Essex county, New York, where he died at the very advanced age of eighty-seven.

In the midst of his labors as teacher and preacher, he found some time for authorship. In 1810, he published a book on "The Education and Training of Children," and in 1827, a treatise on "The Abrahamic Covenant." The first I read many years ago, though it has now been long out of print. Its chief merit is the warm love it shows to the subject of which it treats. "Feed my lambs," is the motto it carries on every page. A reader of the present day might have seen in it little that could be called philosophical or pro-

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found, but it had something far better, the pure intelligence, the penetrating, practical wisdom of a loving heart. The other book I have never seen, though I should greatly delight to obtain it. It is, very likely, a specimen of quite old-fashioned theology, but its very title shows the man, and suggests immediately one of his most cherished views. "The Abrahamic Covenant;" it is the sacred ideal of "The Family"—of "the mercy of the Lord which is from everlasting to everlasting upon such as *keep his covenant*, and his righteousness unto children's children."

An uneventful life, it may be said, hardly deserving a memoir however brief. But of that there may be different estimates. There was one idea alone for which Cyrus Comstock might have had claimed for him a place among our wisest men; if not on the ground of originality, at least for the pertinacity and pure truthfulness with which he held it. It is an idea which has a double aspect; "All truth God's truth; all true authority God's authority," whether in the family, the school, the church, or the state. It was a doctrine he *lived*, instead of holding or expounding it as a bare philosophical speculation. Long before the writer could clearly understand, or be interested in, a logical definition, this idea, thus imbibed from revered lips, this feeling rather, grew up in his mind as an ἔμφυτος λόγος, an "*implanted word*," an "ingrowing" thought, striking deep its roots in all subsequent mental development, and centrally modifying any view he might afterward be led to entertain in the fields of morals, politics and education. It has already been adverted to in the paper that precedes. This alone, if there were nothing else, made the name of Cyrus Comstock a fit subject to bring before the honorable Board of Regents, and an assembly of men devoted to theoretical and practical education. With such a thought pervading it, the plainest school, with the plainest instruction, has a value surpassing that of educational systems the most pretentious, and having the most imposing outward advantages, yet lacking this one glorious and most conservative element of all true spiritual culture.

One of the Board of Regents, the Hon. Robert S. Hale, has been mainly instrumental in bringing out this brief memoir. His effort was inspired by an ardent admiration of Mr. Comstock, whose acquaintance he had made only a short time after coming to reside in Essex county. His testimony, therefore, forms a fitting close to this short and unpretending narrative of a most useful life. I give it in his own words, as honorable to himself as they are to the one

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whose memory forms the subject of their glowing tribute: "I came into this county a young man to commence my law studies, when Mr. Comstock was about eighty years old. He lived about six miles from me. I saw him only occasionally during the later years of his life. But I could not fail to be impressed with the simplicity and purity alike of his life, his thoughts and his language — the *absoluteness* of his faith, and the essential saintliness of his character. In this county, where he labored so long and so faithfully, his memory is held sacred in many a hamlet, and at many a secluded hearth."

T. L.

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Ellen Robertson

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Memorial.

Ebenezer Alden, M. D.

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PRESS OF DAVID CLAPP & SON,
BOSTON.

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Commemorative Sketch

BY

REV. INCREASE N. TARBOX, D.D.

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EBENEZER ALDEN, M.D.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

THE subject of this sketch was born in what is now the town of Randolph, Mass., March 17, 1788. At the time of his birth this territory constituted the southerly precinct of the ancient town of Braintree, and was organized into the separate township of Randolph in 1793. An Ecclesiastical Parish had been formed here May 28, 1731. On the 8th of June last, corresponding in the New Style with the date above mentioned, the church at Randolph celebrated its 150th anniversary with appropriate and deeply interesting services. Had this event occurred in the days of Dr. Alden's strength and activity, no man would have borne a more prominent part in it than he, for this was a field in which he was especially at home. As it was, the manuscripts and published articles which he had left behind became the chief sources of information for those who took the principal parts in this commemoration. Throughout the services his name came up continually as authority for statements made, and was mentioned always with gratitude and love.

Dr. Alden was of the seventh generation from John Alden of the Mayflower. The line of succession from this honored founder, as traced by himself and gathered from his volume entitled "The Alden Memorial," is as follows:

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Of the eleven children of John and Priscilla (Mullens) Alden, the second was *Joseph*, who was born in Plymouth in 1624. In early manhood he became a citizen of Bridgewater.

Of the five children of Joseph and Mary (Simmons) Alden, the second was *Joseph*, who was born in 1667. He was known as Deacon Joseph, and lived in what is now South Bridgewater.

Of the ten children of Deacon Joseph and Hannah (Dunham) Alden of Bridgewater, the eldest was *Daniel*, who was born January 29, 1691. This Daniel remained an inhabitant of Bridgewater for a time, and then removed to Stafford, Conn.

Of the eleven children of Daniel and Abigail (Shaw) Alden, the second was *Daniel*, who was born September 5, 1720. This last Daniel lived in Stafford, Conn., in Cornish, N. H., and in Lebanon, N. H., where he died. He was known as Dea. Daniel.

Of the twelve children of Dea. Daniel and Jane (Turner) Alden, the fifth was *Ebenezer*, who was born at Stafford, Conn., July 4, 1755.

Of the three children of Ebenezer and Sarah (Bass) Alden, the eldest was *Ebenezer*, the subject of this sketch, born (as before stated) March 17, 1788.

His mother Sarah Bass was also a lineal descendant of John Alden of the Mayflower, in the line of Ruth his daughter, who married Samuel Bass, deacon of the First Church in Roxbury. By the same line the family was connected with the Adams family of Quincy, the mother of John Adams, the second president of the United States, being a descendant of Ruth the daughter of John Alden.

Going back now a single step, let us make our departure from the first Dr. Ebenezer Alden. The track over which we have just travelled will serve to show that he came of a religious stock. He was educated at Plainfield Academy, Conn., and having pursued his medical studies with Dr. Elisha Perkins, was invited, in due form, to settle in the South Parish or precinct of Braintree. He was called there in 1781, as the man the people had chosen for their physician, just as the Rev. Jonathan Strong, D.D., a few years later, was called to be their minister. This was a good old New England custom which we have now outgrown. It was just one hundred years from the coming to Randolph of the first Dr. Ebenezer Alden to the death of the second. These two men, in the qualities of their

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intellects and their characters, were in many respects alike, though the son had enjoyed larger opportunities for general and professional education than the father. When Dr. Alden, Sen., died at Randolph (of typhoid fever), October 16, 1806, his pastor, Rev. Dr. Strong, said of him: "The duties of his profession he discharged with reputation to himself and great usefulness to his employers. His circle of business, though small at first, gradually increased until it became extensive. As a physician he was remarkably prudent, attentive and successful. During the latter part of his life his advice was much sought and respected by his brethren of the Faculty in his vicinity. No physician in this part of the country possessed the love and confidence of his patients to a higher degree. This was evident from the universal sorrow felt at his decease."

His own son, in the "Alden Memorial," says of him: "He was eminently a child of the covenant, his parents and grandparents and theirs on both sides down to the first ancestors who came in the Mayflower, having been members of the Congregational Church; and, so far as is known, having honored their Christian profession." Not only was he an able physician with a wide and increasing practice, but he was also a medical teacher. Quite a number of young men were prepared by him for the medical profession, some of whom became eminent. He was cut off by a deadly fever, just when he was rising into special prominence as a man and a physician. He fell in the very strength of his days, at the age of 51. His son was blessed with a life protracted to an unusual degree.

The childhood and youth of the son were passed therefore in a home of intelligence and Christian worth. He grew up amid the associations and traditions of the old style of medical practice, when the country physician compounded his own medicines and carried them with him in large variety to suit the various exigencies that might arise. At that time the homes of the people were widely scattered; the roads were rough and hard, and in the plain country towns apothecaries were almost unknown. To do business in any proper and efficient way, the physician must have his medicines and his instruments always with him.

The year after Dr. Alden's birth, i. e. in 1789, the Rev. Jonathan Strong, D.D., was settled in the parish as colleague pastor with the Rev. Moses Taft, who had been in office there for nearly forty years, and was now in the feebleness of age. Mr. Taft died two years

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later, in 1791, when Dr. Strong remained sole pastor till his death in 1814. Dr. Strong was therefore the minister of Randolph through all the early years of Dr. Alden's life. The Rev. Thomas Noyes, of Needham, in the American Quarterly Register, vol. 8, p. 54, says of him: "Dr. Strong's labors were much blessed in three revivals during his ministry, in which he numbered more than two hundred converts. His influence was extensively felt. The Massachusetts Missionary Magazine and the Panoplist were enriched with his productions. He was one of the editors of the former work, and a Trustee of the Massachusetts Missionary Society from its formation till his death." From his earliest years, therefore, Dr. Alden received that bent of character, which brought him, all his life long, into close and living sympathy with the church and with all our great religious institutions. It is fair to credit a good measure of this influence to Dr. Strong. In a place such as Randolph was at that time, the families of the minister and the physician would be closely united. Especially would this be so when the physician himself was a religious man, and closely identified with the church.

One hundred years ago, schools to fit boys for college were rare. This educational work was largely done by settled ministers. Some of them, here and there, had family schools for this purpose. Dr. Nathan Perkins of West Hartford, Conn., Dr. Samuel Wood of Boscawen, N. H., and many others, became noted teachers, though they had parish cares also continually on their hands. Young Alden, in preparing for college, pursued his studies under the direction of his minister.

Dr. Jonathan Strong was a native of Bolton, Ct., born in 1764. His father was of the same name, and was a farmer. When the boy was eight years old, the family removed to Orford, N. H. Dr. Eleazer Wheelock had just then gone up to plant his Indian Charity School in the woods of New Hampshire, and so to lay the foundations of Dartmouth College. Here young Strong was educated, graduating with honor in 1786. He became a man of much more than usual mark in his generation. Quite a large number of the early graduates of Dartmouth were from Eastern Connecticut, and especially from the towns of Lebanon, Hebron, Bolton, Coventry, Windham, &c., where Dr. Wheelock was familiarly known and much admired. Jonathan Strong went from Bolton, and was graduated at Dartmouth in 1786, and three years after was settled in Randolph.

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Young Alden was made ready for college at the age of sixteen, and entered Harvard in 1804, graduating in 1808. After finishing his college course he went to Dartmouth College to study medicine. Using his own language, as copied from the *Alden Memorial*, he "pursued his professional studies with Nathan Smith, M.D., at Dartmouth College, where he received the degree of M.B. in 1811; then attended the Lectures of Drs. Rush, Barton, Wistar, Physick, and others, in Philadelphia, and received the degree of M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1812. He settled as a physician in his native town."

His father had died in 1806, while he was in college. Had his father been alive, very likely the medical education of the son would have gone on largely at home. Other men resorted to that home for their medical education, and it would have been altogether natural that he should have done the same. As it was, he was fully educated, professionally, and entered upon his work under happy auspices at the age of twenty-four.

Six years later, April 14, 1818, he was united in marriage to Miss Anne Kimball, daughter of Capt. Edmund Kimball, of Newburyport. She was born June 14, 1791.

Dr. Alden was now fully launched upon his life work, and by degrees came to fill the place which the father had left vacant, until at length he more than filled it. By virtue of his superior education, both as a physician and surgeon, and by his native powers and faculties, eminently fitting him for success, he was widely known and recognized as a leading member in his profession. Not only was he thoroughly instructed in matters pertaining to his special calling, but he had also an innate love for studies historical and ecclesiastical. He grew to be a prominent Congregational layman, and his knowledge and experience in this department were often called into use. He was a Pilgrim of the Pilgrims, and he understood well the difference between the Congregationalism that came over in the Mayflower and that which early prevailed in the Massachusetts Bay and was embodied, in 1648, in the Cambridge Platform. He found great satisfaction in tracing out the way by which the latter style of church polity was gradually displaced in New England and the former brought to the front. The writer well remembers the pleasure Dr. Alden had, between twenty and thirty years ago, in a new edition of John Wise's famous book, "The Church Quarrel Espoused,"

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and what measures he took to promote its circulation. He recognized in the Rev. John Wise—settled 1683–1725 over the Second Church, Ipswich (now Essex)—one of the stoutest defenders of the liberty of the New England churches as against the dominating power of the ministers. It was in 1710 that the above book was first published, and it was largely through this volume and another from the same pen published in 1717, entitled "A Vindication of the Government of the New England Churches," that a healthier direction was given to New England Congregationalism.

Dr. Alden was a Bibliophile, and early began to be a collector of rare books and pamphlets, especially those appertaining to the civil and ecclesiastical history of New England. He built up a choice private library at a time when such enterprises were not so common as now. That library still remains, and doubtless contains many specimens, in the shape of pamphlet and bound volume, which the collectors would call precious nuggets.

It was because of such tastes and tendencies as have thus been briefly noticed, that Dr. A. was long ago recognized as a "wise master-builder" in our ecclesiastical and educational departments, and for the last forty or fifty years (until laid aside by blindness and extreme age) he has been an active worker in these connections. It would probably be difficult to find another man who has been identified with so many religious and educational interests for such long ranges of time. The year after his marriage, i. e. in 1819, the first Sabbath School was organized in Randolph. He was chosen its superintendent, and continued in the office for nearly forty years. In 1827 he was made one of the Trustees of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society. He held this office by reëlection and performed its duties for forty-two years, until 1869. In the year 1837 he was chosen one of the Trustees of Phillips Academy and of Andover Theological Seminary. This office he retained forty-four years, till his death, though in his later years he was not able to attend the meetings of the trustees. For forty-one years, from 1840 to his death, he was one of the corporate members of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. From 1841 to 1874 he was a Trustee of Amherst College. From 1842 to 1867 he was a director of the American Education Society.

There was another class of organizations for which he had a lively sympathy, and with which he was in active coöperation. He had a

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strong love for antiquarian and genealogical pursuits, and especially as they appertained to the origin and growth of New England. In all these connections he was an industrious worker. He early became a member of the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester. He bore a prominent part in the formation and growth of the American Statistical Association. He became a member of the N. E. Historic, Genealogical Society in 1846, the year after its organization, and soon after its present building was erected in Somerset Street, paid, of his own good will, $500 towards the Librarian fund. With all the early movements toward the formation of the Congregational Library, now grown to fair proportions, he had the most cordial fellowship and participation.

Then again, as a prominent member of the medical profession, he was brought into quite another set of associations. He was connected with medical societies, county, state, national, not as a mere looker on, or listener, but as one who contributed interesting papers and valuable information for their meetings. Of an observing and studious mind, he held also the pen of a ready writer, and took special delight in adding to the general stock of human knowledge.

Still again: he was a bold and aggressive worker in the temperance movement, especially in its earlier days, and before it had become so intermingled with party politics. He was for many years known as a public lecturer upon this subject, and from his established character as an able physician, his lectures carried with them unusual weight.

Then in addition to all his other talents and activities, he was a singer, and took a lively interest in church music. Through the whole of his public life in Randolph, he was a leader and organizer in this department, and this love continued with him to the last. In the year 1869, at the time of the National Peace Jubilee in Boston, the writer well remembers a brief interview with him, as he was about to enter the great building erected for the concerts on the back bay. He was one of the chorus singers, and had his singing-book under his arm, and entered into the whole business with the enthusiasm of youth. He was at that time eighty-one years old. Of the great multitude of singers who made up the chorus for that first jubilee, he was, without much doubt, the oldest, but he yet carried with him a large measure of the zeal and energy of his earlier years. He made one of the vastly larger chorus in the International Jubilee of 1872, being then eighty-four years old.

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Not long after this his eye-sight began to fail him, and little by little the shadows of night gathered about him, until at length he was wrapped in total darkness. His last years were passed in the quiet of his home, and in the society of his kindred and neighbors. But with the eye of his mind he still watched the goings on of the great world, and was interested in all passing events. He died January 26, 1881, aged 92 years, 10 months and 9 days.

The wife of his youth had passed away ten years before, April 14, 1871. Three children survive him. These are the Rev. Ebenezer Alden, born August 10, 1819, who was ordained a Congregational minister in 1843, and spent five years as a pioneer home missionary in Iowa, being a member of the "Iowa Band." Since 1850 he has been the pastor of the First Congregational Church in Marshfield. While he was yet young in the ministry, he had, as one of his parishioners, no less a man than Daniel Webster, and it fell to his lot in 1852 to conduct the simple funeral services of the great statesman in the Webster mansion at Marshfield. It was like Mr. Webster to prefer that his funeral should be in the plain New England fashion, and should be conducted by his country minister. The second son is the Rev. Edmund Kimball Alden, D.D., who was ordained to the Congregational ministry in 1850, and after serving for some twenty-six years as Congregational pastor at Yarmouth, Me., Lenox, Mass., and in Phillips Church, South Boston, is now one of the Secretaries of the American Board. There was another son, Henry Augustus, born August 8, 1826, who became a civil engineer and died June 9, 1852. There were three daughters, of whom Mary Kimball died August 18, 1860, and Anne Kimball died Dec. 28, 1854. The remaining one, Sarah Bass Alden, now occupies the homestead at Randolph, and has had the care of her father in his declining years.

Dr. Alden left a memorandum indicating his general wishes as to the disposal to be made of his property, which was considerable. It was not in the shape of a mandatory will. He constituted his three surviving children his executors, but, confiding in their judgment, gave them certain discretionary powers that they might decide matters according to the circumstances of the case at the time of his death. He however named such societies, institutions and organizations, as he wished to have remembered in the distribution to be made. It was his general plan that a certain portion of his property should be divided in this way. Acting upon these hints and sug-

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gestions, his children are now engaged in this work of distribution. The amount to be divided will be larger than at first anticipated, as the property has of late increased in value. Almost all the societies and institutions with which Dr. Alden was connected in his life, came up before him for remembrance in this final disposition of his property, such as the American Board, the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, the American College and Education Society, the Seamens' Friend Society, Amherst College, Iowa College, Phillips Academy and Andover Theological Seminary, the American Antiquarian Society, the American Statistical Association, the N. E. Historic, Genealogical Society, the Congregational Library, Stoughton Musical Society, &c. To all he left gifts large enough to cheer and gladden, but exactly how much each will receive cannot be told till the estate is fully settled.

We have already implied that Dr. Alden was a writer as well as a busy actor, but the larger portion of all his writings were of a kind to serve the purposes of the passing time, and cannot well be reported in a paper like this. Nevertheless, he has left behind some published works in the shape of pamphlets and books, among which are the following: Address before the Dartmouth Medical Society: Boston, 1820. Medical Uses of Alcohol. Tribute to the Memory of Dea. Ephraim Wales: Boston, 1855. Historical Sketch of the Origin and Progress of the Massachusetts Medical Society, 1838. Tribute to the Memory of Dea. Wales Thayer. Tribute to the Memory of Mr. Samuel Whitcomb. Early History of the Medical Profession in the County of Norfolk, an Address before the Norfolk District Medical Society: Boston, 1853. Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Mary Ann Odiorne Clark: Boston, M. S. S., 1844. Memoir of Bartholomew Brown, Esq.: Randolph, 1862. Memorial of the Descendants of the Hon. John Alden, 1867. Enlarged 1869, octavo, pp. 184.

Some of these publications required a large amount of labor and careful study. For example, The Early History of the Medical Profession in the County of Norfolk involved brief biographies of the numerous physicians of the county during the earlier generations, a work to be accomplished only by much correspondence and patient research.

But these few publications would give only a faint idea of all that he accomplished by his pen. In a local paper he published a long

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series of articles on the history of Braintree and Randolph, going into the business minutely, taking up the several portions of the territory, and tracing the early families in their various localities. Indeed, he was the local historian, the public chronicler of Randolph, and, to a large extent, of the region lying around.

By his intellectual character, as also by his large enterprise and activity, he was a man to come to the front, wherever he might happen to live, and bear a large share in human affairs. The totality of life within him was greater than in ordinary men, and it was natural for him to put himself forth in thought and action. Hence through the long years of his active life he was intensely busy, aiming to fill his place punctually and thoroughly in all his multiplied relations. Though connected with so many societies and associations, hardly any one was more likely to be present at their recurring business meetings than he.

In the year 1861, July 3, occurred in Braintree the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination and settlement of Dr. Richard S. Storrs. The occasion was one of very marked interest, both from the eminent character of Dr. Storrs himself, and from the conspicuous men who took prominent parts in the services. Among the last named was Dr. Alden, who followed the Rev. Dr. Park in the exercises of the afternoon. The presiding officer of the day was the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, Jr., of Brooklyn, N. Y., and in introducing Dr. Alden he said: "We have heard of the MINISTERS of Braintree, Dr. Alden will give us, from his knowledge and his personal recollections, a true sketch of the PEOPLE of the town, and of their former manners and life."

From this address of Dr. Alden we will, in conclusion, select two or three passages, which will illustrate more perfectly than any general description can do, the style of the man and his manner of thought. He said:

"I have been requested to present some 'reminiscences of Braintree fifty years ago,' by which I understand *in the olden time:* but with a special caution to be *very brief*—'ten minutes better than an hour'—as if by any necromancy it were possible to bring up not only Samuel [Rev. Samuel Niles], but three generations of his people, and cause them to pass before you like a moving panorama at the bidding of your minister. Nevertheless, as it was my privilege to commence professional life *with* him and sometimes to prescribe *for* him, it is but reasonable that I should now consent that he prescribe *to* me; which I do, not only cheerfully but thankfully, because it

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affords me opportunity publicly to express the respect I have long entertained for him and for his people."

But in the first place it was needful to give the boundaries of the place which he was going to describe, and these were as follows:

"The ancient BRANTRY was bounded, north by Neponset River and Massachusetts Bay; east by Narraganset; south by the Old Colony and 'terra incognita' long in dispute; west by Punkapog and Unguety—including the present towns of Braintree, Quincy and Randolph. *Monatiquot*, or modern BRAINTREE, was bounded north by Merry Mount; east by Iron Works' line; south by Cochato and Scadin Woods; west by the Blue Hills, extending, in the dialect of Father Niles, 'from Dan to Beersheba.'"

Dr. Alden had in this address a somewhat lengthy and graphic passage on the singing question, as it was discussed in the churches before the middle of the last century. Throughout almost every part of New England the fierce discussion went on, and many churches were well nigh rent asunder by the violent feelings awakened. The beauty and majesty of ancient New England conservatism are strangely exhibited in this conflict. The effort was to bring the people out of the miserable droning habit of singing four or five tunes only, and that *by rote*, and to teach them so to read music that they could sing all tunes *by note*. Dr. Alden said:

"The evil became so intolerable that Rev. Thomas Walter, by request of several ministers of Boston and the vicinity, prepared and published, in 1721, a musical manual and tune book. * * * And here is a copy of it, the identical one which belonged to Elisha Niles, Esq., youngest son of the minister and executor of his estate. The names of twenty-two of the most eminent clergymen of the colony are attached to the recommendatory preface. But the name of Samuel Niles is not there. He insisted upon the 'old way' and *his own way*. Nor would he yield the tithe of a hair to any solicitations, lay or clerical.

"Meanwhile some of his people had provided tune books, and were bent on 'making melody to the Lord' *by note*. Then came the 'tug of war.' Original sin, with which the pastor was familiar, and afterwards wrote a treatise upon it, as he did upon 'Indian Wars,' broke out into actual transgression. The people assembled for public worship, but no minister came. They sent him word that they were all 'present before the Lord to hear all things which were commanded him of God.' He responded that he would not preach in the meeting-house unless they would sing *by rote;* and he invited all who were so disposed to repair to the parsonage, where he would preach, and they might sing 'in the old way.' * * * Council after council convened without success to settle the controversy. At length, all parties having become weary, the last council, more fortunate, if not more sagacious than the rest, came to this unanimous, most profound and successful result, which was adopted, but never, so far as I can ascertain, recorded

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on the church books: 'Voted that the council recommend to the pastor and church at Monatiquot, that in conducting public worship they sing part of the tune *by note*, and the rest of the tune *by rote*.' "

There were probably a great many churches in New England where the old system of *rote* singing went out at last by some such compromise as in this case.

We might give other interesting passages from this address, but these will suffice as examples of Dr. Alden's manner, and with these we conclude our article.

[*Reprinted from the New-England Historical and Genealogical Register for October*, 1881.]

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Funeral Addresses.

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ADDRESS AT THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

BY REV. JOHN C. LABAREE, PASTOR.

A PATRIARCH among us has fallen. He has died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years, and is gathered to his fathers. We have long regarded him as a venerable man. Yet we are surprised to find how far back we are carried by this one extended life. It covers a period longer than that of our American Republic. When Dr. Alden was born, the first President of the United States had not been inaugurated, nor the Federal Constitution ratified.

For those primitive times the circumstances of his early life were very favorable. His childhood was largely spent in the noble old mansion of his father's, which till lately formed so familiar a land-mark in our town.

His education was carefully attended to. He passed from stage to stage in his studies till he returned to his native village to take up the profession of his father, and unfold that strong and striking character which now stands before us in its completeness.

By nature our honoured friend was richly endowed. He would have been a man of mark in whatever calling in life he might have chosen. His mind was clear and acute, broad and masculine; his perceptions were quick, his judgment discriminating, his will strong. To nature's gifts he added a careful and rigorous discipline of his powers. The material which Providence gave him was faithfully improved. His habits of thought were excellent; his study of a subject was systematic and searching; his cross-questioning worthy of a trained lawyer. He went to the heart of a matter and brought his mind to a decision he did not often have to reverse. His improvement of time, his methods of investigation, his orderly and patient arrangement of knowledge, his readiness in recalling what he wished to use, his conscientious care in reaching a conclusion, furnish a fine model for young men, whether in business or literary pursuits.

But his mental powers were not those to which our friend gave the most interested attention. His mind was directed at an early period to the claims of religion. Always respectful to the subject, he came at last face to face

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with the personal duty of repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. It was a serious hour, a bitter struggle, — one to which he referred, not often, but always with very tender feelings. At that time, as he believed, he learned a lesson, never to be forgotten, of human depravity and divine grace. His long and unalterable devotion to the Saviour and the teachings of Scripture bear witness to the genuineness of the change he had experienced. He united with this church in 1816, at the age of twenty-eight years. From that period the enlargement of Christ's kingdom in the world was the object to which he devoted his talents. His whole life confirmed the interest with which he sang the hymn

"I love Thy Kingdom, Lord."

The church of Christ was to Dr. Alden as a citadel which he was appointed to aid in strengthening and defending. He thoroughly studied its necessities. Its weak points and its grand strategic points were well understood by him. The call for defensive and aggressive warfare he heartily responded to. He loved the work. Nothing else in life was of so much account to him.

He perceived that if the church of God is to prosper, the utmost care must be paid to the family. By counsel and example he impressed this principle. His own home he sought to make a model christian home. Its hours of prayer and praise he loved, and held sacred from every interruption. With him it was a strong point that family worship should not be merely formal, but interesting and instructive. And he was accustomed, with great plainness and tenderness, to encourage christian parents to special fidelity in all the duties of household piety. He also felt the need of some method of religious instruction additional to that generally enjoyed in the family. And the suggestion of the modern Sabbath School was, therefore, cordially welcomed by him. In 1819 he organized the school in this church. For thirty-nine years he continued its superintendent, and then as a teacher held his place for a score of years longer.

From the home and the Sabbath School Dr. Alden followed with special interest the youth who entered on a course of higher education. That the church should pay most careful attention to her future pastors and teachers and educated men, was to him self evident. He entered into the study of methods of education with his accustomed energy and thoroughness. And he was thus introduced to one of the most important spheres of influence which Providence called him to fill. His services as a member of the Board of Trustees of Phillips Academy and the Theological Seminary at Andover, and of Amherst College, are by the nature of the case but little known to the world. They will be alluded to by one especially qualified to speak of them. But we know something of the intelligence and fatherly solicitude with which he followed young men

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through school, college, and seminary. The day of "prayer for colleges" was always an occasion of much interest in the Randolph Church, and one to which our friend was ever ready to contribute stirring words, and fervent prayers that the Lord of the harvest would send forth laborers into his harvest. He had a peculiarly kind feeling for young men who had chosen his own profession. From his wide professional experience he had seen how great are the opportunities for good open to the christian physician.

Young ministers were sure of a welcome to his home and heart. He entered into their plans with zest. Were they to remain in New England, or to plant new churches in the growing West, or to seek yet more distant fields of labor among heathen nations, he followed them all with love and prayer. Their trials, their reverses, their progress, were watched by him with intelligent sympathy, as he studied the missionary reports of the day. These organs of Home and Foreign work have had few more constant and appreciative readers for the past fifty years.

The Home Missionary Society and the American Board were objects of his special interest and aid. To the former he committed the care of a son, who was one of the honoured "Iowa Band," and who went with a father's benediction to that western wilderness for years of fruitful service. In behalf of the other he was also a life-long and most devoted friend. He gave efficient aid in organizing and maintaining among the churches of the Norfolk Conference the Palestine Missionary Society formed in 1820, one of the earliest auxiliaries of the Board..

Meanwhile his own home church was never neglected by reason of his many broader fields of influence. He gave to it the energy and enthusiasm of his young manhood, and for sixty years it has been strengthened by his counsels and examples and prayers. He loved the sanctuary, and all the ordinances and meetings of the church. Long professional rides were often necessary before services, and again after services were over, but they were always timed so as to give him the calm enjoyment of the house of God. His seat vacant, signified to all that some case was very critical. And for years after he was wholly deprived of sight, one of the greatest comforts in his affliction, and which he would not readily forego, was to be led to his familiar seat in the church twice every Sabbath day. The silent influence of such an example has reached many hearts.

Those who did not believe as he did, yet cherished a sincere respect for his fidelity to his convictions and his strength of purpose.

By the members of the church, it is not invidious to say, no one of their number was regarded with so great veneration and affection as Dr. Alden. Few were so well qualified to advise and encourage. He possessed a rare knowledge of the Bible, an extensive and accurate acquaintance with theology, a profound personal experience of religious truth, a deep insight into human nature; adding to these attainments, his wide intercourse with

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men, his relation to many societies and institutions, and his rich endowments of mind and heart, and we see that he was fitted in an unusual manner to guide and instruct the church. Many an anxious inquirer has he wisely directed to the Saviour they were seeking. Christian friends, beset with temptations, or perplexed with doubts, have often found in him the safe and sympathizing counsellor they needed. His visits as "the beloved physician" were double prized by numerous families to whom he was enabled to bring peace of mind as well as healing of the body.

In his earlier days Dr. Alden did hard but very useful work as a pioneer in the cause of truth. He was an earnest advocate of Foreign Missions when the subject was but little understood. He introduced the Sabbath School when there was much prejudice against it. He was an outspoken friend of total abstinence when such a position was extremely unpopular. He aided many a good cause in its infancy and weakness, which has now grown strong in the hearts of the people. He found them feeble, he has left them vigorous. Their progress gave him great satisfaction. He could see that the world has grown better since first he knew it, and he rejoiced. He did not, indeed, endorse every modern idea of professed reformers; some of them he stoutly refused to accept; yet he spoke of them with charity. Instead of the characteristics which often come with age, he seemed to us to grow more gentle and mellow. He was clothed with increasing wisdom and grace. His words fell with more love and tenderness, and all felt that he was ripening for his home above.

To these words let me add the more personal testimony, which it is my privilege at this hour to bear to the pleasant relations that have existed between Dr. Alden and myself. Coming to this church a young man, now fifteen years ago, it was with fear and trembling, occasioned largely by the commanding position of him who now worships in the upper sanctuary. Yet I have here to witness that he was most charitable to his young minister. He has been a considerate listener, a judicious adviser, a critic less severe or frequent than he might justly have been. He cherished a profound regard for the ministerial office, and did not forget to pray earnestly and tenderly and constantly for him who filled it. He guarded his good name with jealous care, went to him and not to others with his faults, and when he and his pastor could not entirely agree, he still remained the same kind and helpful friend.

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REMARKS AT THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

BY THE HON. ALPHEUS HARDY, OF BOSTON.

In the death of Dr. Alden, a strong and vigorous light has ceased to burn on earth. Its rays were not confined to this town, or to this vicinity, it was far reaching, healthful and helpful in all its influence.

It is now nearly thirty years since I first made Dr. Alden's acquaintance. I was invited by his friend and my friend, the late Rev. William A. Stearns, President of Amherst College, to take a seat as one of the Trustees of that institution. Trained as I had been to a business life, I hesitated to accept the position, to step within the circle of Christian Education, and might not, had not Dr. Alden so kindly and so encouragingly taken me by the hand and given me a warm welcome. We were at once made colleagues on the finance committee, and thus I began to know of his fidelity and conscientious discharge of his duty. There, as at Andover, where we were similarly connected on the Phillips Academy Board of Trustees, he was scrupulously exact in the discharge of every duty. It was not enough that the treasurer reported sundry funds as in hand, but he must see them, and verify every item. He did not accept the position as Trustee for the small honor such an election conferred, but to attend the meetings promptly and meet every varied duty as work he had assumed and that must be accomplished. His judgment was sound and leading. His firmness was tempered with kindness. His opinions, if they differed from others, were given with manly courtesy. At Andover, where I met him most frequently, he was ever faithful, shrinking from no toil. Those old rusty ledgers bear his marks of fidelity; he pored over them as conscientiously as over his bible.

The Academy, no less than the Seminary, shared his care; his thoughts were for the boys, as well as for the more advanced students. He realized that within their ranks were those who were to fill our pulpits, to be our legislators and exert an influence in the world; in the true spirit of the founders of that school he would have their hearts cultivated, while the head was educated, and would have religion and education go hand in hand.

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It has been reported by the press that he had resigned his position as Trustee at Andover; true, but his resignation was not accepted. The Board of Trustees appreciated his services too highly, and respected him too much to sever his relations; they would have him die as he did in the harness.

For a professional man he had, largely, business habits; habits of exactness, application, fidelity, frugality, the conditions of success.

His views of Christian duty were as broad as the Gospel plan; he drank of its living fountain.

He was alive to the elevation and salvation of men in all lands and all climes.

I have rarely met a man whose whole being was so permeated with the idea of loyalty to duty. This one thing I must do, and do well, was his constant aim. The tenor of his life was expressed in the spirit of the beautiful hymn, commencing

> "A charge to keep I have—
> A God to glorify."

After he had served his own generation by the will of God,

he fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers.

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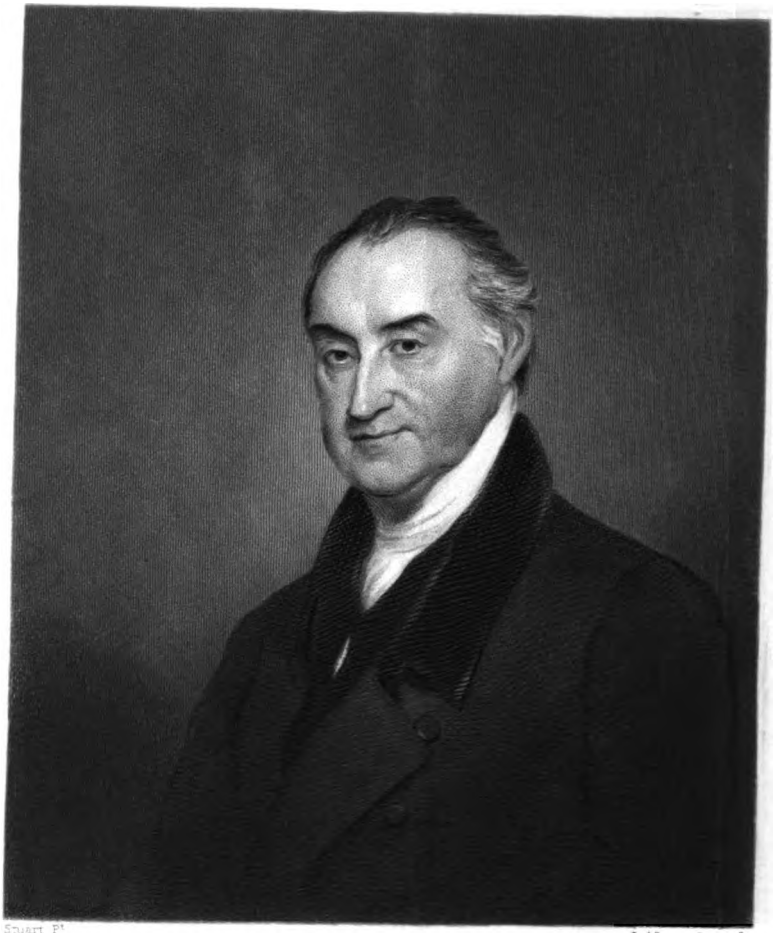

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MEMOIR

COL. JOSEPH [illegible]

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BOSTON:
DAVID CLAPP & SON - - - 334 WASHINGTON STREET.
1873.

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Jos: May

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MEMOIR

OF

COL. JOSEPH MAY,

1760-1841.

BY SAMUEL MAY,

OF LEICESTER.

REPRINTED FROM THE NEW-ENGLAND HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL REGISTER FOR APRIL, 1873.

BOSTON:

DAVID CLAPP & SON ... 334 WASHINGTON STREET.

1873.

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COL. JOSEPH MAY.

JOSEPH MAY, of Boston, elder son of Samuel and Abigail (Williams) May, was of the sixth generation from the first immigrant of the name, who was John May, of Mayfield, Sussex, England. The line followed thus:—

John (2d), born in England 1628 (or, according to Savage, *Genealogical Dictionary*, 1631), came with his father to Plymouth, 1640; died Sept. 11, 1671.

John (3d), born in Roxbury, May 19, 1663; died Feb. 24, 1730.

Ebenezer, born Oct. 19, 1692; died May 2, 1752.

Samuel, born in Roxbury, Feb. 17, 1723; died in Boston, Aug. 9, 1794.

The first John, above named, who according to Savage must have been just 50 years of age on coming to America, was admitted freeman, in Roxbury, June 2, 1641; died April 28, 1670, aged 80 (see also Farmer's *Genealogical Register*). The name, sometimes spelt Maies, and Mays, occurs frequently in the early Roxbury town and church records. The death of the first John's wife, June 18, 1651, is thus recorded by Eliot, the "apostolic" pastor,—"Sister Mayes died, a very gracious and savoury christian."

The second John was admitted freeman 1660; he was blind for several of the last months of his life.

The third John, admitted freeman 1690, was a deacon of the Roxbury church.

Samuel, grandson of the third John, was the father of Joseph, of whose life we attempt a short sketch. He (Samuel), married Nov. 3, 1748, Catherine Mears, and their only daughter who survived infancy, Mehetabel, was married in 1768 to Col. William Dawes, of Boston. The wife (C. Mears) died March 20, 1752; and on Oct. 4, 1753, he (S. M.) married Abigail, daughter of Joseph Williams, farmer, of Roxbury. They had thirteen children, nine of whom lived to mature age, and married. The family lived at "the south end," in a square, plain, wooden house, on what

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is now the northerly corner of Washington (then Orange) and Davis streets. In an old account, it is called "Squire May's great house." He was a carpenter, and his older children remembered when he would take his tools on his shoulder and walk to Roxbury, even to the Plain, for his day's work. He was a good architect for his day, and is said to have been the principal builder of the Episcopal church in old Cambridge, still standing on the westerly side of the old burial ground. He also became a considerable lumber-dealer. In the rear of his house were no streets, as now; but the tide, flowing into the South Cove, brought lumber-vessels to his wharf, which extended across what is now Harrison avenue, at the point where Davis street enters. His name, and those of his brothers, Ephraim, Moses, and Aaron, occur in the first *Boston Directory*, 1789, a thin 18mo. of 57 pages. Moses May was the father of the late Perrin May, merchant, of Boston.

A brief record follows of the nine children of Samuel and Abigail May:

Abigail, b. 1754; m. a distant cousin, Col. John May, of whom a biographical sketch appeared in the January number of the "Register." She died 1824.
Catherine, b. 1757; m. Lemuel Cravath; d. 1788.
Joseph, the subject of this sketch.
Martha, b. 1763; m. Judge John Frothingham, of Portland; d. 1834.
Lucretia, b. 1765; m. Azor G. Archbald; d. 1811.
Mary, b. 1769; m. Isaac Davenport; d. 1853.
Sarah, b. 1772: m. Captain John Holland; d. 1849.
Louisa, b. 1773; m. Benjamin Goddard; d. 1832.
Samuel, b. 1776; m. Mary Goddard; d. in Boston, Feb. 23, 1870.

The widow of the last named still lives in this city, and is the only survivor of that family group.

Joseph May was born in Boston, March 25, 1760. With quite inconsiderable exceptions, his life of 81 years was spent in Boston. "He was a merry, active, helpful boy. The only son in the large family until nearly seventeen years old, his almost only associates both at home and school, for years, were his sisters. He learned easily, but the school-mistress complained to his mother that she could not 'keep him from talking.' Sewing being tried, proved a failure; and the next resource was to commit psalms to memory; which was more successful, and he learned very many of them, even the 119th, with its 176 verses, the whole of which he repeated without an error. His unusual aptness herein drew the attention of the neighbors, who would sometimes stand him up on a window shutter, which folded down and made a broad shelf in the street, at a shop near his home, and call for one psalm after another, which he would recite, the 119th being the closing achievement." At nine years old, he entered the Latin School, under Master Lovell; and was probably there until nearly the outbreak of the war of the revolution.

His father's family were members of the Hollis Street Society, of which

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the Rev. Mather Byles was minister (ordained 1732). Dr. Byles, as is well known, was a steady opponent of the "patriotic" movement, of which Boston was head-quarters, and in all ways strove to ridicule it and its principal supporters. As he gave very free expression to his feelings, his opponents of course were not backward in their censures of him. Soon after the "Boston Massacre," Mr. May and family withdrew from Dr. Byles's ministrations—Mrs. May being especially displeased—and united themselves with the Old South congregation, which more than any other in the town was identified with the popular love of liberty. In that church Joseph Warren had just uttered his denunciations of the perpetrators of the massacre, and of the government by whose soldiery it had been committed; and there the principal meetings of the townspeople continued to be held, until it was seized during the war for the use of the British troops. While at the Old South, the boy Joseph, who had developed an early love for psalmody, sung as well as spoken, sat in the "singers' seats," and sang with them when but twelve years old. It is related of his mother, a strong and resolute woman, that one day when a British soldier reached his hand into her open window to take something from the table, she quickly shut the window down upon his arm and held it as in a vice, until a messenger to the guard-house brought an officer, who caused the offender to be arrested. Such being the condition of things in the town, we are not surprised that the father felt unwilling to have his wife and children remain there. He removed them to Pomfret, Conn., where connections, Mays and Williamses, were living, and they remained there until after the evacuation of Boston by the British troops in March, 1776. When the Old South society, in the autumn of 1777, obtained the use of King's Chapel for their own meetings, the family, or some of them, were again found there.

At about the time of the family's return to Boston from Pomfret, Joseph was apprenticed to Mr. Stephen Salisbury, of Worcester, who kept a store there. With him, and Mr. Samuel Salisbury, of Boston, he continued from 1776 to about 1780, at which time he was approaching his majority.

He formed, probably in 1781, a business partnership with Thomas Patten, a distant relative, who was engaged in the flour and produce trade in Baltimore and Alexandria, and Mr. May conducted the business in Boston, having the store No. 3, Long Wharf. The business was prosperous; and on the 28th December, 1784, he was married to Dorothy Sewall,[1] daughter of Deacon Samuel Sewall, of the Old South Church. Their first home was in a house in Union street; but he soon removed to a more commodious one in Milk street, on the west corner of Atkinson (since Congress) street. But the firm of Patten, May & Co. failed, about 1798, owing, as alleged, to speculations in Georgia lands, in which Mr. Patten embarked. Mr. May gave up every thing he possessed, even offering the gold ring on his

[1] Dorothy Sewall, born Dec. 23, 1758; d. in Boston, Oct. 31, 1825. The Rev. Dr. Sewall, of the Old South, and Chief Justice Sewall, were her ancestors.

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finger. A very serious and protracted illness followed, in which his mental suffering was great, but fruitful of an unusual experience for the remainder of his life. He left the Milk-street house in the spring of 1801, and moved to a plain but comfortable house, No. 1, Federal court, leading from Federal street. It was a sunny and cheerful spot, and had been purchased, and a life-right in it given to him, by several friends, and secured to his wife and children at his decease. In this house he lived until 1835. The family-life there during those thirty-five years, was perhaps as happy as mortals often know. It was of necessity simple and without show; but it lacked no comforts, and was full of hospitable and kindly feeling and deed,—"the spare-room was seldom without an occupant." His children were respectful, intelligent, well-educated, and their young friends were always made welcome to the society of the house; one of the daughters had great musical gifts and a voice of memorable sweetness; the father himself was most attractive in conversation, with an excellent memory and ready wit, giving hours of every day to reading and retaining the fruits of it for the advantage and entertainment of others, ready to participate in the occupations and amusements of those about him, and joining in their music; the mother, keenly alive to all the joys and trials of her children and of their young friends, sharing fully with her husband in the hospitable spirit of the house, and going beyond it, as he also did habitually, to relieve the needy and the sick, and minister to the dying—accomplishing thus with very moderate means a large amount of benefit; a deep interest in religious thought and inquiry, and an habitual attention to religious observance and worship, supporting, animating, giving cheerfulness and strength to the whole. "I have never seen," says his only surviving daughter, "more contentment and happiness than we enjoyed. We had music, health, love, and good will."

We can see Colonel May, in arm-chair by the fire-side, his head forward and inclined sidewise, the snuff-box (to tell the whole truth) in one hand and gently tapped with the other, and the coming mirth already visible in his eyes. No social pleasure of our childhood and youth was greater than to hear his conversation, and occasionally his song. Among other songs he sang "The Vicar of Bray," with much effect; and took pains to teach it to a young nephew, and gave him, in his beautiful hand-writing, a copy of the words. Stories of the revolutionary times there would be, and of the marked characters in Boston of all professions and occupations. Particularly do we remember his account of the scene in Hollis street meeting-house, when the brethren were assembled in council (August, 1776), having notified their minister, Dr. Byles, that charges would be preferred against him, to which he might reply, if he thought proper. The doctor, on the appointed day, came into the house, slowly ascended the pulpit, and from that place of accustomed authority made audible comments on the business as it proceeded, and upon the different speakers, in a way anything but complimentary; when, having sufficiently signified his lofty indifference to

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them and their doings, he moved out of the house, not to enter it again. The entire scene with its several actors was given with dramatic effect.

Mr. May was a member of the Independent Corps of Cadets as early as 1786, probably earlier, but, owing to the loss of the company-records of previous years, it is not certain. He was clerk of the corps in that year, and so continued until October, 1794; was elected major, May 14, 1795; and lieut.-colonel, May 6, 1797. He held the office of commander for two years, and resigned it April 18, 1799.

This was the time of his business-failure. He was "about thirty-eight years of age," says Rev. Dr. Greenwood, when it occurred. Dr. G. adds, "The sufferings which this disaster caused revealed to him that he had become more eager for property, than was creditable to his understanding or good for his heart. After some days of deep depression, he formed the resolution never to be a rich man; but to withstand all temptations to engage again in the pursuit of wealth. He adhered to this determination. He resolutely refused several very advantageous offers of partnership in lucrative concerns, and sought rather the situation he held, for more than forty years, in an insurance office, where he would receive a competence only for his family."[1] And another friend records this emphatic remark of Mr. May—"Life was not given to be all used up in the pursuit of what we must leave behind us when we die."

He was the first and only secretary of the Boston Marine Insurance Company, which was chartered Feb. 13, 1799. The salary never exceeded fifteen hundred dollars, and at times was less; but the position and income alike comported with the new resolutions he had formed, and with his now fixed ideas concerning the uses of life; and he held the office, busily and contentedly, until January, 1838, at which time age compelled him to leave it, and the company was dissolved. Among the presidents of the company were Samuel Cabot, George Cabot, and Daniel Sargent; with all of whom his personal as well as official relations were of the firmest friendship and mutual respect. Also, with Moses Michael Hays, a Jewish gentleman of Boston, a long and affectionate friendship existed.

Undoubtedly one reason for his seeking this office was that it would usually give him the afternoon of the day for those other objects in which he was interested, and which came to absorb more and more of his attention. He aided to establish the Massachusetts General Hospital and the Asylum for the Insane, and was one of the trustees from 1813 to 1826. But he gave more time to cases of private need, to families overtaken by misfortune or suffering from improvidence. Dr. Greenwood says:—"His private charities are not to be numbered. I believe that without much trouble he might be traced through every quarter of the city by the foot-prints of his benefactions. Pensioners came to the door of his house as they do in some countries to the gate of a convent. The worthy poor found in him a friend,

[1] Sermon on the death of Joseph May, Esq., 1841.

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and the unworthy he endeavored to reform. His aid to those in distress and need was in many cases not merely temporary, and limited to single applications, but as extensive and permanent as the life and future course of its object. I think I may be allowed to mention, as one instance of this effectual species of charity, that one whole family of fatherless and motherless and destitute children, bound to him by no tie but that of human brotherhood, found a father in him, and owe to him, under Heaven, the respectability and comfort of their earthly condition." And as, in this instance, he "cast his bread upon the waters," so did it "return to him after many days;" yes, and with increase, and thenceforth was never wanting to him, until he ceased to need any human ministration.

Among the "important trusts" which he discharged, was that of a commissioner of insolvent estates. As early as 1807, he was appointed, by the judge of probate for the county of Suffolk, a commissioner to receive and examine claims against the estate of persons deceased insolvent; and he continued to serve in that capacity, from time to time, with such men as Benjamin Rand, William Minot, John Heard, Jr., &c., until near the time of his death. Some probate records as late as December, 1840, show him to be engaged in this work, which was less than three months prior to his death. This added a few hundred dollars to his annual income; and gave him opportunity to know the needs of many families, to save what he might of their means, and to give them courage and hope for their future. For more than thirty years he was seldom without a case of this kind upon his hands.

When the Old South society returned to their own house in 1783, Joseph May, who had become much attached to the mode of worship at King's Chapel, and to the instructions of the Rev. James Freeman, the rector, which he considered much in advance of those of other pulpits, decided to remain there. He was then but little over twenty-three years old. "In 1785," says Dr. Greenwood, "he was one of the twenty who voted to make those alterations in the liturgy, which cut us off from the trinitarian communion, and caused us to be repudiated by the Episcopal Church; and in 1787 he was one of the small but resolved congregation who ordained the late Dr. Freeman by their own authority."[1] This course, in a young man who had his future all before him, and knowing, as he did, the opprobrium it would bring upon him, yet taken without hesitation, appears indicative of a strong and manly character.

An intimate personal friendship grew up between the Rev. Mr. Freeman and himself, and it never was lessened or impaired. Good authority states that the hymn-book, which was published in 1799 for the use of the Chapel, was the joint work of the two friends. Their intercourse continued until Dr. F.'s death, which occurred in 1835, at Newton, where he had lived retired, but not secluded from friends, since 1826. A like friendship existed between him and the Rev. Samuel Cary, and afterwards with the Rev. Dr. Green-

[1] *Discourse*, p. 17. See, also, Greenwood's *History of King's Chapel.*

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wood, who were successively colleague-pastors with Dr. Freeman. In the preface to his History of King's Chapel, Dr. Greenwood speaks of the aid he had received in it from his friend, Col. Joseph May, with his thanks.

Mr. May was junior warden of the Chapel, 1793 to 1795; was again chosen, 1798, and continued in office uninterruptedly until 1826. "It was mainly through his persevering applications that the ancient records and registers of the Chapel were obtained from the heirs of Dr. Caner, in England, in 1805; and his high estimation of the value of such documents, and particular attention to their preservation and regular continuance, are abundantly justified by the fact, that since the recovery of these records and registers, property to a large amount has been secured, through their means and evidence, to the rightful possessors." (Greenwood's *Discourse.)*

A quite faithful portrait of Col. May, by Gilbert Stuart, is now in possession of a grandson, John Edward May, of Cambridge.

His children, who survived infancy, were as follows: Catharine, b. 1786; m. to Dr. Charles W. Windship, of Roxbury, 1808; d. 1815. The late Dr. Charles May Windship was their only child.—Charles, b. 1788; m. Caroline M. Gove, of Lynn, 1845; d. 1856.—Louisa, b. 1792; m. Samuel Greele, of Boston (a deacon of Dr. Channing's Church), 1823; d. 1828.—Edward, b. 1795; d. 1802. An interesting story of the manner and circumstances of this lad's death is related in the *Memoir* of Rev. Samuel J. May, just issued from the press of Roberts Brothers, of this city.—Samuel Joseph, b. 1797; m. Lucretia F. Coffin, of Boston, 1825; d. 1871. (See *Memoir*, just named.)—Elizabeth Sewall, b. 1798; m. Benjamin Willis, of Portland, 1817; d. 1822.—Abigail, b. 1800; m. Amos Bronson Alcott, 1830. Mrs. Alcott is the only survivor of his children.

Of his grandchildren it may not be improper to say that Hamilton Willis, Esq., of this city, is thought to resemble him very closely in personal appearance; and that the easy style of narrative, pleasant humor, and aptness at personal sketches, of Miss Louisa May Alcott, the author of "Little Women," &c., are a legitimate inheritance, and to some a frequent reminder of her grandfather.

His son, the late Rev. Samuel J. May, wrote of him: "When I brought to him my last college-bill, receipted, he folded it with an emphatic pressure of his hand, saying, 'My son, I am rejoiced that you have gotten through, and that I have been able to afford you the advantages you have enjoyed. If you have been faithful, you must now be possessed of an education that will enable you to go anywhere; stand up among your fellow-men, and by serving them in one department of usefulness or another, make yourself worthy of a comfortable livelihood, if no more. If you have not improved your advantages, or should be hereafter slothful, I thank God that I have not property to leave you, that will hold you up in a place among men, where you will not deserve to stand.'"

His wife died in 1825. Of a family distinguished in our annals for private

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worth and public service, she stood inferior to none of them for generous qualities and a life of utter unselfishness.

In October, 1826, Col. May was married to Mrs. Mary Ann Cary, widow of the Rev. Samuel Cary, who was assistant-minister of King's Chapel, 1809–1815. More than twelve years they lived together, contributing to each other's happiness. In 1835, they removed from Federal court to the house on Washington street, corner of Oak street, built by Otis Everett, Esq., and recently occupied by Moses Kimball, Esq. There Mrs. May died in 1839; and there, faithfully cared for by his adopted daughter (now the wife of George Wm. Bond, Esq.), he himself died on the 27th of February, 1841.

A notice of him which appeared in the *Daily Advertiser*, and which was understood to be from William Minot, Esq., has the following:

"His occupations in business were laborious and incessant; yet by untiring industry, strict method, and economy of time, he made leisure for works of charity, and was enabled, in very many instances, to aid those whose ignorance or inexperience in affairs had involved them in perplexities and embarrassments, from which their own skill was insufficient to release them. He rescued many orphan children from poverty, educated and brought them into life; and very few men in our city have, according to their means, bestowed so much money in acts of beneficence and on objects of public utility. This he accomplished with a small and limited income, by a wise and judicious frugality; and, what is quite as remarkable, he was able to restrict his wants within the limits of his means, and never regretted what he could not obtain. He was an encouraging example to persons of moderate fortune, by proving that wealth and fashion are not essential to the highest respectability, and that a man who is not rich has within his reach advantages infinitely superior to riches."

His habits of method and order were exact, but he was never the slave of them, and valued them only as they enabled him to use time to greater advantage, but which might always be set aside to meet a case of need. A sister jokingly said of him that his penknife was once lost for several days because it had got into the *other* waistcoat pocket. "My dear," he is remembered to have said, "if you want a thing *done*, go to a man who has a great deal to do."

We are favored in being able to give the following letter:

My Dear Friend,— *Jamaica Plain, January* 30, 1873.

The face and form of your venerable uncle, Col. Jo. May, are inseparably connected with my first reminiscences of King's Chapel. When, as a very little boy, I stood up on the cushioned seat of the minister's pew, and contemplated the congregation, no more conspicuous face than his impressed itself on my young imagination. In the pews

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around were such men as Mr. Stackpole (who afterwards went to Kentucky and died there), Mr. Joseph Coolidge the elder and Mr. Joseph Coolidge, Jr., Dr. Bulfinch, Mr. Storer, Daniel Davis, William Minot, Francis J. Oliver, William Sullivan, Thomas Motley, Charles P. Curtis, Samuel A. Eliot, James Dalton, and others. But very noticeable among these was Col. May, with his massive square head, and manly figure—his breeches, his grey stockings showing the muscular limbs of which he was justly proud—the knee-buckles and shoe-buckles of a gentleman of the old style. Every Sunday, before the service began, Col. May was seen issuing from the vestry door, and passing behind the pulpit down to his own pew—a performance which, to my innocent mind, seemed a necessary part of the ritual. When in his pew he read the responses so audibly, that, when at last he was obliged to suspend this practice from increasing deafness, it seemed as if an essential element of the worship had been taken away. Col. May was a frequent visitor at Dr. Freeman's house, and many an evening I have sat, with my Latin grammar and its lesson for to-morrow neglected on my knees, while I listened to the memorable narrations of the eloquent Colonel. Tapping his snuff-box ere he helped himself to a pinch, or caressing his right leg as it lay on the other knee, he would tell of many a moving accident by flood and field, many an adventure on State street, or in the distant wilds of New-Hampshire, to which we children did seriously incline. But, through all his conversation, whatever might be the subject, there prevailed a tone of uprightness, of courage, of love of truth, which captivated our young hearts. We always welcomed a visit from Col. May. It was very pleasant to see him and his friend, my grandfather Freeman, together. They had stood by each other in their youth, and were growing old together, in one long unbroken friendship,—such a friendship as comes far too seldom in this world; but, when it does come, is an encouragement to faith in all the better qualities of human nature. In commemoration of this friendship I have hung Col. May's portrait and my grandfather's together, in the room where I preserve the pictures of my family.

Very truly yours,

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

From a letter of George B. Emerson, Esq., we make this extract:

"I was in the habit for many years, while in college and afterwards, of going to his house in Federal court, and often spent a night there. The good man was an early riser, and usually took a walk before breakfast, and was respectfully recognized by almost every person he met. Yet he said that he knew very few of them, even by name; but every body knew him as a most kind and benevolent man. . . . Much of the evening would be spent in conversation; he told pleasant, often witty anecdotes, and heartily enjoyed the mirth and good feelings which his conversation always produced. He listened with patience and evident sympathy and satisfaction

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to what was said by others, and helped to make a poor talker more communicative than otherwise he could have been. The music of the household was almost the sweetest I ever heard. Indeed I never enjoyed music more entirely than I did then and there the rich harmony of this exquisite family-choir. It is now, like the music of carols, 'sweet and mournful to the soul.'"

And one, whose knowledge of him was intimate and daily for almost thirty years, says: "Not that he had no faults; 'faultless people are lifeless,' Miss Sedgwick says; but he had so learned to command a spirit that must once have been extremely fiery, that he had sympathy for the erring, clear words for the bewildered, and love for every body but the false and the selfish. He had a sovereign contempt for appearances as a motive of action; for every thing worth doing there was always to him a deeper reason. He was accustomed to give his thoughts, oftentimes his advice, in neat quotations from his favorite authors (Pope and Goldsmith particularly), or from the Bible. . . . Whatever he entered into, it was with all his heart. He never joined a society or an enterprise without taking some of the hardest work; and he persevered the longest under discouragements. His favorite work was caring for others at home and abroad. . . . The friends of his children were welcome to his house, sick or well, the ailing or lonely classmate, the wearied teacher, young people in search of employment, old and tiresome people, each and all were kindly received, and stayed as long as they desired. The whole family caught and inherited the same spirit from both sides of the house; nothing could be more noble than the soul of the mother, modest, refined, unselfish. The opportunity to do a good action was a privilege, not to be lost,—and in some way, cost what it would, in labor or inconvenience, the work was done." And he possessed the faculty of moving others to charitable and benevolent action, and gladly became their almoner when it was desired.

Some benefit by munificent gifts, by noteworthy contributions to great public needs. Colonel May could do nothing of this, but by the sunshine of his nature, by the uprightness of his life, by the vigor of his thought, by the winning tones of his musical voice, by the protecting strength of his friendship, he succored many needy and bereaved, saved many young and tempted, wiped away the tears of orphans and found or gave them a home, and diffused hope, light and cheerfulness wherever he went. "Content with life and happy at its end" (as it was written of him), he passed onward gladly and trustingly, giving to all who ever knew him a new sense of the dignity and value of a human life.

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REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

Memorial Meeting

IN HONOR OF THE LATE

MR. JOSEPH ANDREWS,

(ENGRAVER,)

HELD AT THE ROOMS OF THE

BOSTON ART CLUB,

ON THE EVENING OF MAY 17, 1873.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY THE BOSTON ART CLUB,
64 BOYLSTON STREET.
1873.

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REPORT.

On Saturday evening, May 17th, 1873, at 8 o'clock, the members (the Boston Art Club met at their rooms, in obedience to the call of tl Secretary, for the purpose of offering a testimonial of respect to the men ory of the late Mr. Joseph Andrews. A number of the engravings ex cuted by the deceased decorated the rear wall of the larger gallery, whi others were exhibited in a bound volume, the whole comprising all of h more important works.

Mr. Charles C. Perkins, the President of the Club, called the meetin to order, and after a few prefatory remarks, in which he dwelt especiall upon the purity of character of the deceased, the lively interest he took i everything pertaining to art, and his absolute freedom from anything lil jealousy of his professional brethren, introduced Mr. S. R. Kœhler, wl read a brief biographical memoir of Mr. Andrews. The reading of th memoir was followed by an eloquent address from the Rev. R. C. Waterstoı in which a feeling tribute was paid to the qualities of Mr. Andrews, bot as a man and as an artist.

At the close of Mr. Waterston's address, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the members of the Boston Art Club have heard with great regret the death of their late friend and associate, Mr. Joseph Andrews, and that they desi hereby to express their sense of his loss, and their sympathy with his family.

Resolved, That the Secretary be directed to communicate the above resolution to tl family of the deceased, and furthermore

Resolved, That the Secretary be requested to obtain from Mr. Kœhler a copy of t biographical sketch read at this meeting, and from the Rev. Mr. Waterston an abstract the remarks subsequently made by him, in order that they may be printed for circulati among the members of the Club.

After which the meeting adjourned.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

MR. JOSEPH ANDREWS, ENGRAVER.

By S. R. KŒHLER.

Read at the Memorial Meeting

OF

THE ART CLUB,

May 17, 1873.

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MEMOIR

OF

JOSEPH ANDREWS.

In the few remarks which I am about to address to you, regarding the life and works of our deceased friend, Joseph Andrews, I shall not endeavor to give a eulogy, but I shall confine myself to a very short recital of the simple story of his simple life, only calling your attention now and then to the works which marked the different periods of that life, and some of which are here before you. As to a eulogy, — that will hardly be necessary in your presence, all of you, no doubt, having known him, not only as an upright, warm-hearted man, and as a gifted and enthusiastic devotee of art, but also as a kind friend, a valuable associate, and an active member of this organization. As such we shall deeply mourn him, and as such we eulogized him in our hearts when first the sad news of his unexpected death broke upon our ears, and such eulogies, pronounced voluntarily and in silence, outweigh all others that might be bestowed upon his memory in public.

But the fact that *I* should be the person to speak to you about his life, may appear strange and may need a few words of explanation. There are those among you who have known the departed for a much longer period of time and much more intimately than I have, and it would seem fitting that I should have left to some one of them the honor of paying to him this last melancholy tribute. It so happens, however, that I am in the possession of a sketch of his life, written out from notes which I had the privilege of taking down during several conversations with Mr. Andrews, and as nothing of the kind concerning him has as yet appeared in print, as far as I know at least, I have thought it might interest you to listen to it. I do not think that I lay myself open to the charge of indiscretion by communicating this sketch to you, or by making this statement, as the notes were made at the time and with Mr. Andrews' knowledge, with a view to publi-

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cation, having been more immediately intended to serve as a basis for the notice of our friend, which I inserted in Meyer's "General Dictionary of Artists." You will understand, of course, that what I have said alludes strictly to biographical details only.

Joseph Andrews was born at Hingham, Mass., August 17th, 1806. He was, therefore, at the time of his death, which occurred on the seventh of this month (May, 1873), sixty-six years, eight months, and twenty-one days of age. His father dying early, he was left in the care of his mother, who appears to have had some taste for drawing. This taste also developed itself at an early age in her son, who, even when a boy, preferred to stay at home and busy himself with his pencil, while others were playing. The first impulse in the direction of his future life-pursuit was, however, given to him by his brother Ferdinand, his elder by some years, who also had quite a fondness for drawing, but afterwards became a printer and an editor, editing the "Boston Traveller" during a period of several years. Joseph one day saw the brother engaged in an attempt to imitate a small cut upon metal with the aid of a knife, and he at once conceived the idea that he should like to be an engraver. Coming to Boston on a visit in his fifteenth year, he happened to see a sign, which read: "Abel Bowen, Engraver," and with the characteristic determination and boldness of an American youth, he went into the house without much hesitation, to ask the proprietor of the place whether he did not want an apprentice. Although Mr. Bowen at first refused him, he still took an interest in the boy, lent him some books, and about six months later (in 1821) admitted him to his workshop. That young Andrews had not the opportunity of learning a very great deal in the establishment of Mr. Bowen, will be evident to those who are conversant with the quality of the latter's work. Wood engraving had at that period hardly emerged, even in Europe, from the low depth to which it had been allowed to sink during the previous century. Bewick, the regenerator of the art in England, was still alive, and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that this regenerating influence had not yet had time to cross the Atlantic. And, indeed, there was nothing to regenerate on this side of the water. Wood engraving had just been, one might almost say, reinvented in the New World, and the historical value which will forever attach to the crude work of Abel Bowen, executed both upon wood and metal, arises from the very fact that he was one of the pioneers of the art of engraving upon wood in the United States, and probably, with perhaps one exception, the first to practise it in the city of Boston. If we would attempt to measure the distance between now and then by the differ

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ence between the *work* executed now and that executed then, we could hardly believe that only the short period of fifty years intervenes between the two. And keeping in mind this fact, we shall be all the more ready to give full credit to the men of the passing generation, who, like our departed friend, were born upon an almost naked soil, but who, unaided by sympathy and appreciation at the commencement of their careers, and supported by hardly anything but the longings of their own higher natures, went bravely to work to turn the desert into a garden, and to sow the seeds of æsthetic culture, where almost nothing of the kind had grown before. We, who live in more favored days, although still, no doubt, deprived of many of the advantages which old Europe offers to the student of art, are apt to forget that those who went before us had to labor under yet greater difficulties, and it may not, therefore, be amiss to pay them this passing tribute, while lingering over the memory of one who formed so important a connecting link between the two periods, and lent the power of his heart and hand to assist in lifting American art to its present position.

To Abel Bowen, then, our future engraver went, to be then and there inaugurated into the mysteries of wood engraving, by being set to work upon the best thing that offered, which was nothing better than cuts for advertisements in the papers, and other jobs of a similar nature. But besides wood engraving, he also learned the art of lettering brazen door-plates, and to this more than to the other, although apparently more artistic occupation, he owed an advantage which, after all, repaid him for the time spent in Mr. Bowen's employ. It being necessary to dig the flowing lines of his letters deeply into the plates, Mr. Andrews himself attributed a great deal of his facility in using the graver to the power of hand acquired by this work.

Previous to the instruction received at Mr. Bowen's establishment, Joseph Andrews had had none whatever. His next step in advance he attributed to a Mr. Hoogland, an engraver who had worked for Mr. Bowen before, having engraved a copper plate for the "Naval Monument," published in 1816, and who came to Boston in 1825. From him the subject of our sketch obtained the first knowledge of engraving on copper. Shortly thereafter a gentleman named Vicher, an entire stranger to the young artist (who was then, as he himself related, still quite small, although nineteen years old), seeing him engrave a certificate for a fire company, offered to head a list with $200, for the purpose of enabling him to go to Italy, and also advised him to make as fine a drawing as he was capable of, and to take it to Mr. Allston, so as to enlist his sympathies, if possible.

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Nothing, however, came of this plan, and about the year 1827 Mr. Andrews went to Lancaster, Mass., with his brother, where he set up with him in the engraving and printing business. He had thus far only had occasion to do maps and small illustrations for children's books, all the latter copied from English prints. The publication of "Annuals," which was then in vogue in England and was soon imitated in the United States, gave him the first opportunity for a more fitting display of his talents, although even in this branch he was at the beginning forced to content himself with the *role* of an imitator. This *role*, however, he played so well, that when, in 1828, he imitated a plate entitled "The Cottage Legend," for the "Token" (edited by Mr. Goodrich, better known as "Peter Parley"), the imitation was so exact that the English publisher himself could not tell the difference between the two, except upon close comparison. His first engraving from a painting, and at the same time his first engraving upon *steel*, was made in 1829, from a painting by Alvan Fisher, entitled "The wicked flee where no man pursueth." Mr. Andrews used to tell, with a pleasant smile, a little anecdote connected with this picture, to which its title gave rise. The latter being so long, it was usually cut down to its first three words, "The wicked flee." And when it became known among the friends of the engraver that he was engaged upon it, he was quite often beset with the question, what on earth he might be engraving, for all those who were not acquainted with the rest of the title took it for granted that in this case "flee" must be spelled with an "a" at the end, which, of course, gave quite a different meaning to the subject. During this and the next few years, Mr. Andrews engraved a large number of other small plates, mostly for "Annuals," among them a second after Alvan Fisher, "Crossing the Ford," and one from a painting by Geo. L. Brown, "The Panther Scene," from Cooper's "Pioneers." A special interest attaches to the latter plate, as it was the last executed before Mr. Andrews went to England.

Some of these little plates which mark the first period of the engraver's career, you can see in these two frames. They clearly show the advance made upon the work of his first master, Abel Bowen.

A second period commences in 1835. In the latter part of that year Mr. Andrews, having lost his first wife, went to England. He felt that he was still lacking in many essentials, and he hoped to learn in Europe what he could not acquire here. What he was then especially in want of, as he himself explained it in later years, was a knowledge of how to express "tone." He could express "color" very well, he said; but not knowing how to attain the other, he kept digging *into* his plates, which continued to

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bring out the objects, while he should have covered the plate by crossing and recrossing fine lines. Having seen a great many of the engravings produced at the establishment of the Findens, who were just then flooding the world with their portraits and illustrations of all sorts, his main desire was to gain admittance to their workshop. Mr. Danforth, however, probably the engraver of that name, to whom he had a letter of introduction, prevailed upon him to abandon this plan, by assuring him that Finden's place was simply a mechanical workshop, where he could learn nothing. And indeed, from what is related of the Findens, it was certainly fortunate for Mr. Andrews that he did not come into contact with them, for it appears that their establishment was nothing more nor less than a regular manufactory, where most of the work was carried on according to the principle of the division of labor, one man putting in the skies, another doing the vegetation, a third the water, a fourth the architectural parts, a fifth the figures, and so on. By the advice of the gentleman just named, Mr. Andrews applied to Mr. Joseph Goodyear, who was then extensively employed by the English publishers to engrave the best plates for the best illustrated editions which issued from their presses; and although Mr. Goodyear had never had any pupils before, he consented to let the young American work under his eye, and it is to him, therefore, that Mr. Andrews always looked up as his real master. Under Mr. Goodyear's supervision he executed, among others, the small engraving "Annette de l'Arbre," after W. E. West, and upon inspection of the copy exhibited to you to-night, you will probably agree with the artist, who considered it "a great start" upon all his previous undertakings. Our friend stayed with his English master for nine months, and during that period went to France with him, remaining in Paris ten weeks. While there he engraved the head of Franklin for the "Works of Franklin," edited by Jared Sparks, after an oil-painting by Duplessis, then in Paris, but now in the Public Library of Boston. This head, which you also see here in a good proof, is indeed a very excellent piece of engraving, and shows an immense progress when compared with some of his earlier heads, such as you can see in these books.* Mr. Goodyear put a few strengthening touches into the fur collar worn by the practical philosopher, but otherwise left the engraving entirely as it came from his pupil's hands.

* Mr. Andrews had arranged a complete set of his "Œuvre," in chronological order, in two books, which, as he told the writer, he intended to leave to the Gray Collection, or to the Art Museum. It appears, however, that he never communicated his intentions to his family, as they only learned of them after his demise, from an inscription in one of the books. Unfortunately, he disarranged the larger of the two volumes shortly before his last sickness, probably with a view to changing the order of the engravings, and they were, therefore, found detached from the pages, and mixed up together.

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Having left an infant daughter behind him, our artist felt himself powerfully drawn towards his home, and therefore resolved to return, in the hope that, with the new knowledge and skill obtained in Europe, he would find ample employment upon "Annual" plates. In this, however, he was so sadly disappointed, that he soon regretted having left England, for he had hardly returned, when the great commercial crisis of 1837 broke upon the country, and left him with very little to do. With the exception of a head of Washington, after Gilbert Stuart (also exhibited), the plate of which was unfortunately destroyed in our late great fire, nothing but private portraits offered for his graver, a task which was anything but congenial to our friend, whose aspirations looked towards a higher sphere.

About 1840, he again went to Europe, and this time stayed nearly two years. While in Paris, misfortune would have it that a young friend whom he had taken with him fell sick, which made it incumbent upon him to support, not only himself, but the patient besides. He, nevertheless, employed his time to good advantage, and not only engraved an "Annual"-plate, and a number of bank-note vignettes for America, but also executed six plates for the "Galerie Historique de Versailles," one of them being Cardinal Tencin. Having made the acquaintance of Henriquel Dupont, whom, by the way, Mr. Andrews always revered as his *bel ideal* of an engraver, he was by him introduced to Calamatta, who gave him a letter to Perfetti, in Florence. Thither he went, and through Perfetti's influence he there received an order to make a copper-plate engraving after Titian's "Duke of Urbino," for some gallery work then in preparation. The engraving, which hangs on the wall before you, was ostensibly made after a drawing by G. Tubino, but the engraver consulted the painting as much as possible. This plate, the largest so far done by him, and said to be the best of the whole series, certainly, also, one of the best among his own work, was only partly engraved in Florence, and finished in America.

A third visit to Europe, in 1853, was only of four months' duration, most of which time Mr. Andrews devoted to Germany, visiting Frankfort, Munich, Berlin, and Dresden. Vienna he had also intended to visit, but on account of the Coszta affair, which had just then happened, and which created some fears of a passage at arms between America and Austria, he changed his plans and returned home.

In the period between these two visits, in 1848 namely, he produced the largest of his portraits, that of John Quincy Adams (likewise exhibited), engraved on copper, after a painting by G. P. A. Healey. His most ambitious plate, "Plymouth Rock, 1620" (hanging on the centre of the wall),

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after Peter F. Rothermel, of Philadelphia, he commenced in 1855. It was given to the public in 1869, and about one half of the engraver's time during the whole intervening period of fourteen years, was devoted to its production.

Looking over the work executed by our friend during his long artistic career, we shall at first perhaps incline to be surprised that there are to be found among it so few works of any pretension. But we must not allow ourselves to judge him from this fact. His ambition, as I have already remarked, soared higher, but the hard task of life chained him to the clay, and fettered the pinions of his genius. Of all artistic careers, that of a line engraver in modern times is perhaps the most thankless. And it was upon line engraving especially that he had set his heart. More popular and more expeditious methods of reproduction have almost succeeded in supplanting this difficult and severe art, and even in Europe it is only supported in its struggle for existence by artificial means, such as the aid of governments and princes, and of societies especially formed to encourage its practice. How much more difficult, then, must it be to bear aloft its standard in America, where the love of this art is restricted to still fewer persons, and where such artificial means of support are not to be found. No one, certainly, felt this more keenly than Joseph Andrews, and his life was in a measure embittered by the unsatisfied cravings of higher aspirations and the perverseness of circumstances, which condemned him to devote most of his time to the execution of small portraits from lifeless photographs, a task which he especially disliked. And surely, when we examine his work carefully, even aside from the leading plates, such as the head of Franklin, the Duke of Urbino, the Washington, and the John Quincy Adams, we shall readily share his regrets, and shall mourn with him that the opportunities which he sighed for were denied to him. For even in many of his smaller plates, and especially in those executed from paintings, and not from photographs, notably in the Sparks, the Amos Lawrence, and the poet Sprague, there is a delicacy and tenderness which is not often to be met with in plates of this kind, and which make even these small works gems in their way. It is no criticism upon him to say that his portraits were his best work, for he shares this peculiarity with some of the most renowned masters of by-gone times, and it is upon these portraits that his claim will rest to a prominent place in the front ranks of those whom future generations will term the early engravers of America.

I have now traced before you, as far as lay in my power, the career of our departed friend. But what I have been able to communicate to you concerned only his outward life, and even of that only those events which

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exercised a shaping influence upon his artistic and technical development. It would be more interesting, no doubt, to know something, also, of his inner life, of the development of his mind and character; but this I must indeed leave to those who knew him longer and more intimately than I did. This much, however, must have become evident to all who came into contact with him, that he was an earnest thinker upon all subjects, and especially upon the subject of art. His art was not to him merely an occupation or a business: it was to him a true calling, into which he entered, and to which he adhered in spite of all obstacles, with all the love and all the energy that his nature was capable of. Keeping this devotion to his art in view, and remembering how few were the opportunities granted to him for exercising it freely and upon subjects worthy of his graver, we are almost tempted to look upon him as a martyr, and we can readily understand why it was that his spirit, especially in earlier years, as he once told me, now and then labored under depression. And, indeed, how few men are there to be found, especially in this land of unbounded possibilities, who will remain so firmly true to their first love, even when that love proves to be a cold and coy mistress! The temptation always lies near, either to abandon the difficult path, and to choose another which promises speedier advancement and readier gain, or to settle down into the every-day routine of the mere mechanic, who has cast away all higher aspirations, and to whom his art remains nothing more than a technical process, carried on for the sake of a living. That it was not so with him, is proved by the great amount of time and labor which he gave during the latter part of his life to the production of his last large work, the "Plymouth Rock." This plate he undertook solely upon his own risk, without any outside aid whatever, and mainly to satisfy his longing for a higher sphere of labor. We may, perhaps, wish that the result had been different, but we must, nevertheless, admire his rare devotion to his ideal, and will readily grant to him that title which, no doubt, he valued most highly — the title of *a true artist*. As such, although henceforth he will walk no more among us, JOSEPH ANDREWS shall live in our memories.

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REMARKS

By R. C. WATERSTON,

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JOSEPH ANDREWS:

At the Memorial Meeting

OF

THE ART CLUB,

MAY 17, 1873.

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REMARKS

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JOSEPH ANDREWS.

After the exceedingly interesting and just tribute to which we have listened, it may well appear that little or nothing is left to be added. But we have met as members of the Art Club to give expression to those feelings of respect and affection which we cherished for our honored associate; and, however inadequate that expression may be, it will still prove that we hold his memory sacred; and that in recounting the events of his life, we dwell with peculiar satisfaction, both upon what he achieved, and upon those traits of character which endeared him to us while he was here.

In considering the past history of engraving, it is pleasant to recall the great names which have become therewith identified. Albert Dürer and Lucas Van Leyden, whose works have gained for them renown, not only in Germany and Holland, but throughout the world. Marc Antonio, the friend of Raphael, whose name has become associated with art in Italy. Goltzius, Edelinck, and Vosterman, Nanteuil, Hollar, and Bartolozzi. Under their direction engraving did for art what the invention of printing did for literature. Reproducing and multiplying, it placed within the reach of many what otherwise must have been limited to a comparative few. Take, for instance, that great work of Leonardo da Vinci, the representation of the Lord's Supper. If this work could have been known only by those who had seen the original, how small a number could have enjoyed the privilege; and even of that number, many would only have known it, as it now stands upon the dilapidated walls of the convent at Milan, injured and faded, while through the incomparable engraving of Raphael Morgan that wonderful creation of genius has impressed itself upon the minds of all Christendom, until it is doubtless true, that persons of every denomination and faith seldom or never think of this memorable event in the history of our Lord without its instantly coming before the imagination in the form given it by Leonardo da Vinci.

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Thus has the art of engraving done for the world what the original work of the artist, by itself, could never have accomplished. The impression, taken from the plate of copper or steel, becomes a medium of almost universal communication; a popular interpreter, easily reached, of some of the rarest and sublimest conceptions of art. Thus it is that the true engraver renders incalculable service. His work appeals to an ever-extending circle. Wherever there is an eye to see or a heart to feel, there is his province, and as an interpreter of genius, his work (if of the highest kind) in itself demands genius. He who thus labors, is not an artisan, but, in the best sense, an artist, and as such should be recognized and honored.

Thus did our departed associate feel that whatever might be said of his own personal acquirements, he labored in a field which might well tax the highest ability; a field in which transcendent honors had justly been gained, and in which the most conscientious fidelity might be employed by one who felt that he was a responsible being, laboring under the eye of Heaven. This was a leading characteristic in the mind we are considering. He reverenced his calling. He loved art, and he felt that the branch of art to which he had through life devoted his powers, was in itself elevated and noble. He desired to bring to it the highest faculties he possessed. To pursue his work with a pure motive; so perfecting himself, in whatever he undertook, that he might accomplish the best results; and, through all, to live as if in every line made by his graver, some part of his very life and character were to be forever embodied.

In recalling the illustrious names which stand highest in the history of engraving, no one would have shrunk with more instinctive sensitiveness from being intimately classed with them than our friend. Indeed, the whole condition of things has so changed since their time, that whatever the natural gifts of the artist, there could hardly be gained, by any possibility, such a reputation as theirs. Simpler and cheaper methods have become prevalent. Lithograph and photograph, carbon and chromo, ambrotype and electrotype. All these, and many other ingenious processes, have taken the place of more elaborate and costly production. In this country, certainly, no adequate compensation could be expected for the thought and labor requisite for engravings of the highest order. If, indeed, an artist should produce them as a labor of love, few would be the number, even then, ready to give them welcome! In these busy and practical times, the mind is otherwise engaged, and too often wholly preoccupied. And if we refer, as a last resource, to the amateur, and ask if *he* is not ready to appreciate, perhaps, even here, it is not the work of to-day he

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is seeking, prone as he is to go fondly back, at least one or two centuries, to gain that which will yield to his tastes the exquisite relish of a reasonable antiquity! Thus the actual fame which an engraver in our time has acquired is no true indication of his real ability. It is not to that we must look, if we would take the measurement of his powers or the quality of his genius. We must ask what he is in himself, in his character and life, in his taste and judgment, in the variety of his knowledge and the accuracy of his perceptions; we must observe his standard of thought, and the height of his aspirations.

Had we met to pay tribute to one whose world-wide fame had gained universal homage, that would have been far less interesting than to assemble in appreciation of those essential qualities of character which we know are equally worthy of admiration, whether accompanied or not by widely extended renown.

At this time, especially, I rejoice in the thought that the Art Club has set apart a Memorial Evening in honor of one of the most modest of men. That the attractive power was not splendor of reputation, but inherent excellence. A purity of goodness, which to know was to love. And with this, an artistic nature; combined with all those tastes and qualities which are essential to the highest artistic life.

One marked trait of our friend was his deep and enthusiastic interest in all that pertained to art. Not a vague sentiment, a nebulous emotion, but an interest which flowed in a strong, swift, continuous current. His thoughts were convictions. His ideas were a living part of his nature. In whatever he did he was profoundly in earnest. And his love of art ran through all he undertook.

With this interest was combined intelligence. He desired to look understandingly upon the objects of his pursuit. To become thoroughly acquainted with the history and progress of art. To study its literature, and make himself familiar with its details. No one could converse with him without observing that he was well-informed. His own views were thoroughly matured. He could offer a reason for his opinions, based upon observation and reading and individual thought. It was a pleasure to him to peruse the biography of artists. To follow them through the obstacles they overcame, and to trace them through their successive stages of progress. It was a satisfaction to study the development of art itself in the past history of the world, and to contemplate the influence it had exerted upon advancing civilization. He desired to analyze, as far as he might be able, the causes which led to results. Thus by reading and observation,

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and intercourse with others, his mind became richly stored with facts and amply furnished with resources, invaluable to himself, and enabling him to supply both pleasure and information for his friends.

Another characteristic was persistency. We see this in his devotion to his calling. No difficulty could dishearten him, or turn him from his course. Witness the lad, as he takes his first adventurous step for an occupation. See him, as three times he crosses the Atlantic. Follow him as, almost unbefriended, he seeks additional information to aid him in his art among the engravers of England. Trace him to France, not only making the acquaintance, but gaining the friendship of Dupont. Then onward to Florence, where Perfetti's influence gains for him the opportunity of transcribing one of the great works of Titian. Thence to Germany, where we find him studying at Frankfort and Munich and Berlin and Dresden. In all this we plainly witness a determined will, and a nature which no obstacle could easily bend from its path.

But more than this, returning to a country where there was but little encouragement for work in that higher art which he most loved, he still persevered, keeping the ideal standard constantly before his eyes. The fifteen years through which he perseveringly labored over the "Landing of the Pilgrims" was a signal proof of this same trait. Amid other work of various kinds to this he constantly returned. That he had his disappointments and discouragements cannot be denied; but through all he never lost his sweetness of temper, or swerved from his allegiance to art, or was driven back one hair's-breadth from his determined course. Through all he could exclaim with Milton, —

> "I argue not
> Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
> Of heart or hope; — but still bear up, and steer
> Right onward!"

What was it, we may well inquire, that enabled him to do this? First, his love of art was no selfish impulse, but a deep-rooted principle. Thus was it unaffected by any external circumstance. He could enjoy the success of others, and he could gladly aid, to the very utmost of his ability, every enterprise which he felt would encourage art in whatever department. Secondly, his love of art was identified with religious faith. Christianity was to him a sublime reality, pervading all nature and all life. This imparted clearness to his perceptions and a balance to his faculties. To a childlike simplicity and purity, it added confidence and trust. No sensation of moroseness came near him. He seemed to live in an atmosphere of cheerfulness and harmony. He was strongly attached to the doctrines of

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the "New Church," and believed with Swedenborg, that the spiritual world was near and all around, and that visible things, everywhere, are typical of what is unseen and eternal. That God has a purpose and mission for each one of us; and that if we live near to the divine thought, and fulfil the divine will, we shall surely be protected and blest.

The same faith which supported Powers and Flaxman was his, a faith which he gathered from the declarations of the gospel. I allude to this because it was so intimate a part of his character and life, and because that belief which had guided and cheered him through many years, enabled him to meet pleasantly the event which has taken him hence. But two weeks ago he was here. It hardly seems that length of time since we were conversing together. His brief illness was unclouded by a doubt or apprehension. God was not only near to him, but his best friend; and cheerfully would he go whithersoever He led. Infinite beauty would abound in that celestial realm, such as is here but faintly foreshadowed. Thus did he pass from us to join the great company of apostles and prophets and saints. It is but a thin veil that divides us; and it should give an added sacredness to our own meetings, that those who have so recently been with us, are now there. No one was more deeply interested in the welfare of this association than he was. Need we feel that his interest has ended? Is there no sympathy between that world and this?

As we look around upon these walls, and behold his life-work, can we do otherwise than rejoice in what he has left us? In this fruit of his skill, we have the representative heads suggestive of his own character. The Pilgrim Fathers, Washington, Franklin, John Quincy Adams, Amos Lawrence, Charles Sprague, the patriot, philosopher, statesman, merchant, poet. In these, his chief works, we have the very qualities he loved most to contemplate, and the men he delighted to honor. Through the power of his skill they seem gathered in our presence to inspire us by the sweet benignity of their wisdom and goodness. Such is his legacy. Associated as they are with him, we seem to be receiving here their mutual benediction.

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MEMOIR

OF

SAMUEL STEHMAN HALDEMAN LL D

Professor of Comparative Philology

IN THE

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

By CHARLES HENRY HART

HISTORIOGRAPHER OF THE NUMISMATIC AND ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA
LIFE MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES OF PHILADELPHIA
CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL
SOCIETY ETC ETC ETC ETC ETC ETC ETC

[Reprinted from THE PENN MONTHLY for August 1881]

WITH AN APPENDIX.

PHILADELPHIA

1881

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PRESS OF EDWARD STERN & CO.,
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SAMUEL STEHMAN HALDEMAN.

THE writer of the following memoir had occasion to prepare a brief necrology of the late Professor Haldeman, soon after his lamented death, for one of the learned societies with which he was connected. In looking for material for the purpose, he was met with an *embarras des richesses*, which, owing to the limits then imposed upon him, he could not use; but deeming the matter thus gathered of too much importance to be lost, he has employed it in the preparation of the following pages.

Samuel Stehman Haldeman, was born August 12th, 1812, at Locust Grove, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, a family homestead situated on the eastern bank of the Susquehanna River, twenty miles below Harrisburg. He was descended, in the seventh generation, from Honeste Gaspard Haldimand (Caspar Haldeman, German spelling,) of Thun, Switzerland, who became a citizen of Yverdun, Canton de Vaud, in 1671. His grandson, Jacob, born October 7th, 1722, in a canton of Neufchatel, died December 31st, 1784, in Rappo township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, where he settled on first coming to this country and purchased a considerable tract of land. He adopted the German method of spelling his name, doubtless out of a desire for kindly feeling among his neighbors—that section of the State being settled almost exclusively by Germans—and took an active interest in the affairs of the colony, being chosen a member of the Committee of Public Safety for his adopted shire, on the breaking out of the war of the Revolution. The eldest brother of Jacob Haldeman, was the noted British general Sir Frederick Haldimand, K. B., who, after serving with distinction in the armies of Sardinia and Prussia, entered the military service of King George in 1754, was appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the Sixtieth Regiment Royal Americans, January, 1756, and the next year was despatched to America, which was to be the field of his future service, and where, prior to the Revolution, he made frequent visits to his brother in Lancaster county. Early in 1776, he was commissioned a General in America, and subsequently became Commander in Chief of his Majesty's forces, succeeding Guy

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Carleton, Lord Dorchester, as Governor of the Province of Quebec, when he received the honor of knighthood, May 19, 1778. He administered this office until the close of 1784, when he returned to England and died at his native Yverdun, June 5, 1791, in his seventy-third year. A tablet has been erected to the memory of General Haldimand, in Westminster Abbey, in the Chapel of Henry VII.

A niece of Jacob and Sir Frederick, was Mrs. Marcet, the celebrated scientific writer, who was Jane Haldimand, before she married Dr. Alexander Marcet. It seems as if this distinguished woman, whose name is almost unknown to the general reading public of to-day, should not be passed by unnoticed, especially in view of the fact that her kinsman, who is the special subject of this memoir, followed in some respects closely upon her footsteps. Mrs. Marcet was the first writer to attempt to popularize science, by the publication of her *Conversations* on Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Botany, Mineralogy, Language and Political Economy. Macaulay said of the last of these works, "Every girl who has read Mrs. Marcet's little dialogues on Political Economy, could teach Montague or Walpole many lessons in finance;" and Faraday, gleaned his first knowledge of science from the book which heads the list. In long after years, when speaking of what he owed to this remarkable woman, Faraday wrote, "When I questioned Mrs. Marcet's book by such little experiments as I could find means to perform, and found it true to the facts as I could understand them, I felt that I had got hold of an anchor in chemical knowledge, and clung fast to it. Thence my deep veneration for Mrs. Marcet—first, as one who had conferred great personal good and pleasure on me; and then as one able to convey the truth and principle of those boundless fields of knowledge which concern natural things to the young, untaught, and inquiring mind. You may imagine my delight when I came to know Mrs. Marcet personally; how often I cast my thoughts backward, delighting to connect the past and present; how often, when sending a paper to her as a thank-offering, I thought of my first instructress, and such thoughts will remain with me."

Jacob Haldeman's son John (1753-1832) settled at Locust Grove, which in turn became the property of his eldest son, John Breneman Haldeman (1779-1836), from whom it passed to his fourth son, Henry Haldeman (1787-1849), who married Frances Stehman (1794-1826), and was the father of the subject of our notice. Samuel

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Stehman Haldeman was the eldest of seven sons and as a boy developed great fondness for investigating nature. This taste was promoted by the encouragement he received from his estimable father, who was a bookish man and proud of the bent so early developed in the mind of his eldest son. When a mere child he formed a museum of specimens in natural history and aboriginal stone implements, gathered in the vicinity of his home, which he located in the loft of the family carriage-house. Until the age of thirteen he attended the local schools in the neighborhood, receiving such elementary groundwork as they were capable of affording. At this early age he had the misfortune to be deprived of a mother's care, but not until she had given him, through her superior musical acquirements, that correct ear for the notation of sound which made him in after life such a capable phoneticist, and enabled him to form such accurate judgments in that branch of philology which he made his special study.

In the fall of 1826, when in his fifteenth year, he was taken to Harrisburg, and placed under the care of Dr. John Miller Keagy, who, having relinquished the practice of medicine, opened, at this time, a classical school, taking a few attendants, as boarders, into his family; among them young Haldeman and Andrew G. Curtin. Haldeman remained with Dr. Keagy for two years, and the intimate relations thus begun between teacher and pupil were cherished and preserved during the remaining brief years of the teacher's life; while the pupil tenderly showed his appreciation for the character and ability of his early friend, by several tributes to his memory, preserved respectively in Mombert's History of Lancaster County, Pa., 1869; Barnard's Journal of Education, 1871; and the Pennsylvania School Journal, 1875. He speaks of him as a "great teacher" and says "besides the classical languages, Dr. Keagy knew Hebrew, German and French. He had a taste for the natural sciences, and in the absence of class books he taught orally in an excellent conversational style." From Dr. Keagy's school young Haldeman entered Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where his fondness for the natural sciences was fostered and advanced by his intercourse with the highly accomplished Professor Henry D. Rogers, one of the faculty.

Feeling trammelled, however, by the routine progress of a college course, he left Carlisle at the close of his second year and

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returned to his home. Here, he spasmodically assisted his father in the saw-milling business, but he found this less to his taste even than college life had been. Restraint of any kind seemed unbearable, as it was intolerable, to his active mind: he felt that he must follow the bias of his own inclination or stand still. With this nature and a mind so organized, it is fortunate that the broad acres of science attracted him, for here was a field open on every side, where he could roam and burrow and plough as he would. He eagerly availed himself of the favorable opportunities for the observations of nature, afforded him by the situation and surroundings of his paternal home. From an itinerant Methodist preacher, he had early acquired some knowledge of the method of preparing zoological specimens, and at once exercised his art upon rabbits, possums, muskrats and other animals, which he stuffed and placed in his amateur collection. With a view also of preparing himself more completely for the study of the natural sciences, he attended a course of lectures at the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, during the winter of 1833—34, but without any design of becoming a physician.

In 1835, Mr. Haldeman was married, by the Rev. H. B. Shaffner, to Miss Mary A. Hough, of Bainbridge, Pa., a direct lineal descendant of "John Hough, yeoman of Hough, County Chester, England, and Hanna his wife, who arrived in the river Delaware in the 9th mo. 1683, in the ship 'Friendship,' master, Robert Crossman." This lady was in every way fitted to be the helpmeet to a man of Dr. Haldeman's temperament, and it is a pleasure, as well as our privilege, to acknowledge the indebtedness we are under to Mrs. Haldeman, for the generous aid she has given us in the preparation of this memoir. Shortly after his marriage, Dr. Haldeman removed to Chickies, Pa., and took up his residence in the spacious mansion which he subsequently occupied through life, and which he named Chicquesalunga, the Indian name of the place. Here, later, he was joined by two brothers, Dr. Edwin and Paris Haldeman, and the three associated together in the manufacture of iron. As might be expected, Dr. Haldeman did not personally take any active management of the business during the many years of its continuance, but devoted himself to its theoretical advantage, where his chemical knowledge became of marked use. In this connection he wrote for a number of Silliman's Journal a paper on the *Con-*

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struction of Furnaces to smelt Iron with Anthracite, and in another gave *The result of smelting Iron with Anthracite*, while in 1855, he published a revised edition of *Taylor's Statistics of Coal.*

The year of his marriage, Dr. Haldeman, also, made his first appearance as an author, contributing to the *Lancaster Journal*, an article in refutation of Locke's Moon Hoax. To understand the true importance of this subject, we must step back nearly half a century and look at the question, as it first presented itself for consideration, without the help of subsequent development. It will be remembered that Richard Adams Locke, the editor of the *New York Sun*, published in the columns of that daily paper, in several successive issues, in August and September, 1835, the *Extraordinary Discoveries in the Moon by Sir John Herschell at the Cape of Good Hope*, purporting to be copied from a "Supplement to the Edinburgh Journal of Science," in which it was pretended that, with a telescope twenty-four feet in diameter, animals had been observed moving in the moon. It can readily be imagined the intense excitement the report of such a wonderful discovery would universally create, and the report was written with such infinite ability and couched in language so alluring, that it was well calculated to deceive an unsuspecting public. The press all over the country teemed with communications for and against the truth of the discovery, and the demand for the original report became so great, that the proprietors of the journal had an edition of sixty thousand, published in pamphlet form, which was sold off in less than a month. The following extract will give an idea of Dr. Haldeman's handling of the subject, and shows the searching scrutiny he from the first brought to bear upon the investigation of scientific subjects. "The magnifying power of the new telescope is said to be 42,000 times, and capable of distinguishing objects of a few inches in diameter on the lunar surface. Now this power is much too great for an instrument twenty-four feet in diameter, and still not great enough to distinguish objects of *eighteen* inches. The unassisted eye, when viewing the moon, can distinguish a spot of about seventy miles, and of course with a telescope magnifying seventy times, one mile of lunar surface would just be visible. According to the rule for calculating the power of telescopes, it would require a magnifying power of 37,000 to distinguish ten feet of lunar surface, and a lens to produce this power could not be less than *sixty feet* in diameter,

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with a focal distance of three hundred feet. From this we may judge to what an extent the powers of a twenty-four foot diameter telescope, have been overrated."

He now yearned for that opportunity for investigation, which his amateur researches and explorations in several departments of natural science, had given the foretaste; and upon making his wishes known to his old preceptor, Prof. Rogers, then in charge of the geological surveys of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, he was appointed in 1836, an assistant in the former, and the following year was transferred to a similar position in the latter. His field of operation was that part of the State, lying between the Blue Mountain and the South Mountain, from the Delaware to the Maryland line; the most important division in the State, owing to the intricacy of the geology of the section. While engaged in this occupation he discovered the *Scolithus linearis*, a new genus and species of fossil plant, and the most ancient organic remains found in Pennsylvania, upon which he published a monograph in 1840. During his explorations, being in the vicinity of Hummelstown, he recollected the extravagant description given in Guthrie's Geography, which had been given to him when a boy by his grandfather Haldeman, who was a subscriber to Carey's first American edition of 1794, of the cave on the Swatara. Upon visiting the place he discovered the main cave, previously unknown, by climbing to a small hole into which he crept, and found a descent, where a rope was required to reach the floor. In the apartment thus entered for the first time, every delicate stalactite was perfect; there was not a footprint on the soft clay floor, and the bones of bats were the only signs of prior occupants.

As he has, himself, said, "I collected shells on the banks of the Susquehanna long before I knew the meaning of genus and species;" so his first important treatise was in the attractive department of conchology. In July, 1840, he issued the first number of his *Freshwater Univalve Mollusca of the United States*, which was completed in nine parts, the final number not appearing until 1866, although the title page bears the imprint, 1845, when the text and plates were ready for the press. This monograph was well received and the *Revue Zoologique*, of Paris, commended it as "very well done in a scientific point of view, and perfectly executed in regard to the plates and typography." The correctness of this criticism, upon

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the forty plates at least, can well be appreciated when we state that they were all engraved by Alexander Lawson, who produced the beautiful plates for Wilson's *Ornithology*, from drawings made by his accomplished daughter, Miss Helen A. Lawson, who also colored the illustrations from the natural objects. The complete volume has for embellishment, beside those necessarily belonging to the text, a portrait of the author and a view of his home, Chicquesalunga. As may readily be conceived from the desultory manner of publication, this work complete has become exceedingly difficult to obtain, and copies have brought, it is reported, as high as twenty five and thirty dollars. While he was issuing this work he projected another serial, to which he gave the general title of *Zoological Contributions*. Three numbers only were issued; in 1842, *On some American Species of Hydrachnidæ;* in 1843, *On the impropriety of using vulgar names in Zoology*, and in 1844, *On the Arrangement of Insect Cabinets*, with a view to indicate the geographical position of the species by colored labels, a plan which, we believe, has been universally adopted.

From his first appearance as a writer upon natural history, Dr. Haldeman seems never to have been idle, and Agassiz, in his *Bibliographia Zoologicæ et Geologicæ*, 1852, enumerates no less than seventy-three separate titles from his pen as having appeared up to that date. The majority of these papers were published in the Journal or the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia; The Boston Journal of Natural History; Silliman's Journal of Arts and Sciences; The Transactions or the Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society; The American Journal of Agriculture, and the Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science: and are principally upon one or the other of his, up to that time, favorite subjects,—entomology or conchology. In addition to these, however, he wrote for Trego's Geography of Pennsylvania, 1843, outlines of the *Zoology* of the State, covering the ground, in so short a space, very fully; for Rupp's History of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, 1844, a sketch of the *Natural History*, including the geology, of the county; for Dr. Chenu's magnificent folio, *Illustrations Conchyliologiques*, Paris, 1847, a *Monographie du genre Leptoxis*, with one hundred and seventy colored figures, and for the American edition of Heck's Iconographic Encyclopædia, 1851, edited by the present able

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Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, Professor Spencer F. Baird, *Zoology of the Invertebrate Animals.*

Beside the investigations and discoveries in the natural sciences by Dr. Haldeman, that have already been mentioned, he was the first to record that the peregrine falcon nests in rocks, as in Europe, and not in trees, as Wilson and others had supposed; and also that the American eagle is a fishing eagle, and when he cannot rob the fish-hawk, will dive after the fish for himself. These two observations he had made when yet quite young, as he had secured young falcon from the nest in the cliff (Chickies Rock,) which rises behind his late residence, and from his father's house, had watched the manœuvres of an eagle who had a nest in a large buttonwood tree, on an island, about a mile distant. He also found and described a new species of *trilobite* in Pennsylvania, which he presented to his friend, the distinguished paleontologist of New York, Professor James Hall, who named it, in honor of the discoverer, *Proetus Haldemani.*

Dr. Haldeman very early took a deep interest in the languages of the North American Indians, and as an aid to the study of ethnology, he now devoted his attention to the science of language in general; and doubtless it will be as a learned and accurate philologist that his labors will be best remembered. His investigations in this most interesting study, were not directed so much to the origin and source of language, as to rendering it facile of acquirement and expression—his specialty being, the notation of the elementary sounds uttered by the human voice in speech; thus reaching the form of language, which is merely the peculiar method of uniting thought with sound. He had carefully considered the phoneticism, or manner of pronunciation, of several of the Indian tribal languages, before committing his views to print, and so thoroughly had he done this, that his first noticeable contribution to the science of philology, was accepted for publication in the Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, at Boston, for October, 1849. It was entitled "*Some Points in Linguistic Ethnology, with Illustrations Chiefly from the Aboriginal Languages of North America,*" and had for its basis the recently published *Essentials of Phonetics, containing the Theory of a Universal Alphabet,* by the well-known phonologist, Alexander John Ellis, of Trinity College, Cambridge. Dr. Haldeman's paper was prepared with

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much judgment and showed the result of his long, careful study of the sounds of the human voice, and which he brought to bear with great pungency upon the theories advanced by Mr. Ellis. In the course of his inquiries into the phonetic peculiarities of the native Indian languages, Dr. Haldeman frequently found himself at a loss to record his results, from the want of a proper alphabet, and resolving to use the Latin alphabet, strictly according to its Latin signification, he determined first to carefully investigate its fitness for the purpose, by ascertaining the correct ancient pronunciation. This special inquiry resulted in the publication of his *Elements of Latin Pronunciation*, 1851, which received a warm and universal welcome both at home and abroad, and appeared in a second edition twenty-two years later. This was followed in 1853, by *Investigation of the Power of the Greek Z, by means of Phonetic Laws*, and in 1856, by a monograph *On the Relations between Chinese and the Indo-European Languages*, and a Report to the American Association for the Advancement of Science *On the Present State of our Knowledge of Linguistic Ethnology*, in which he specially points out the unphilosophic principles of Professor Lepsius's lately published *Standa d Alphabet for Reducing Unwritten Languages and Foreign Graphic Systems to a Uniform Orthography in European Letters.*

The studies which resulted in the preceding publications, together with his lectures on the *Mechanism of Speech*, before the Smithsonian Institution, prepared Dr. Haldeman, to compete for the prize of £100 offered by Sir Walter Trevelyan, President of the Phonetic Society of Great Britain, for the best essay "On a Reform in the Spelling of the English Language, to contain among other features an Analysis of the System of Articulate Sounds—an Exposition of those occurring in English—and an Alphabetic Notation, in which as few new types as possible should be admitted." There were eighteen essays submitted in competition, all by learned European philologists, excepting Dr. Haldeman, and none of them, in the opinion of the judges appointed to decide upon their merits, came up fully to the conditions of the offer. But the judges specially commended the essay with the motto, "*Fiat justitia ruat cœlum*" and the founder of the prize, himself an accomplished philologist, decided to give half the amount to the writer of this essay and the balance on his undertaking to revise, complete and publish it. The

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commended essay was the work of the subject of this notice, and under date of December 3, 1855, he wrote "To the Adjudicators upon the Essays placed in competition for the Trevelyan Prizes." "As I accede to the desire of the learned and noble donor that my competing essay should be revised, completed and published, I am desirous of having notes and suggestions from any of you, to enable me to form an idea of the principles upon which you would have liked to see such an essay formed." To prepare himself more thoroughly for the work, Dr. Haldeman made a four months' tour on the Continent, "searching for phonetic material and confirming or correcting former impressions." He returned home in July, 1859. and immediately prepared his Prize Essay for the press, which appeared in the spring of 1860, with the title *Analytic Orthography: an Investigation of the Sounds of the Voice and their Alphabetic Notation; including the Mechanism of Speech and its bearing upon Etymology.* In forwarding the presentation copies to the donor and adjudicators he writes, "My notation being based on more rigid principles than the alphabets hitherto proposed, will probably be viewed with as much distrust by those who have heterotypic prejudices, as the gait of a European woman would be regarded by a Chinese lady. But whatever merit may be conceded to the general treatment of the Essay, I assure you that as much consideration has been given to the notation as to the general subject; so that if the reader has reason to believe me wrong on this point, he has a just ground to suspect the validity of the entire system; and contrariwise, in proceeding in the proper order from the system to the notation."

Dr. Haldeman, in this treatise, lays down six canons of notation as the basis of a true phonetic orthography. I. "Every simple sound or element should have a single letter to represent it." II. "No letter should represent more than one sound." III. "Sounds made by one contact of the organs of speech are not to be represented by a letter made to represent a sound belonging to a different contact." IV. "The group of letters representing a distinct word, is to be separated by spacing from preceding and succeeding groups and the order of Latin typography is to be preserved." V. "The Latin alphabet should be the basis, each letter being used in its Latin sense and restricted to the sound it was made for." VI. "When a sound unknown to Latin has arisen,

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it should be provided with a new or modified character." The importance of phonology and the necessity for a philosophical and scientific basis, for the construction of a general alphabet to record an unwritten language, rather than leave it to the vagaries of each individual who may be called upon to write it for the first time, will be admitted at once upon reflecting that all language is in its normal state unwritten and has to be first expressed in some characters which will, as nearly as possible, represent the normal sound. The first five rules laid down by Dr. Haldeman, seem well calculated to assist in overcoming many of the impediments presented to those endeavoring to record unwritten tongues, but they present the common difficulty, found in most of the similar systems, in requiring too varied a knowledge and too great nicety for general practical use. Dr. Haldeman's sixth rule, however, is open, not only to the serious objection of uncertainty, but also to the far greater one of introducing new characters into the alphabet, when none but Roman letters should be used. The attempted introduction of new characters into our written language by the so-called "Spelling Reformers," will be one of the principal hindrances to the acceptance of certain modifications in spelling, which could and should be made. But of this subject, more anon.

During the next five years, following the publication of the Trevelyan Prize Essay, Dr. Haldeman was not idly resting on the laurels he had won, although in this period nothing of importance proceeded from his pen. But he was at work, hard at work, and in 1865, he published, what is probably the most generally useful of all his philological works: *Affixes; in their Origin and Application exhibiting the Etymologic Structure of English Words*, a revised edition of which appeared in 1871. The labor of preparing such a book as this must have been simply enormous, and if Dr. Haldeman is correct, that there are not three hundred roots in any language, the value and importance of a knowledge of the affixes—prefixes and suffixes—which give form and meaning to the whole body of English words, can readily be seen and appreciated, as the only true means of correctly understanding a language is to trace all words to their fountain source, the original derivation. This work was earnestly welcomed by the most competent authorities in Europe and in this country. A writer, in the *Contemporary Review*, says of it "Mr. Haldeman has compressed in an elegantly printed octavo volume

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a collection more rational, complete and exhaustive of the component parts of our language than we have had any good right to hope for within the present century."

When the formation of an American Philological Association was suggested, Dr. Haldeman, as might be expected, was foremost in the ranks of the founders, being enrolled at the first meeting held, in July, 1869, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. From this time until his death he was most active in its proceedings, being First Vice-President 1874–1876 and President 1876–77. To its published volumes of Transactions, he contributed many papers, the first being on the *German Vernacular of Pennsylvania.* This curiously interesting language, he afterwards made the subject of extended examination, at the request of the Philological Society of London, the result appearing in 1872, with the title *Pennsylvania Dutch: a Dialect of South German with an impression of English.* Dr. Haldeman's last published philological work, *Outlines of Etymology*, was issued in 1877, in the preface to which, he states his object to be "to teach etymology as other sciences are taught." An elaborate review of this volume will be found in the PENN MONTHLY for March 1878. Dr. Haldeman was one of the earliest movers for spelling reform in this country. "He was a member in 1875" writes Professor F. A. March, of Lafayette College, "of the first committee raised by the American Philological Association to consider the reform of English spelling. He presided at the 'International Convention in behalf of the Amendment of English Orthografy' held at Philadelphia in July 1876, and took a leading part in shaping its proceedings. At this Convention the Spelling Reform Association was organized, and Dr. Haldeman was one of the Vice Presidents. He was also one of the Committee on the alfabet and on new spelling. He was a regular attendant at all accessible meetings of the Association, often presiding, always contributing papers and making the discussions lively by constant timely comment, lerned trenchant and mirth-provoking. He also contributed freely with pen and money to the advancement of the cause in every direction. His address to the American Philological Association at the close of his presidency of that Association in 1877, was devoted mainly to this reform. Several of his papers ar printed in the Proceedings and Bulletins of the Spelling Reform Association. He was strongly in favor of pushing for the thoro adoption of the Continental values of our let-

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ters." That some change in the present cumbrous system of spelling is desirable, there can be no doubt. But how is it to be accomplished? To be universally accepted, it must be based upon some immutable standard. But what shall that standard be? If any rule of pronunciation could be absolutely fixed, then that the spelling should follow the sounds of the voice in correctly uttering words, would seem the most rational and wise. But is this phonetic method practicable? It seems to us that there are two great stumbling-blocks in the way of introducing phonetic spelling, for popular and general use. It takes a very delicate and carefully trained ear, to discriminate nicely all the varying and distinct sounds the human voice is capable of making, and even although the ear may detect them, the voice, from the very nature of the vocal organs, cannot always reproduce them. This undeniable fact, among adults at least, produces a diversity of pronunciation. Especially is this noticeable in the different vowel sounds and can readily be observed in adult attempts to study a foreign tongue. If such then is the case, as we contend, the phonetic method would lack uniformity, without which quality it can never become universal, for it would be wanting in that great requisite, stability. The next objection is more potent even than the last. It is the one raised to Dr. Haldeman's sixth rule. If all other difficulties are overcome "Spelling Reform," it seems to us, can never become a success, as long as one of its requirements is a change in the form of the familiar characters of our alphabet, which has stood such good service so many hundred years. It is not only a change, a superadded diacritical mark, but it is the addition of some dozen new characters that is proposed, when a cutting down of the number of the old ones would seem wiser. The reform that would soon commend itself to the English-speaking peoples, would be the dropping of all silent letters, where they appear in words now uniformly and universally pronounced without their aid. This would be a conservative reform and one that could not meet with reasonable opposition. The importance of the subject and the deep interest taken in it by Dr. Haldeman, must be our excuse for this brief digression.

Dr. Haldeman, was always much interested in education and made a constant crusade against the erroneous statements so often present in educational literature, exposing them in print and from the rostrum. On one occasion at a meeting of educators at Altoona,

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Pa., some one present recommended Harper's Willson's Readers, when Dr. Haldeman, off-hand, made some remarks pointing out their general inaccuracy. Subsequently he published *Notes on Harper's Willson's Readers* (1870), a most scathing review, designed to show the injurious effects of placing such inexact matter in the hands of the young—it being much worse to teach them wrong than not to teach them at all. Of a similar character was his *Quackery in American Literature* and *American Dictionaries*, both of which originally appeared in the Southern Review, to which he was a constant contributor. As a relaxation from severe mental strain, Dr. Haldeman, in 1864, daintily printed in a limited edition, *Tours of a Chess Knight*, which was designed to show how to perform by dictation and without seeing the chess-board, the problem of the Knight's Tour, in which a knight passes over the board, touching each spot but once. It contains one hundred and fourteen diagrams and is supplemented by a *Bibliography of the Chess Knight's Tour*, embracing sixty titles with explanatory notes. This booklet is inscribed with much propriety "To George Allen, author of the Life of Philidor," for whose unique chess-library, a single copy was printed on superior Dutch writing-paper, which was afterwards placed in the hands of those masters of the bibliopegic art, Messrs. Pawson and Nicholson of Philadelphia, who bound it superbly in the style of Grolier. In 1868, Dr. Haldeman, published his amusing *Rhymes of the Poets by Felix Ago*, which, although in the line of his phonological studies, was really thrown off as a pastime. It consists of specimens of false rhymes from one hundred and fourteen prominent writers, of the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries and some of the examples thus brought together are truly ludicrous. For recreation, he tried his own hand at versification and he has left in manuscript, two lengthy mock-heroic poems,—*Flight of the Fishes* and *Rat and River: a Tale of the Ohio*,—both of them written in the doggerel style.

Although always interested in archæology, Dr. Haldeman only became actively engaged in the study during the latter part of the year 1875. Having been ordered to take exercise for his health, he carried out an intention long contemplated of digging for Indian relics in what is now known as the Chickies Rock retreat. Here in a shallow cave, formed by the anticlinal axis of the rock, within the grounds of his own residence, he found the interesting

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collection which he presented to the American Philosophical Society, and fully described in a paper read before that body, June 21, 1878. This monograph, *On the contents of a Rock retreat in South Eastern Pennsylvania*, has been published by the Society, since Dr. Haldeman's death, with fifteen large quarto plates. His remaining archæological contributions are *On a Polychrome Bead from Florida*, in the Smithsonian Report for 1877; *Gleanings*, in the American Antiquarian for July 1878; *On unsymmetric arrow-heads and allied forms*, in the American Naturalist for May 1879; and *Stone Axes from British Guiana* and *Aboriginal Pottery* in the Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, 1880.

From the preceding pages it will be seen what a busy, active, earnest life Dr. Haldeman led from the very opening of his career and yet the story is only half told. He was chosen professor of Zoology in the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, in 1842; Chemist and Geologist to the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, 1852; occupied the chair of Natural History in the University of Pennsylvania 1850 to 1853, and the same position in Delaware College, Newark, 1855 to 1858. When it was thought desirable, in 1869, to provide a chair of Comparative Philology in the University of Pennsylvania, Professor Haldeman was immediately chosen to fill it, and in 1876, the University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. In addition to the duties entailed by these several professorships, he was an active member of many learned societies, as their publications fully attest, and he was complimented by honorary membership in a number of scientific bodies both in this country and in Europe. His published writings alone number over one hundred separate titles and these even do not show the whole amount of his literary work. He assisted in the preparation for the press of Lynch's Dead Sea Expedition, was for some time editor of the Pennsylvania Farmer's Journal and edited the department of Comparative Philology and Linguistics in Johnson's New Universal Cyclopædia, at the same time writing some score of articles for its pages. To him often were submitted also by the Smithsonian Institution, papers for examination and his opinion upon the expediency of their publication; and he has left behind him in manuscript, two complete philological works, one on *Word-Building*, now in press, and the other on *English Prosody*, which it is contemplated to publish hereafter.

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Not only did Professor Haldeman freely devote his entire time to the investigation and development of his favorite studies, but he was equally generous with his money and collections in aiding others. To the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, he presented the original shells figured in his *Freshwater Univalve Mollusca*, together with the remainder of the edition of the work, while to the Delessert-Lamarck Collection of Paris, he presented those figured in his French work on the genus *Leptoxis*. Since his death, to carry out his wishes, his large collection of aboriginal remains has been distributed among the Academy of Natural Sciences, the Smithsonian Institution, the Museum of Natural History, Central Park, New York, and the Linnæan Society of Lancaster, Pa., while his annotated dictionaries have been deposited with the Library Company of Philadelphia.

Dr. Haldeman made six visits abroad for purposes of recreation and study, travelling in England, Ireland, Wales and on the continent. He was full of anecdote and an excellent story-teller, and he would relate with great relish, how at a *bal d'opera* in Paris, under a mask, he talked with a Russian savant in all the principal European languages. His interlocutor in vain attempting to guess his nationality, at last informed him that he must be a Russian, but with sarcastic incredulity; whereupon, Dr. Haldeman repeated a verse in *Russ*, that made the other gasp with wonder when he was told that he was conversing with an American. He also travelled through most of the United States, often making extended tours in his own conveyance, for the purposes of observation and adding to his collections of natural history. Dr. Haldeman was fond of intercourse with his fellow-men and very generally availed himself of the opportunities, offered by the annual meetings of the learned bodies with which he was associated, to meet his co-laborers in the various departments of Science. It was on returning from one of these reunions that he was struck with the illness that proved his last. He had been in attendance at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held in Boston, towards the end of last August, when he read the two archæological papers before mentioned. On returning home, he complained of physical prostration, but could not be induced to lay all work aside and take the called-for rest. At last he succumbed and consented to remain in bed, but it was too late. This was on the

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morning of Friday, September 10th, 1880, and in the evening, at seven o'clock, he suddenly passed away. His death was occasioned by heart disease, to which he was hereditarily predisposed, and he died in communion with the Roman Catholic Church, having united himself with that sect late in life, after much consideration of the subject.

Dr. Haldeman was a wonderfully practical man for a student, and owing no doubt to the catholicity of his studies, had none of the narrowness so common among scientists. He delighted in communicating his varied stores of learning, either verbally or by letter, to the numerous applicants who sought from him light on hidden mysteries in science, and was possessed of an inexhaustible fund of quaint and comical out-of-the-way things, which he related in a manner as dry and humorous as the things themselves. He loved a joke, and the writer remembers to have seen an envelope sent by him through the mail, to the Collins Printing House of this city, directed to "Jayne's *Hair Expectorant* Street," with a bottle drawn between "Jayne's" and "Street," and some of the letters otherwise comically treated. He was free from all jealousies himself and seems to have been equally fortunate in not engendering jealousy in others, thus he had warm friends and admirers among his scientific brethren, even although they may have differed with him on scientific topics. He was an accomplished linguist and a sound and thorough worker in every field he ploughed, the great Agassiz saying of him "That man Haldeman has an idea behind every word he utters." We will conclude this memoir, in which we have endeavored to correctly portray the life and studies of one of our foremost students, by giving an appreciation of his philological acquirements from the pen of his friend Professor March. "Professor Haldeman was in erly life and by his mental constitution a scientist, and he took hold of the facts of speech in that spirit. He had a delicate ear and flexible organs of speech and could pronounce with ease the most unutterable savage vocables. His scientific habit enabled him to watch and describe the movements of the organs in producing all sorts of sounds, and to giv the fysical processes, or causes, of the changes in the sounds of words from age to age. He devoted much study to these subjects, seeking living speakers of every nation and tribe, and imitating and recording their peculiarities. He applied his knowledge of the laws of

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letter-change to etymology—chiefly so far as I know, to the derivation of English words and affixes. His text books on that subject ar full of ingenious observation and careful scientific deduction.

"He was also a great reader of old English books in their erly editions, and he treasured in his memory the curiosities of spelling and pronunciation, the rimes and puns and the like, which he found there.

"He busied himself also with the Pennsylvania Dutch, as it is called, and traced it to its sources in Europe. He read largely the German works on the science of language; but he was an independent observer, and more likely to be biasd by his critical temper than by absorption in any systems.

"He was a leader in these branches of study, and perhaps the most activ promoter in America of the use in our schools of the ancient method of pronouncing Latin and Greek. He will be missed by every one at the gatherings he so long enlivened and enlightened. We shall not look upon his like agen."

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APPENDIX.

List of the scientific publications of Professor Haldeman, prepared by his daughter Mrs. Eliza Figyelmery.

CONCHOLOGY.

1. A Monograph of the Freshwater Univalve Mollusca of the U. S. Phila: 1845. 2 vols., 8mo. 40 copper plates, with elaborately finished colored figures.

2. Monographie du genre Leptoxis (Anculosa Say,) Paris: 1847. With 5 plates folio, including 170 colored figures. Forming part of Chenu's magnificent Illustrations Conchyliologiques.

3. On the Freshwater Mollusca common to Europe and America, including theoretical observations upon species and their distribution. Prepared at the request of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and published in the "Boston Journal of Natural History," 1844.

4. On the Habits and Characters of the Melanians of Lamarck. In this paper the true characters of this family are given for the first time. "Silliman's Journal," vol. 41, p. 21.

5. New Species of Cyclas. Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Phila., 1841.

6. New species of Fluviatile Shells. Journal of the Academy of Natural Sciences, vol. 8, 1842.

7. On Unio Viridis. Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences 1841, vol. 1, p. 104.

8. Experiment in Transplanting Unio from the Ohio to the Susquehanna. Proceed. Acad. Nat. Sciences, 1. 104; 3, 15.

9. Description of Unio abacoides. Proceed. Acad. Nat. Sciences, 1846.

10. Strepomatidæ, as a name for a family of fluviatile mollusca, usually confounded with Melania. Proc. Acad. Nat. Sc., Sept. 1863, p. 272.

ENTOMOLOGY.

11. Catalogue of the Carabideous Coleoptera of southeastern Penna. Proceed. Acad. Nat. Sciences, 1843, p. 295.

12. 50 new species of Coleoptera, chiefly Carabidæ, id.

13. 10 new insects, id. 11, 53.

14. 7 new Aphides. Proceed. Boston Soc. Nat. His., 1844.

15. Materials toward a Hist. of the Coleoptera Longicornia of the U. S., including many new species. American Philosophical Trans., 1847.

16. Additions and corrections to the preceding. Proceed. Am. Phil. Soc. 1847.

17. N. American Coleoptera, chiefly in the cabinet of Dr. Le Conte. Jour. Acad. of Nat. Sciences, 1848. Containing about 40 new species.

18. On Cecidomyia robiniæ, a new species of "hessian fly," which destroys locust trees. Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, Oct., 1847.

19. Melsheimer's Catalogue of Coleoptera of United States. Washington, 1853.

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20. On several new genera and 16 new species of insects. Proceed. Acad. Nat. Sciences, vol. 3, p. 124, 149, 348.

21. On a new organ of sound in Lepidoptera. Am. Journ. Sci. Silliman, N. S., vol. 5, 435 &c., 1848.

22. On insects common to the U. S. and New Mexico, id. 1848.

23. On the occurrence of certain insects in ants' nests, and of chelifer, &c., id. 1848.

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102. On the arrangement of insect cabinets to indicate geographical position by colored labels. Zoological Contributions, No. 3, 1844, pp. 35–40. Map.

103. Results of smelting Iron with Anthracite. Silliman's Journal, Vol. 5, p. 256.

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105. On the apparent projection of a planet upon the moon's disk during an occultation. Proceed. Am. Phil. Soc., 1847.

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113. Modern Spiritism. Penn Monthly, Nov., 1877, p. 835.

114. Notes on Willson's readers, 1864. Revised Edition, 1870. 12 mo., pp. 36.

115. Rhymes of the Poets. E. H. Butler & Co.. Phila., 1868. 12 mo., pp. 56.

116. Tours of a Chess Knight. E. H. Butler & Co., Phila., 1864. 16mo., pp. 42.

117. Memoir of John M. Keagy, M. D, Penna. School Journal, June, 1875.

118. Refutation of Locke's Moon Hoax. Lancaster Journal, 1835.

119. Edited Taylor's Statistics of Coal, 1855.

120. Edited Pennsylvania Farm Journal, 1851—52.

121. Associate Editor of Johnson's Cyclopædia, and author of articles in it on Metre, Norman French, Participle, Particle, Pennsylvania Dutch, Pronunciation of Greek, Pronunciation of Latin, Prosody, Quantity, Rhyme, Rhythm, Roman Arithmetic Scotticisms, Verb, Vowel, Word.

122. Various bibliographical notices in Silliman's Journal.

In the foregoing list several articles are sometimes thrown together, as in nos. 5, 12, 20, 21, 22, 34, 36, etc.

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LITERARY HONORS.

LIST OF SOCIETIES OF WHICH PROFESSOR HALDEMAN WAS A MEMBER.

Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, 1837.
American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Boston, 1850.
American Association for the Advancement of Science. 1844.
American Ethnological Society, New York.
American Oriental Society, New Haven. 1857.
American Philological Association. 1869.
American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia. 1844.
Association of American Geologists and Naturalists. 1842.
Boston Society of Natural History. 1840.
Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences. 1865.
Entomological Society of Pennsylvania. 1842.
Entomological Society of Philadelphia. 1859.
(Became the American Entomological Society, 1867.)
Entomological Society of Stettin, Prussia. 1839.
Imperial Economic Society of St. Petersburg, Russia. 1857.
Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore. 1857.
National Academy of Sciences, Washington. 1876.
National Institute for Promotion of Science. 1840.
Natural History Society of Nuremberg. 1849.
New York Historical Society. 1850.
New York Lyceum of Natural History. 1846.
Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia. 1871.
Pennsylvania Agricultural Society. 1852.
Pennsylvania Historical Society. 1846.
Spelling Reform Association. 1876.
Société Cuvierienne, Paris. 1842.
Société des Américanistes, Belgium. 1876.
Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters.
Wisconsin Historical Society, Madison. 1854.

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